* April 17, 1954

THE NEW YORKER

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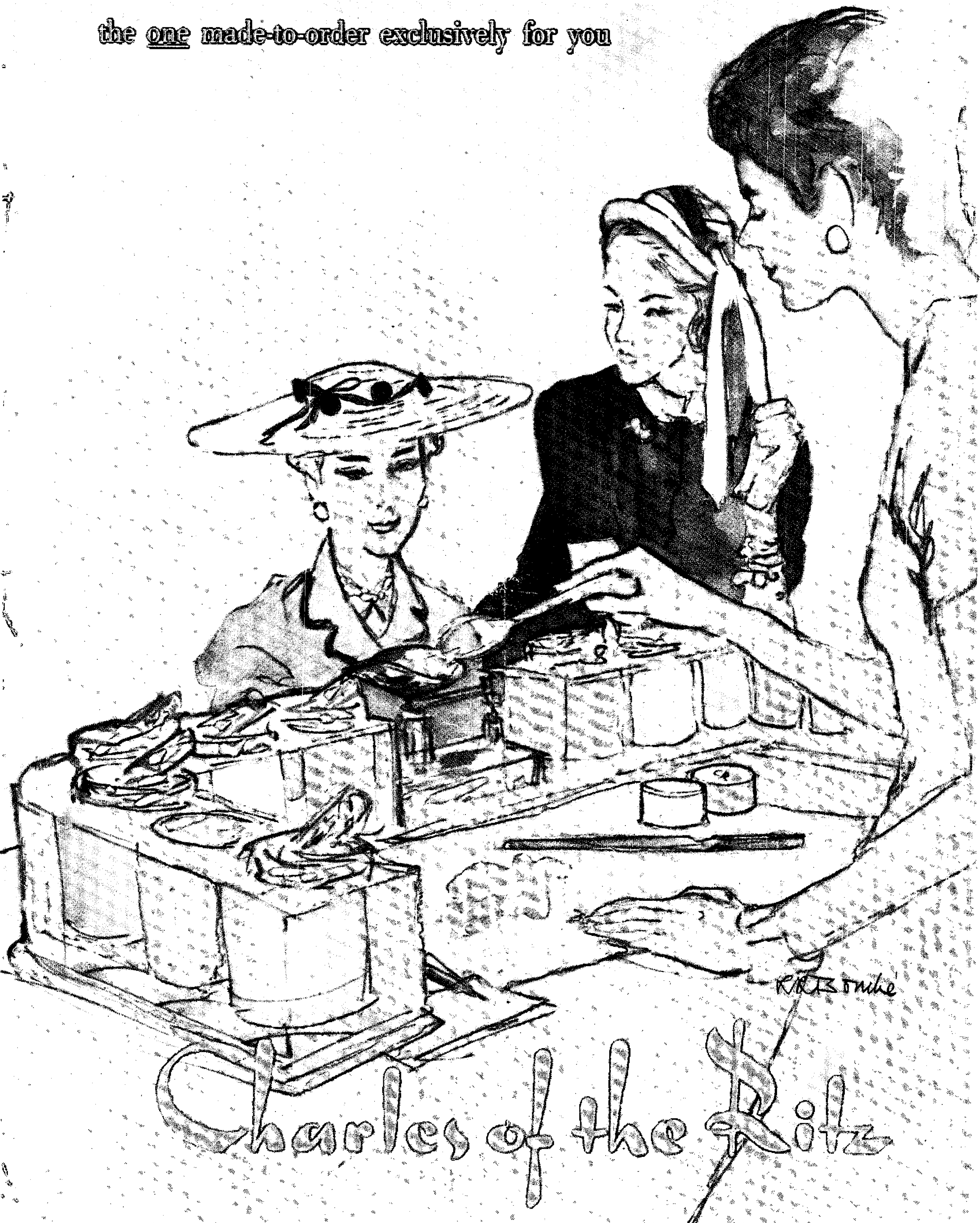
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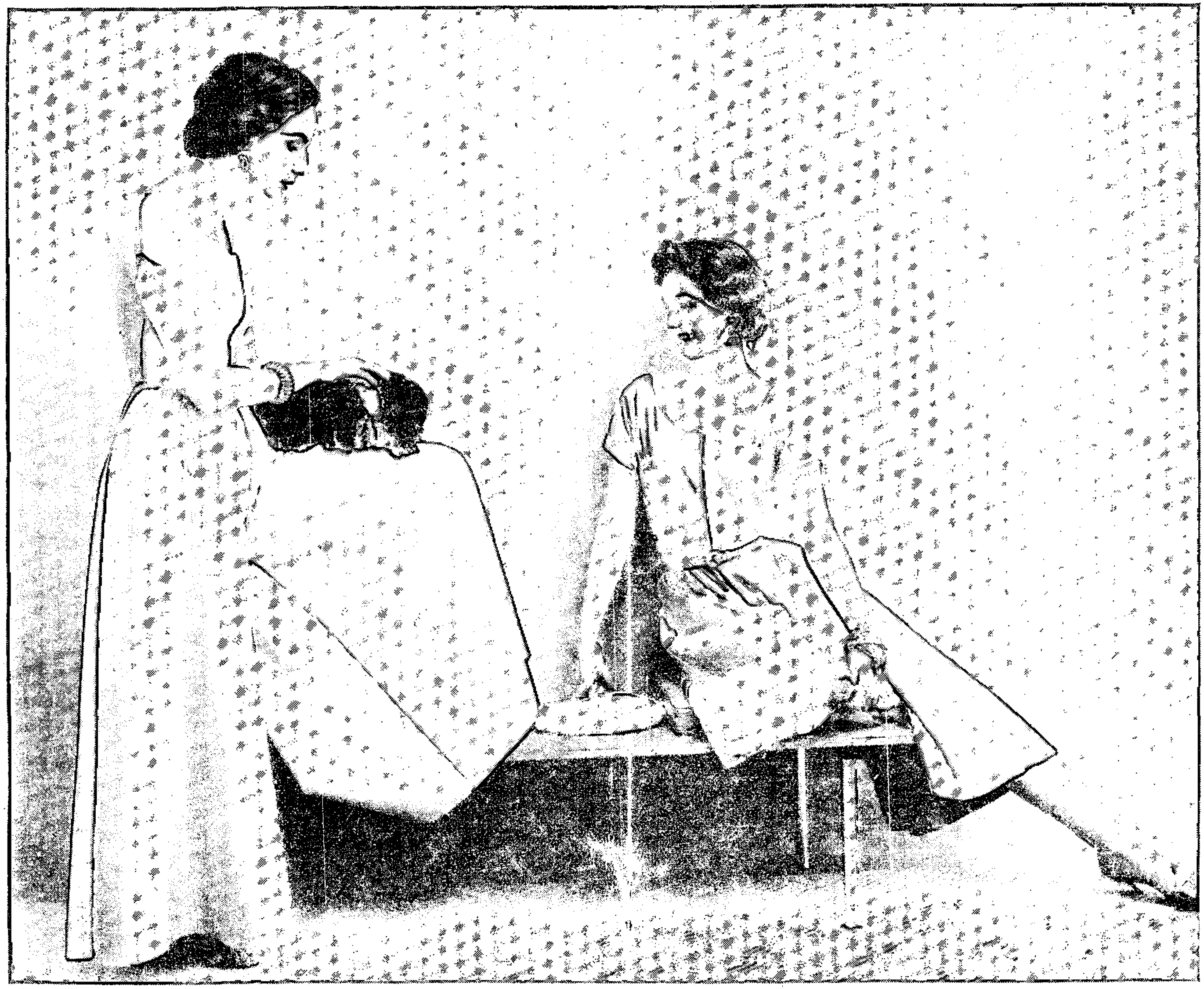

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anniversary Waltz—Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields have written much better comedies than this piece about two people who lived together before they were married, and Kitty Carlisle and Macdonald Carey have been happier in the theatre, too. Moss Hart directed the cast, in which Phyllis Povah and Howard Smith also appear. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Caine Mutiny Court Martial—In this dramatization of a section of the Herman Wouk novel, Lloyd Nolan turns in one of the year's best performances as Queeg, and he is ably abetted by John Hodiak and Henry Fonda, who portray the defendant and his lawyer. Directed by Charles Laughton, the play also includes Robert Gist, Ainslie Pryor, Russell Hicks, Charles Nolte, and Herbert Anderson in its estimable cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, April 18.)

The Confidential Clerk—An uneasy poetic drama by T. S. Eliot that ranges between the farcical and the mystical and winds up pretty much in midair. The cast, which is excellent, is led by Claude Rains, Ina Claire, and Joan Greenwood. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

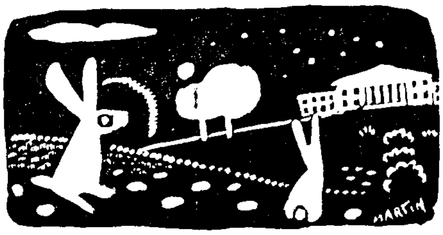
The Girl on the Via Flaminia—While this adaptation of Alfred Hayes' novel dealing with an Italian girl who is unhappy about taking up with an American invader has its merits, the chief role is executed too unevenly to make the whole thing satisfactory. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

The Immoralist—A worthy, if unsuccessful, attempt to project upon the stage André Gide's ideas about the homosexual's position in society. The adaptation of the Gide novel was written by Ruth and Augustus Goetz, and Geraldine Page and Louis Jourdan play the couple afflicted by marital difficulties. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, May 1.)

King of Hearts—Donald Cook, Jackie Cooper, and Cloris Leachman head the cast of Jean Kerr's and Eleanor Brooke's diverting comedy about a comic-strip artist and his singular romance with himself. Walter F. Kerr is the director, and Frederick Fox designed the cheerful set. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Magic and the Loss—Julian Funt's play about a woman's troubles in a man's world may have a rather old-fashioned ring, but it is interesting and well written. Uta Hagen and Robert Preston are very good in the leading roles, and they are ably supported by a cast that includes Lee Bowman, Edith Meiser, and Charles Taylor. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Oh, Men! Oh, Women!—Edward Chodorov's comedy concerning a psychoanalyst whose own mind comes under something of a strain is extremely comic, despite the fact that it trails away a little at the end. Franchot Tone is the tormented healer, and Betsy von Furstenberg, Gig Young, Anne Jackson, and Larry Blyden are among those who contribute to his distress. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special matinée for the Equity Welfare Fund Tuesday, April 20.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

Ondine—Audrey Hepburn takes her place as one of the most talented and enchanting actresses on the stage with her portrayal of a more-than-mortal girl in Maurice Valency's adaptation of Giraudoux's fantasy. The supporting performances, especially that of Mel Ferrer, are less distinguished and the text is occasionally a little cloudy and pretentious, but the play is still a consequential event in the theatre. Alfred Lunt is the director and Virgil Thomson has furnished some nice incidental music. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker—Liam O'Brien's jolly account of a wonderfully prolific bigamist whose life gets hopelessly mixed up when one of his wives, in Wilmington, learns about another one, in Philadelphia. Burgess Meredith plays the entangled hero, and Martha Scott, Thomas Chalmers, Una Merkel, Glenn Anders, and Michael Wager share in his piquant confusion. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sabrina Fair—Margaret Sullavan, as a chauffeur's daughter, and Joseph Cotten as a young millionaire, in Samuel Taylor's not very substantial comedy having to do with life on the North Shore of Long Island. John Cromwell, Luella Gear, Scott McKay, Cathleen Nesbitt, and Russell Collins are helpful in the supporting cast. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Solid Gold Cadillac—Josephine Hull, who can do no wrong, in a very funny comedy about some complicated skulduggeries in the business world. George S. Kaufman and Howard Teichmann are the authors, and others in the irreproachable cast are Loring Smith, Geoffrey Lumb, Wendell K. Phillips, Reynolds Evans, and Henry Jones. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tea and Sympathy—A preparatory-school student, charged with homosexuality, is saved by the understanding wife of his housemaster. Unfortunately, Robert Anderson's play, while often affecting, doesn't quite come off, though Deborah Kerr and John Kerr are admirable in the central roles. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Teahouse of the August Moon—David Wayne has a field day in John Patrick's comedy about the Americanization of Okinawa, and there are other nice performances by John Forsythe, Paul Ford, Larry Gates, William Hansen, and Mariko Niki. Robert Lewis directed the memorable proceedings. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—the fifth season: Fun among the denizens of the Seventh Avenue garment belt, with Menasha Skulnik and Richard Whorf. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . **the seven year itch:** George Axelrod's comedy dealing with a middle-aged man who gets more or less carried away with his own fantasies about being a Valentino. Tom Ewell is the man, and Vanessa Brown is his inamorata. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

By the Beautiful Sea—Shirley Booth is just about the whole show in this piece about Coney Island in the nineteen-hundreds, and she may possibly be enough. Herbert and Dorothy Fields wrote the book; Arthur Schwartz turned out the songs; Jo Mielziner and Helen Tamiris handled the settings and the choreography, respectively; and those featured in the cast include Wilbur Evans, Mae Barnes, Carol Leigh, and Cameron Prud'homme. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Comedy in Music—Victor Borge in a one-man show. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Girl in Pink Tights—In this musical account of the adventures of a ballet outfit operating in New York when the town was young, Jeanmaire dances so superbly and sings and acts so engagingly that you almost forget the thinness of the material. The late Sigmund Romberg wrote the score, Leo Robin the lyrics, and Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields the book. The nimble choreography was created by Agnes de Mille. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Golden Apple—The "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" have been reworked to accommodate the old Greek doings to nineteenth-century America, often with bright results. The book is by John Latouche and the music by Jerome Moross. Kaye Ballard, Jack Whiting, Jonathan Lucas, Priscilla Gillette, Bibi Osterwald, and Stephen Douglass figure in the cast, and there are dances staged by Hanya Holm. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Moves on Tuesday, April 20, to the Alvin, 52nd St., W., CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Monday, April 19, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

John Murray Anderson's Almanac—A revue that includes some lively sketches in which Her-

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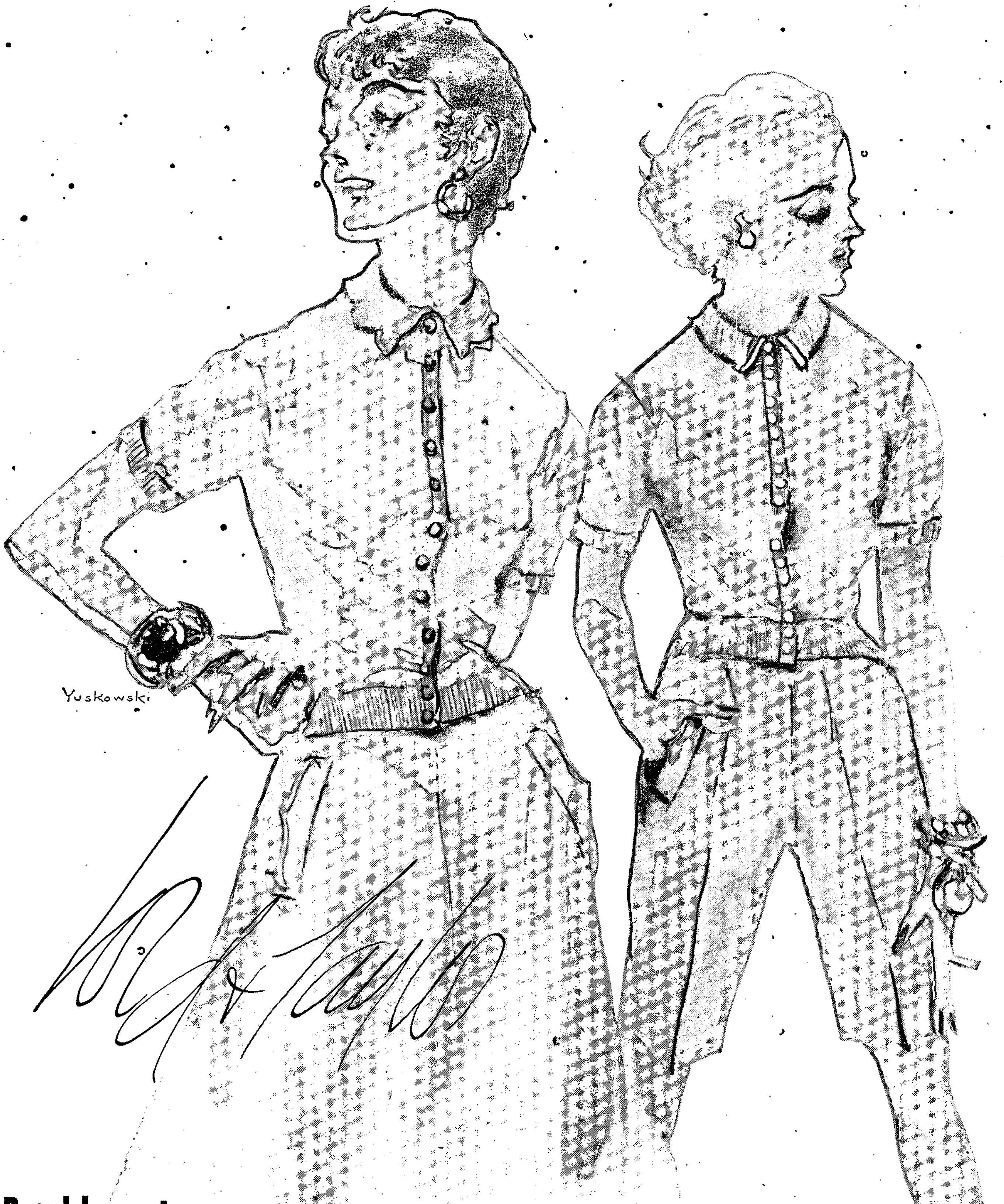

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

mione Gingold, Orson Bean, Alice Pearce, and Billy De Wolfe make merry, and songs and dances in which Harry Belafonté, Carleton Carpenter, Elaine Dunn, Celia Lipton, and Nanci Crompton are quite agreeable. There are other interludes that are not so pleasant, however, and at times things get downright tedious. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

KISMET—This adaptation of Edward Knoblock's 1911 comedy-melodrama is very handsome and spirited, and Alfred Drake and Doretta Morrow are excellent as a vagabond poet and his beautiful daughter. Robert Wright and George Forrest pieced together a score from the music of Alexander Borodin and equipped it with lyrics, Charles Lederer and Luther Davis revamped the book, Jack Cole did the choreography, and Lemuel Ayers designed the costumes and the sets. With Joan Diener, Philip Coolidge, Richard Oneto, and Henry Calvin. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—**CAN-CAN**: Montmartre in the nineties. Cole Porter wrote the music and lyrics, and Lilo, Gwen Verdon, and Peter Cookson are in the cast. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **WONDERFUL TOWN**: "My Sister Eileen" again, on this occasion with music by Leonard Bernstein. Carol Channing now has the leading role. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

JOHN BUTLER—With Glen Tetley, Felisa Conde, and other members of his company. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Wednesday, April 21, at 8:30.)

INESITA—Flamenco and other Spanish dances. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Thursday, April 22, at 8:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

AMATO OPERA THEATRE—Friday through Sunday, April 16-18: "Rigoletto." . . . ¶ Starting Friday, April 23: "Don Pasquale," in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:30. Admission is free, but reservations should be made in advance.)

BARBIZON-PLAZA THEATRE—"The World of Sholom Aleichem," with a cast, directed by Howard Da Silva, that includes Morris Carnovsky, Ruby Dee, and Jack Gilford. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CO 5-7845. Nightly, except Wednesday, April 21, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

CHERRY LANE THEATRE—"A Sound of Hunting," by Harry Brown. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-9583. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40.)

THEATRE DE LYS—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera" has an impressive score, but otherwise this version of Gay's classic of the London underworld is hardly likely to entertain you much. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—The animal kingdom on its party manners. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7. Matinées *daily* at 2:15. Through Sunday, May 9. . . . ¶ The doors open weekdays at 1 and 7, and Sundays at 1 and 6, for those who like to roam around among the sideshows in the basement.)

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN—The American Savoyards, under the direction of Dorothy Raedler, in a ten-week repertory. Through Sunday, April 18: "The Gondoliers." . . . ¶ Tuesday through Sunday, April 20-25: "Ruddigore." (President, 48th St., W. CI 6-5595. Tuesdays at 8, and Wednesdays through Sundays at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Through Sunday, May 30.)

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BLUE HILL TROUPE—Presenting Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Yeomen of the Guard." For the benefit of the Legal Aid Society. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Wednesday through Friday, April 21-23, at 8:45, and a performance primarily for children on Saturday, April 24, at 2:30. For tickets, call SA 2-8338.)

MILBOURNE CHRISTOPHER—In "Now You See It," a one-man magic show. Opens Monday, April 19. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Opening-night curtain at 8; thereafter nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesday, April 21, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The dance music of Sid Foster's orchestra and Nino de Moraes' band can be heard at dinner and supper in the Trianon Room. In the adjoining Rotunda, William Adler's violin swoons at cocktail time. Silence in both rooms on Sundays.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Dulcet music in the Palm Court at cocktails every day but Sunday, and in the Madison Room from seven to nine Mondays through Fridays. No dancing in either place.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900)—Sammy Davis, Jr., a singer, dancer, and impressionist with a four-wheel drive, completely dominates this palm-tree jungle. Aside from him, the show is from everyone's musty memory book, except, of course, for the young ladies of the Copa kindergarten for ballerinas, who look quite beautiful as they wander through their how-did-we-do-this-the-last-time? maneuvers.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The entertainment here, though unquestionably professional, is not supplied by the house. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

NEW YORKER, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The cast of the ice show in the Terrace Room is diligently spattering the ringside guests with a fine foam of shavings. Steve Kisley's orchestra does the dance music. No show Sunday or Monday night.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Through Sunday, April 18, June Havoc, who is statuesque and vocal, is having her first fling at night life; Frakson, a redoubtable magician, is having his hundredth. As always, Stanley Melba's orchestra and Chico-Relli's band emit the dance music. The locale is the Cotillion Room. Only a dinner show Sundays, and nothing at all Mondays. On Tuesday, April 20, another songbird and magician—Dorothy Sarnoff and Russell Swann, respectively—will be checking in. . . . ¶ In the Café Pierre, dancing from cocktails through supper to a small orchestra, which is usually Stanley Worth's.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Celeste Holm, bland, knowing, and full of the devil, sings an armful of teasing ballads in the Persian Room, where the eminent Ted Straeter plays piano and conducts an orchestra that is an irresistible invitation to the dance. Other music is provided by Mark Monte's group. Mr. M. will play a tea dance, from three-thirty to six, on Easter Sunday, and all hands will show up that evening. Closed Monday, April 19. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room goes on serving dinner and supper in the good old *grand-luxe* way. Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's tinkling dance music starts at eight-thirty weekdays, and on Easter at seven-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's group plays for cocktails (but not for dancing) every day but Monday in the Palm Court.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Except Sundays, the Lombardo household unreels safe-and-sane family-style dance music in the Grill.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the grand duchy called the Maisonette, where the sun shines bright and the inhabitants are happy as the day is long, Milt Shaw's band and Ray Bari's ensemble play almost non-stop dance music. Connie Towers, tall enough but much too pretty to be a basketball center, sings at dinner and supper with youthful enthusiasm. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day there's afternoon and evening dance music by Irving Conn's orchestra in the Café Lounge.

SHERRY-NETHERLAND, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—The Carnaval Room, a small and jaunty triumph of the lily painter's art, has practically continuous dance music and a pervading air of calm well-being. Estelle Loring, the incumbent canary, will be replaced on Tuesday, April 20, by Juliana Larson, who's a bit of a fashion plate. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—In the Café Rouge, there's Ted Weems' orchestra, which is apt to explode now and then into a floor show no matter how carefully it's watched. Closed Sundays.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Perhaps the oldest of the town's dancing schools, though not one of the most self-effacing. Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band make the music.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—The plot of George White's miniature musical comedy never deviates from the modern boy-meets-churl line, but the comedians (Fay DeWitt, Georgie Kaye, Lou Nelson, and Don Liberto) and the décor (Margie Duncan and Linda Lombard) easily surmount this problem. Georgie Kaye and Don Liberto depart on Sunday, April 18, and Irwin Corey moves in next evening. Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioë's orchestra play for dancing after nine.

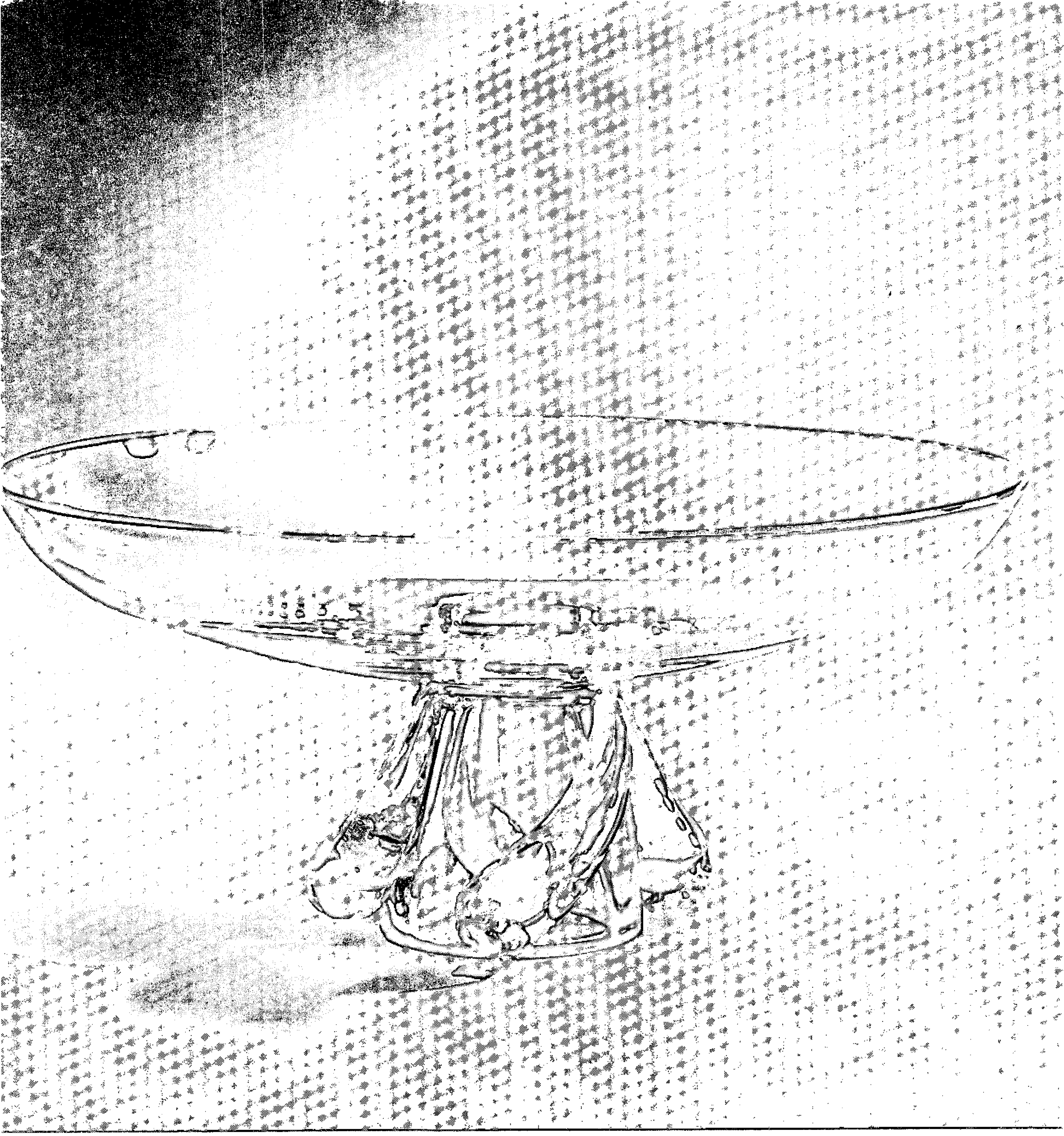
WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Eddie Albert and Margo are the latest couple to give in to the passion for husband-and-wife song-and-dance acts. It's nice to have them back in person (not a movie), but husband-and-wife acts, like the course of true love, don't always run smoothly. They're in the Empire Room, where Nat Brandwynne, the old reliable, plays puissant piano most of the evening, to say nothing of running one of the really good big hotel bands. On Easter Sunday, there'll be dance music at dinner and supper. . . . ¶ Alex Fogarty is at the piano in one segment of the felicitous Peacock Alley from six to twelve, except Sundays, and Michael Zarin's dance orchestra alternates with him after eight-thirty. Open Easter.

NOTE—The Rainbow Room, lofty as a peak in Darien (Panama, that is), offers cocktails and modest non-dance music from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The best seats, of course, are up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, the dean of the coming-out-



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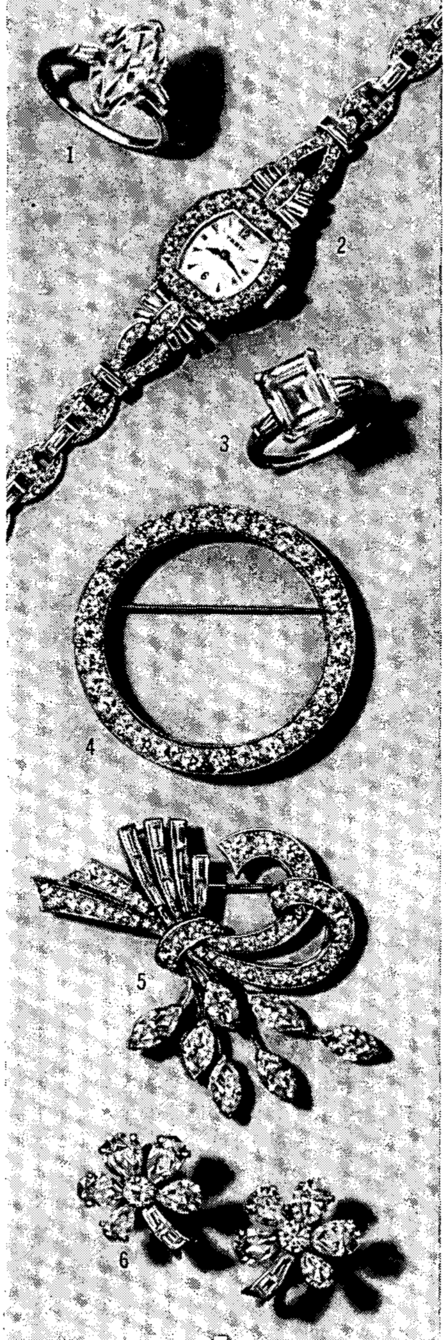

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

party boys, is still rattling off his smooth, débutante-speed dance tunes after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): There are those who go to watch the playboys take their ease, and there are those who go to hear Ralph Strain's limpid, romantic piano at dinner and supper. At supper, too, there's ambulatory violin music and candlelight, two standard witching-hour accessories. No music Sundays. . . . **WEYLIN ROOM,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): Cy Walter is the epitome of drawing-room piano—light, fantastic, and technically brilliant. He's around this neat and fashionable buttery from six to eight and from ten to two every night but Sunday. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): A piano and a violin discourse decorously after ten in a room where everybody seems to know everybody else, often out loud. Closed Sundays. . . . **CELESTE,** 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): At the end of the dinner hour, Jim Mahoney, one of the best of the mood pianists, begins his quiet but eloquent recital. Closed Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Surrounded by a certain subdued splendor, Addison Bailey, now in his third year here, addresses his piano at cocktails and during dinner and supper except Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Latins from Manhattan and the old country mingled in a pleasant outburst of Spanish song and dance, with the clients joining in the latter. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar of this decorator's *nuit blanche,* Herman Arminski turns out cocktail piano, and Rudy Timfield plays at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Harmless fun on a campus where the boy and girl students all like to sing and play the piano. There are sofas and armchairs from which to watch the commencement exercises. . . . **CAFÉ MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): Lou Wertz is at the piano from cocktails through supper except Sundays, when José Poniera's quintet plays for dancing from one in the afternoon until nine at night. . . . **THE EMPRESS,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 4-2626): For most of the evening, Norbert Faconi, a worldly practitioner of the prowler violin, moves with stately mien about his business. The rest of the amusement is minor Viennese schmalz. Closed Sundays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Three of the reigning late-night comedians are ensconced here—Elsa Lanchester, a truly wayward *diseuse;* Martha Davis, a slam-bang burlesquer of popular ditties; and Jonathan Winters, one of the most successful off-Broadway repertory-theatre ventures. There's also Calvin Ponder, who aids and abets Miss Davis instrumentally and vocally, and Ginette Wander, a singing alumna of the Folies-Bergère. Bart Howard's piano and Jimmy Lyons' vibrant trio are in evidence, too. . . . ¶ In the lounge, from two to four every night but Saturday, Miss Davis and Mr. Ponder put on a peppery piano-and-bass jam session. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Trude Adams, a bouquet of spring flowers, sings with warming sincerity and artless charm, and the jovial Marshall Izen and his puppets march through the Metropolitan's repertory like Sherman to the sea. The new Burgess calypso quartet, fresh and unspoiled from various wilds of the West Indies, bubbles brightly. The dance music is by Clarence Williams' trio, which has Carl Lynch on guitar. Closed Mondays. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Some old (and good) friends are back at work here. Anything Kirkwood and Goodman have to say, which is plenty, is arrant nonsense; the songs of Dorothy Loudon, a decorative child, are either brash burlesque or true-blue tenderness. There is also the unique music of the Norman Paris trio and the piano of Julius Monk, the mentor of this establishment. Finally, there is Rita Dimitri, a newcomer who wriggles through her lyrics in a manner suggesting that Theda Bara is attempting a comeback. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): The up-and-coming Jimmy Komack's homemade, piping-hot calypsos deal mostly with Manhattan madnesses. He's off Mondays. Mimi Kelly sings sad, sad songs as if she really cared. She's off Sundays. As usual, there's lively double piano by Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, and solo piano by Hazel Webster. Ancient movies are added on Sundays; amateur performers are added on Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8319): Many of our best love songs first see the light of night in the tiny upstairs salon that is presided over by Mabel Mercer, the voice of experience. The lyrics are often special and always literate. Sam Hamilton is at the piano all evening. Closed Sundays. On the floor below is the febrile Show Spot Lounge. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The whole damn shooting match—Kaye Ballard's open-throttle, free-associational vaporings, Oliver Wakefield's merciless dissection of after-dinner speakers, the rampant music of the Three Flames (led by Tiger Haines), the sardonically nostalgic refrains of Jimmie Daniels and Norene Tate, the very merry madrigals of the handsome Thelma Carpenter, and the deadpan foolishness of Bruce Kirby—takes a couple of hours, and then it's repeated for the benefit of those who come in late. On Tuesday, April 20, Charlotte Rae, an efficient humorist, will replace Miss Ballard. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most other places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): The big noise here is Wild Bill Davison's trumpet. Cutty Cutshall, Edmond Hall, Gene Schroeder, Don MacLean, Walter Page, and Mr. Condon provide him and it with rich, Early American support. Ralph Sutton has the solo-piano chore. Tuesday nights, when other American primitives drop in, are especially rugged. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Through these portals have passed many of our greatest pianists. George Shearing, who is one of them when he's not too busy cracking jokes, is heading up a quintet, and Buck Clayton with his trusty brass blunderbuss heads up a quartet. They rest on Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five are happily shivering the timbers of their old homestead. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): A young and earnest band of strivers called The Six (Bob Wilber, Johnny Glasel, Eddie Hubble, Tommy Goodman, Bob Petersen, and Eddie Phyfe) is making the music here. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): A turbulent aviary often full of nothing but birds of unexpected passage. There's a distinct possibility, though, that Dinah Washington, Earl Hines' orchestra, and Miles Davis and his All Stars will be on the rostrum. Miss W. is scheduled to leave Wednesday, April 21. Mondays, when the regular crews are off, are jam-session nights. . . . **BASIN STREET,** Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): The muted, introspective music of Gerry Mulligan's quartet seems to be mourning the world's lost innocence. It sets a mood in which Gene Krupa's dynamics on the drums and Slim Gaillard's bopster humor seem a trifle intrusive. They all depart on Sunday, April 18. Monday is jam-session night; Tuesday, the stalwart Erroll Garner's trio and Charlie Ventura's quartet will be taking over. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Riotous music resounds in the echo-chamber grill Tuesdays through Saturdays until after midnight, and Sundays from nine-thirty to eleven-thirty. Conrad Janis's tailgaters are responsible. On Sunday, April 18, from five-thirty to eight-thirty, there'll be a jam session in which Barney Bigard, Marty Napoleon, Milt Hinton, Cozy Cole, Jimmy Archey, and Red Allen will supply first aid to the local group. Dancing. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): After nine-thirty, except Mondays, Marian McPartland plays very pretty up-to-date piano at the head of her trio. . . . **BONFIRE,** Lexington Ave. at 58th St. (PL 5-2440): It may look as if Jack London slept here, but in the neat little back room, Sylvia

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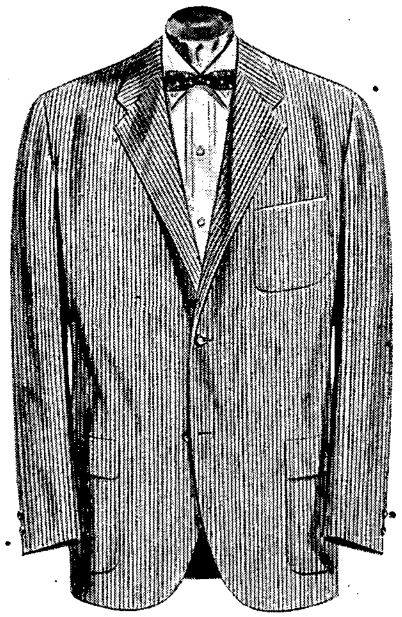

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Syms, the Big Ben of jazz singers, is doing her customary ingenious job late every evening but Sunday. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): On Friday and Saturday, April 16-17, this ancient *Brauhaus* expects to be host to Bobby Hackett, Max Kaminsky, Wild Bill Davison, Oran Page, Buck Clayton, Miff Mole, Pee Wee Russell, Joe Sullivan, Pop Foster, George Wettling, Cozy Cole, and Jimmy Rushing. Dancing. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): On Friday and Saturday, April 16-17, there'll be an invitation tournament, undoubtedly involving Pee Wee Erwin's band, Charlie Shavers, Buster Bailey, Sonny Greer, Willie the Lion Smith, and Herb Fleming. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

American Panorama—Upward of forty canvases, by Robert Feke, Charles Willson Peale, Winslow Homer, Jack Levine, and others, in a wide survey of art in this country for the last two and a quarter centuries. A loan show from and a benefit for the Brooklyn Museum. Through April 30. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Kenneth Armitage—Boldly conceived abstract bronzes, in a first showing in this country by one of the younger British sculptors; through Saturday, April 17. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

Milton Avery—New oils, done with the artist's sure feeling for broad, almost abstract patterns and for muted color; through Saturday, April 17. (Borgenicht, 61 E. 57th St.)

Vieira da Silva—Delicately handled, invariably thoughtful abstract paintings, composed in fine dottings of color that make them look somewhat like mosaics; through Saturday, April 17. (Cadby-Birch, 21 E. 63rd St.)

Charles Demuth and Arthur Dove—Two American modernists who did most of their work in water colors; through Saturday, April 24. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

Lyonel Feininger—New abstract paintings, many of them showing interesting stylistic variations, by an artist now in his eighty-fourth year; through Saturday, April 24. (Valentin, 32 E. 57th St.)

Karl Fortess—Landscapes and still-lifes, mostly small and rather sombre, but enlivened here and there by shrewd touches of bright color; through Saturday, April 17. (Ganso, 125 E. 57th St.)

Futurism—A carefully selected, handsomely arranged loan exhibition of works by the five Italian artists who founded the movement—Balla, Boccioni, Carrà, Russolo, and Severini; through May 1. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Adolph Gottlieb—Eleven abstractions he has painted during the last year; through Saturday, April 24. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

Morris Graves—Ducks and drakes and occasionally a gander, done in oils and in ink and wash, and discreetly Japanese in influence; through Saturday, April 24. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

J. M. Hanson—Recent oils by an English artist who teaches at Cornell; through Saturday, April 24. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

Gerrit Hondius—New paintings, chiefly of the circus, which show a lot of understanding of their subject; through Tuesday, April 20. (Myers, 32 W. 58th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

Jonah Kinigstein—Oil paintings, which were inspired by Byzantine mosaics, Russian icons, and Romanesque primitives. The artist's first one-man show. Through Saturday, April 17. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St.)

Paul Klee—A small retrospective of paintings and drawings that date from 1912 to his death in 1940; through April 26. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Weekdays, 2 to 5:30.)

Per Krohg—The first American showing of paintings, 1912 to the present, by one of the

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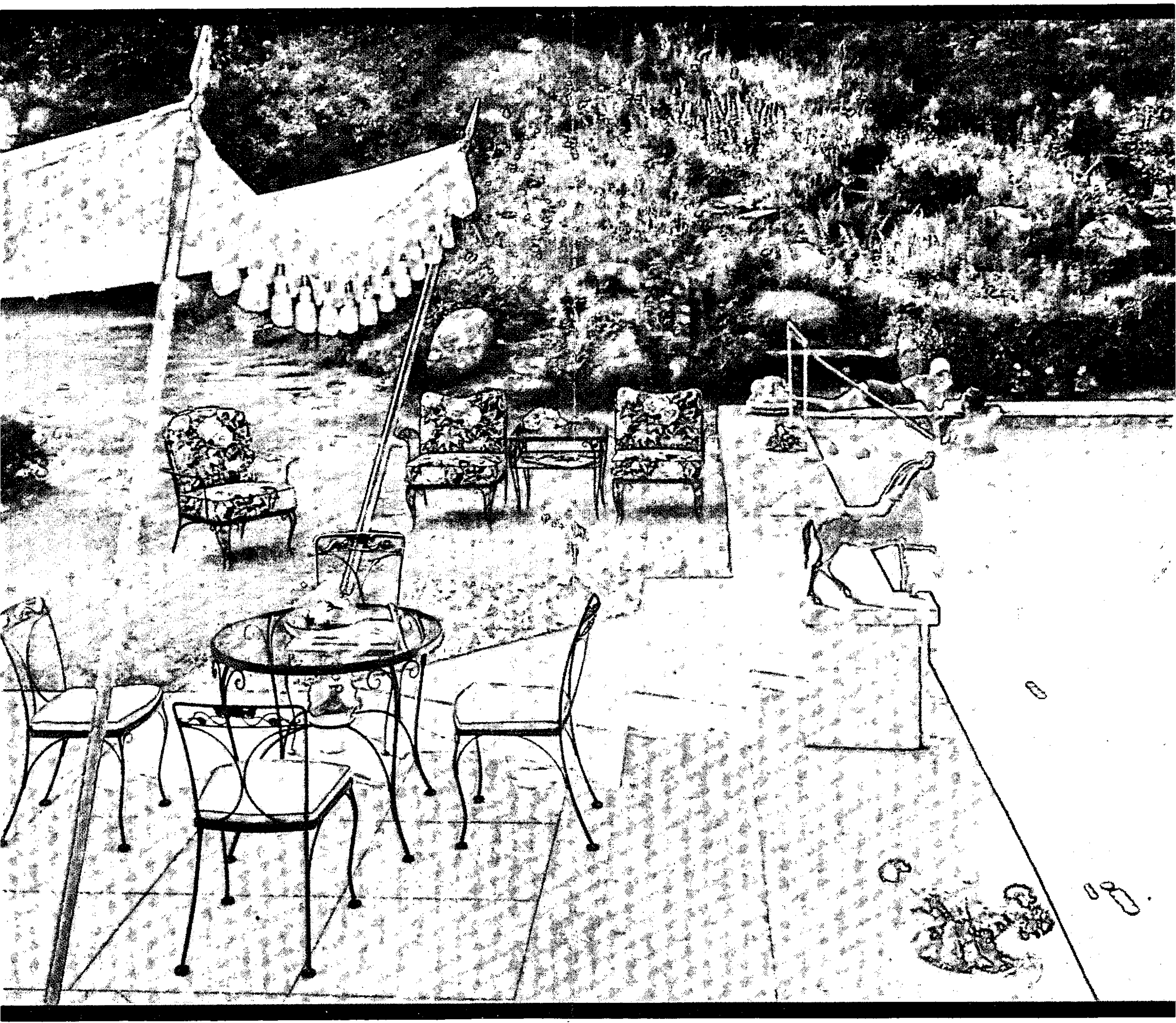

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

leaders of the Norwegian post-Impressionists; through Friday, April 23. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St.)

Marjorie Liebman—Abstract Expressionist paintings, a bit listless in design but sensitively handled; through Saturday, April 17. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Matisse—A loan show of eighteen paintings (1907-48), some of them on exhibit for the first time; through May 1. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

George Picken—A dozen recent semiabstract pictures of city and country themes; through Saturday, April 24. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.)

Alex Redein—Interiors and city and sea scenes in oil, plus a group of gouaches; through Saturday, April 17. (Heller, 63 E. 57th St.)

Hans Richter—A slightly scattered but absorbing retrospective, 1908-54, of paintings and other works by one of the chief figures of the early Dada movement; through Saturday, April 24. (Fried, 6 E. 65th St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

David F. Sauer—His first one-man showing of oils, mostly still-lifes that are big, broadly brushed, and engagingly bright in color; through Saturday, April 17. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

John Whorf—Marine subjects, winter scenes, and other New England phenomena, in water colors; through Saturday, April 24. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **national academy of design**, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.: A big, intermittently interesting showing of oils, sculptures, and other works, in the Academy's hundred-and-twenty-ninth annual exhibition; through April 25. (Daily, 1 to 6.) . . . **newton**, 11 E. 57th St.: Ten canvases by ten old masters, including Van Dyke, Murillo, and Caravaggio; through April 30. . . . **new york city center gallery**, 131 W. 55th St.: About fifty modern oils that were selected by Joseph Albers, Milton Avery, and James Brooks; through April 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . **sculpture center**, 167 E. 69th St.: Plastic, bronze, stone, and steel are only a few of the mediums used by the twenty artists represented here; through April 30. (Weekdays, 2 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 7 to 10.)

Some of This Week's Openings—At the **contemporary arts**, 106 E. 57th St.: William Chaiken; through May 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11.) . . . **egan**, 46 E. 57th St.: Franz Kline; through May 8. . . . **de nagy**, 206 E. 53rd St.: Fairfield Porter; through May 1. (Weekdays, 11:30 to 5.) . . . **perls**, 32 E. 58th St.: Modern French paintings; through May 15. . . . **wellons**, 70 E. 56th St.: Chris Anderson; through Saturday, April 24.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Over two hundred paintings by James McNeill Whistler, John Singer Sargent, and Mary Cassatt. Among them are the picture popularly called "Whistler's Mother," Sargent's portraits of Robert Louis Stevenson and Joseph Pulitzer, and Cassatt's familiar women and children. A loan show that has been supplemented by items from the Museum's collection; through May 23. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The first large retrospective exhibit of the works of Edouard Vuillard in this country, with over a hundred oils and about thirty prints, selected mainly from his early works around the turn of the century and continuing until his death in 1940; through June 6. . . . ¶ Paintings, puppets, and papier-mâché sculptures by children from twenty countries who study at the United Nations International School; through May 2. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—No special art exhibition; just the permanent collections. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The annual do of the Sculptors Guild, with close to sixty members

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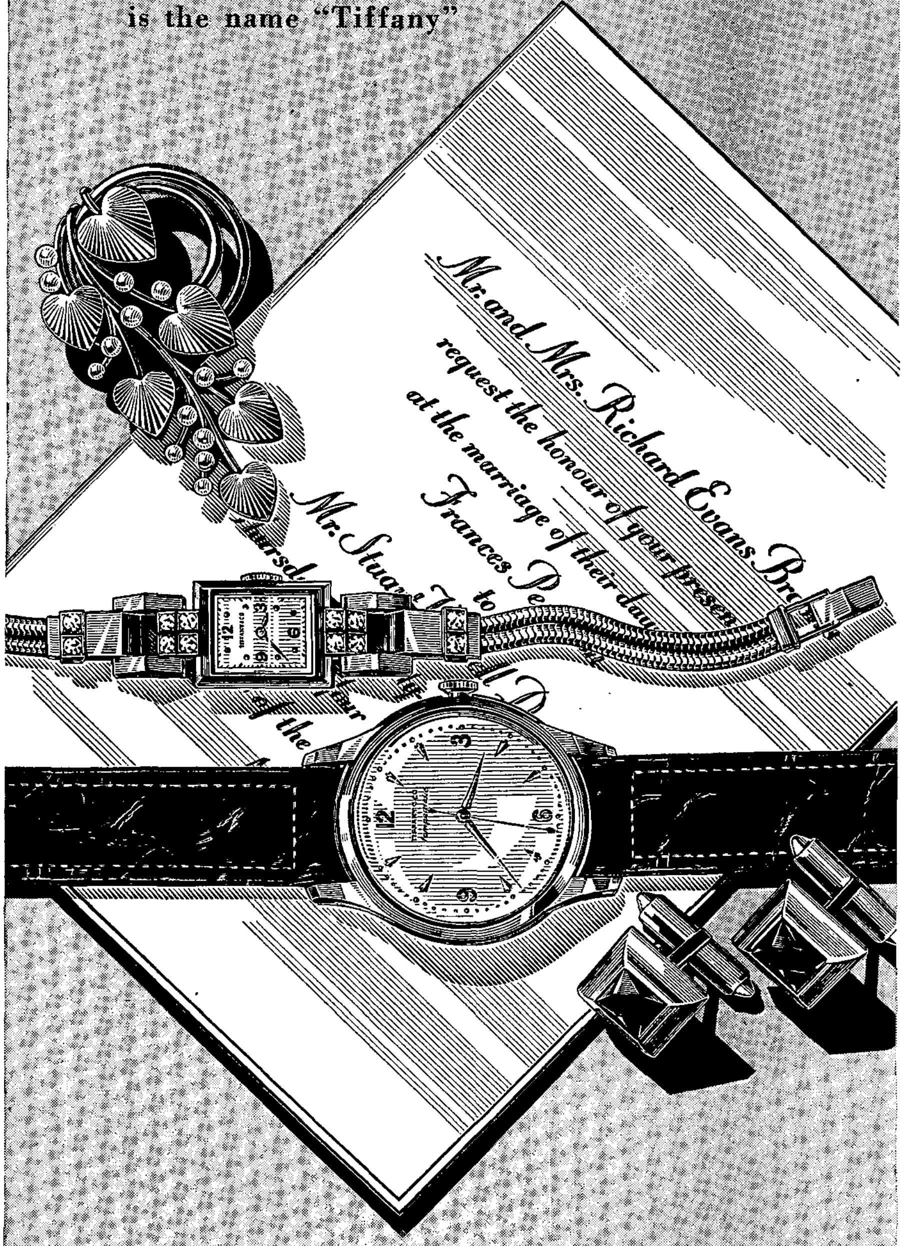
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represented; through Wednesday, April 21. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Calder mobiles, and a painting each by Cézanne, van Doesburg, and Larionov, which the Museum has recently acquired, plus a selection from the regular collection. Also a thoughtful, if rather spotty, survey of the younger European painters. Through May 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of nineteenth-century American folk art, painted on pieces of velvet, a stove plate, a captain's chest, and the like, and based on Biblical themes; starting Wednesday, April 21. (Mondays through Thursdays, 3 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—The annual exhibition of contemporary American sculptures, drawings, and water colors, a little mixed in both quality and styles but, as usual, generally interesting; through Sunday, April 18. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Final performances of the season—Thursday, April 15, at 8: "Norma," with Zinka Milanov, Blanche Thebom, Kurt Baum, and Nicola Moscona. . . . ¶ Friday, April 16, at 1: "Parsifal," with Margaret Harshaw, Set Svanholm, Mack Harrell, and Jerome Hines. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, April 17, at 1: "Parsifal," with Astrid Varnay, Set Svanholm, George London, and Hans Hotter. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 17, at 8:30: "Il Trovatore," with Herva Nelli, Elena Nikolaidi, Gino Penno, and Robert Merrill. (A benefit for Haarlem House.)

New York City Opera—Thursday, April 15, at 8:15: The company's première of Verdi's "Falstaff," in a new English translation by Chester Kallman. . . . ¶ Friday, April 16, at 8:15: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 17, at 2:30: "Show Boat." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 17, at 8:15: "La Traviata." . . . ¶ Sunday, April 18, at 2:30 (primarily for children): "Hansel and Gretel" (in English). . . . ¶ Sunday, April 18, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English). . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 21, at 8:45: "Salome." . . . ¶ Thursday, April 22, at 8:15: "The Tender Land" and "Amahl and the Night Visitors." . . . ¶ Friday, April 23, at 8:15: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 24, at 2:30: "La Cenerentola." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 24, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, May 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting—Thursday, April 15, at 8:45, and Friday, April 16, at 2:30 (no soloists); Saturday, April 17, at 8:45, and Sunday, April 18, at 2:30 (both with Tossy Spivakovsky, violin); Thursday, April 22, at 8:45, and Friday, April 23, at 2:30 (both with Lelia Gousseau, piano); and Saturday, April 24, at 8:45 (with Leonid Hambro, piano).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Final performances of the season here—Eugene Ormandy conducting an all-Brahms program, with William Warfield, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 20, at 8:30.)

Hood College Choir and Franklin and Marshall College Glee Club—A joint concert, with Earle Blakeslee and Hugh Gault directing. (Town Hall. Monday, April 19, at 8:40.)

Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick—George Mead directing. (Town Hall. Friday, April 23, at 8:30.)

Schola Cantorum of Hobart and William Smith Colleges—Lindsay Lafford directing. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 24, at 2:30.)

Note—On Sunday, April 18, at 3:30, and Mon-

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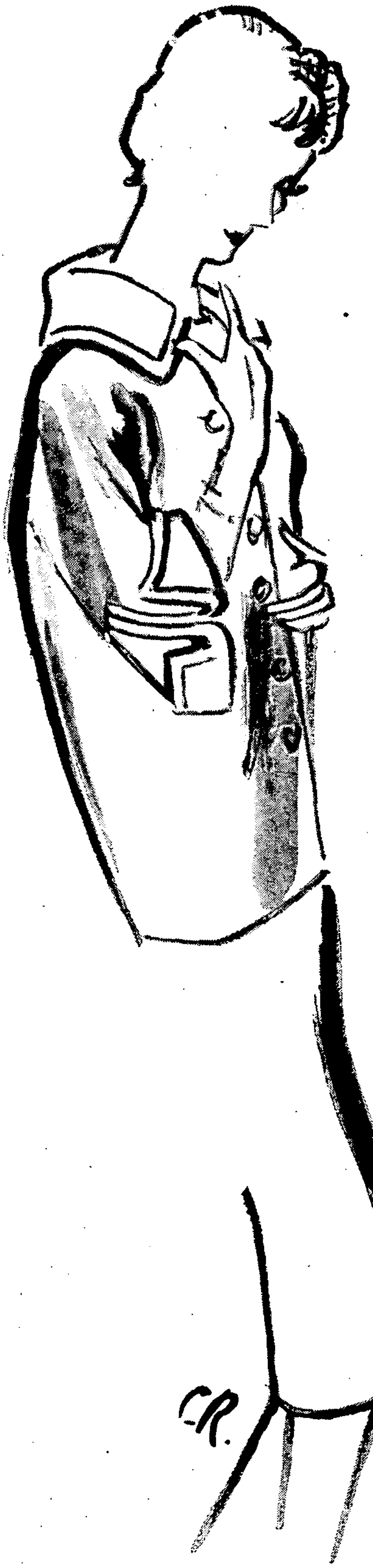

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

day, April 19, at 5:30, more than a hundred choristers will take part in Easter concerts of sacred music in Rockefeller Center Plaza.

RECITALS

Schneider String Quartet—Presenting "The Seven Last Words of the Savior on the Cross," by Haydn, with Alexander Scourby, narrator. (Village Presbyterian Church, 143 W. 13th St. Sunday, April 18, at 3. For information about tickets, call WA 9-4868.)

Maggie Teyte—Soprano. (Town Hall. Thursday, April 22, at 8:40.)

Rudolf Firkusny—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 24, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concert—Ralph Sutton's quartet (Edmond Hall, Walter Page, and Buzzy Drootin), Eddie Condon, Wild Bill Davison, Oran Page, Vic Dickenson, and Cozy Cole are expected to make the noise. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 17, at 5:30.)

Artur Schnabel Memorial Concert—The third annual concert, this one with Myra Hess, piano, and the Juilliard String Quartet. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 17, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **ebbets field:** Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Thursday, April 15, at 1:30.... ¶ Dodgers vs. Giants, Saturday, April 17, at 1:30, and Sunday, April 18, at 2.... ¶ Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Wednesday, April 21, at 8.... **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Thursday, April 15, at 2.... ¶ Yankees vs. Washington, Saturday and Sunday, April 17-18, at 2.... ¶ Yankees vs. Boston, Wednesday, April 21, at 2.... **polo grounds:** Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Monday and Tuesday, April 19-20, at 1:30.... ¶ Giants vs. Philadelphia, Friday, April 23, at 8:15, and Saturday, April 24, at 1:30.

Crew—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Princeton. Saturday, April 24.)

Horse Show—Boulder Brook Club (Spring) Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Saturday and Sunday, April 24-25.)

Hunt Racing—Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, April 17.) ... ¶ Grand National Point-to-Point. (Butler, Md. Saturday, April 17.) ... ¶ Maryland Hunt Cup Association. (Glyndon, Md. Saturday, April 24.)

Indoor Polo—The second game in the National Senior Championship, and a non-tournament match. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Saturday, April 17, at 8:30.)

Racing—At **jamaica:** Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, April 24. The Gotham, Saturday, April 17; the Youthful, Wednesday, April 21; and the Wood Memorial, Saturday, April 24. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) ... **bowie,** Bowie, Md.: Weekdays, except Good Friday, at 1:45; through Thursday, May 6.

Track—Boston Marathon. (Starts in Hopkinton, Mass. Monday, April 19.) ... ¶ Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. Friday and Saturday, April 23-24.)

FOR CHILDREN

Music—Performances primarily for children—By the **new york city opera:** Humperdinck's "Hansel and Gretel," in English. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Sunday, April 18, at 2:30.) ... **blue hill troupe:** Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Yeomen of the Guard." For the benefit of the Legal Aid Society. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, April 24, at 2:30. For tickets, call SA 2-8338.)

Plays—By the **playmart children's theatre:**

"Snow White." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 1 and 2:45. For tickets, call PL 3-0746.) . . . **JUNIOR THEATRE:** "The Cobbler," a play with music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday through Friday, April 19-23, at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-0224.) . . . **Y PLAYHOUSE COMPANY:** "Freddie and His Fiddle." (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Tuesday through Friday, April 20-23, at 11 and 2:40.)

CHILDREN'S ZOO—Where lambs, piglets, rabbits, crows, geese, and other non-terrifying fauna can be admired and even patted. (Bronx Park. Open, weather permitting, weekdays 10:30 to around 4:30, and Sundays 10:30 to 5:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every weekday, starting on Good Friday, from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend sessions of the Economic and Social Council (the most active group at present) and of various commissions and committees, as well as periodic meetings of the Security Council. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings start at 10:30 and 2:30 Mondays through Fridays, with the possible exception of Good Friday.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations, leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building about every ten minutes daily from 9:30 to around 4:30. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered, Mondays through Fridays, by the *Information Center for the* United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

POETRY CENTER READINGS—Selections from the works of James Thurber, interpreted by the Charles Weidman Dance Theatre and a narrator. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Monday, April 19, at 8:40.)

NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN, Bronx Park—An Easter display, comprising a small Dutch windmill, cottage, and church, facing a field of tulips, and approached by a path lined with thousands of other spring blooms. (Daily, 10 to 4:30; through April 25.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Easter in the Heavens," ranges over the histories of Passover and Easter, shows spring skies, and even simulates an enormous Easter egg; through April 25. (Special holiday schedule: Thursday, April 15, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Good Friday at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 8:30; Saturday, April 17, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Easter Sunday at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Monday through Friday, April 19-23, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 8:30; and Saturday, April 24, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. . . . ¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium start every night at 8.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, April 17, at 1:45: Louis XV, Louis XVI, and other French furniture; decorative porcelains, including Schloss, Berlin, and Meissen; Japanese and Chinese carved ivories; Aubusson tapestries and carpets; and a varied group of paintings. The property of Walter Hirshon and others. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, April 20-21, at 1:45 and 8, and Thursday, April 22, at 1:45: Early books, manuscripts, and other documents on Western Americana, among them Daniel Boone's autobiography, William Marshall Anderson's journal of the Overland Expedition of 1834, and Horace Greeley's report "The Mines and Miners of Kansas and Nebraska;" from the library of W. J. Holliday. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 22, at 8: Paintings by Cézanne, van Gogh, Renoir, Corot, Manet, and others, plus drawings, prints, and sculptures; most of them owned by an anonymous Philadelphia collector. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 17.

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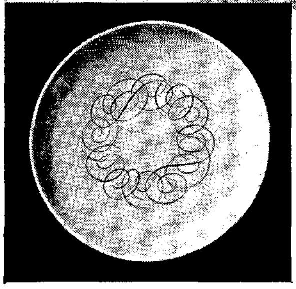

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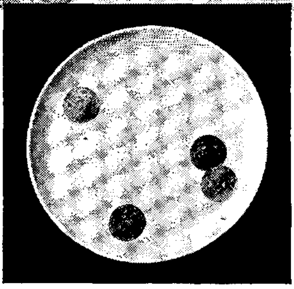

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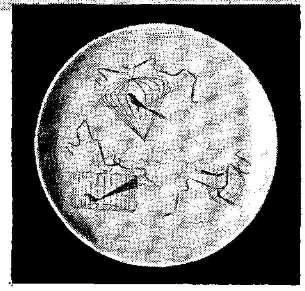

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Beat the Devil—A dishevelled, hilarious description of the antics of a gang of lunatic crooks who are out to get control of a big uranium field in Africa. Written by Truman Capote and John Huston, and directed by the latter, the film is fortunate in its cast, which includes Humphrey Bogart, Robert Morley, Peter Lorre, Marco Tulli, and Ivor Barnard, and such handsome ladies as Gina Lollobrigida and Jennifer Jones. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through April 20. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; April 19-20. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting April 19.)

The Captain's Paradise—Alec Guinness, and just as funny as usual. This time, he's a nautical bigamist who lives a placid life with an English wife and a sportive one with a Moroccan beauty. Celia Johnson is Mr. Guinness's quiet girl, Yvonne De Carlo his lively one. An English picture. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Diary of a Country Priest—An interesting and intricate French film that tries to explain how the tribulations of a young clergyman lead him eventually to a state of grace. Directed by Robert Bresson, the picture is often hard to follow, but the photography and acting are splendid. Claude Laydu plays the priest. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

From Here to Eternity—An estimable adaptation of the James Jones novel about the way things were at Schofield Barracks, in Honolulu, before the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. The cast, which is uniformly capable, is headed by Montgomery Clift, Burt Lancaster, and Frank Sinatra. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; April 18-20, tentative.)

Genevieve—Some ancient automobiles get their passengers in all kinds of uproarious dilemmas on a trip from London to Brighton and back. A British film in which John Gregson, Dinah Sheridan, Kay Kendall, and Kenneth More contribute much to the general merriment. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Heidi—This Swiss film, which has English dialogue, is a cheerful rendering of the Johanna Spyri story about a mountain girl who does a lot of good when she descends into Frankfurt. On the same bill is a fine French picture called "White Mane," a brief, impressive tale of a boy and a wild stallion. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting April 16. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; April 18-20, tentative. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting April 18.)

It Should Happen to You—A funny comedy about an odd young lady (Judy Holliday) who spends her life savings putting her name on a billboard on Columbus Circle and winds up feeling even odder after a whirl with advertising men and television wizards. Written by Garson Kanin and directed by George Cukor, and with Jack Lemmon and Peter Lawford in the cast. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; and Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through April 17. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through April 17, tentative. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; April 16-18.)

Julius Caesar—A collaboration between Joseph Mankiewicz and William Shakespeare, in which the former shows a commendable appreciation of the majesty of the latter's lines but too little appreciation of what the camera can do for his action. James Mason, John Gielgud, and Edmond O'Brien read the sonorities with skill. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Pickwick Papers—A lengthy treat for Sam's aficionados. An English film, with James Hayter, Nigel Patrick, and a lot of other good people. (Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746.)

Roman Holiday—William Wyler produced and directed this thoroughly engaging escapade in Rome, during which a princess, tiring of the royal routine, takes in the sights and sounds of the ancient city. Audrey Hepburn is bewitching as the princess, and Gregory Peck and Eddie Albert are in it, too. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through April 18. . . . ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting April 20. . . . ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; starting April 21.)

REVIVALS

The Best Years of Our Lives (1947)—The postwar troubles of three veterans. With Fredric March. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; April 15.)

Colonel Blimp (1945)—A British biography of a professional soldier, played by Roger Livesey. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting April 20.)

Fanfan the Tulip (1953)—A French burlesque of love, war, and costume dramas, with Gérard Philipe and Gina Lollobrigida. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through April 17.)

The Happiest Days of Your Life (1950)—Margaret Rutherford and Alastair Sim in a British comedy about the merger of a boys' school and a girls' school. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting April 20.)

The Man in the White Suit (1952)—Alec Guinness as the inventor of a fabulous fabric. An English film, with Cecil Parker and Joan Greenwood. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; through April 21, tentative.)

Mary of Scotland (1936)—The Anderson play, with Katharine Hepburn and Fredric March. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; April 18-20.)

Pinocchio (1940)—A full-length Disney cartoon, with Figaro the Cat and Cleo the Goldfish, among others. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; April 16 through the afternoon of April 20.)

Shane (1953)—How the wicked cattle raisers tried to keep the noble homesteaders from settling on their range. With Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, and Brandon de Wilde. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting April 20. . . . ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; starting April 21.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—April 15: "The Love of Sunya" (1927), with Gloria Swanson, John Boles, and Raymond Hackett. . . . ¶ April 16: "The Salvation Hunters" (1925), directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Georgia Hale and George K. Arthur. . . . ¶ April 17: "His Majesty the American" (1920), with Douglas Fairbanks and Marjorie Daw. . . . ¶ April 18: "Our Daily Bread" (1933), directed by King Vidor, with Tom Keene and Karen Morley. . . . ¶ April 19: "The General" (1927), directed by, and with, Buster Keaton. . . . ¶ April 20: "The Private Life of Henry VIII" (1933), directed by Alexander Korda, with Charles Laughton, Merle Oberon, and Robert Donat. . . . ¶ April 21: "Elephant Boy" (1937), directed by Robert Flaherty and Zoltan Korda, with Sabu. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through April 21 (tentative): "Red Garters," Rosemary Clooney, Jack Carson, Guy Mitchell.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
Through April 19: "La Ronde" (in French), Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux.
From April 20: Theatre closed.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Knock on Wood," Danny Kaye, Mai Zetterling.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
April 15: **THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES**, revival.
From April 16: "Carnival Story," Anne Baxter, Steve Cochran, Lyle Bettger.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
April 15: "The Siege at Red River," Van Johnson, Joanne Dru.
From April 16: "Beachhead," Tony Curtis, Frank Lovejoy.

Holiday, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-5530)
"Witness to Murder," Barbara Stanwyck, George Sanders, Gary Merrill.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Naked Jungle," Eleanor Parker, Charlton Heston.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Rose Marie" (in CinemaScope), Ann Blyth, Howard Keel, Fernando Lamas.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Lucky Me" (in CinemaScope), Doris Day, Robert Cummings, Phil Silvers.

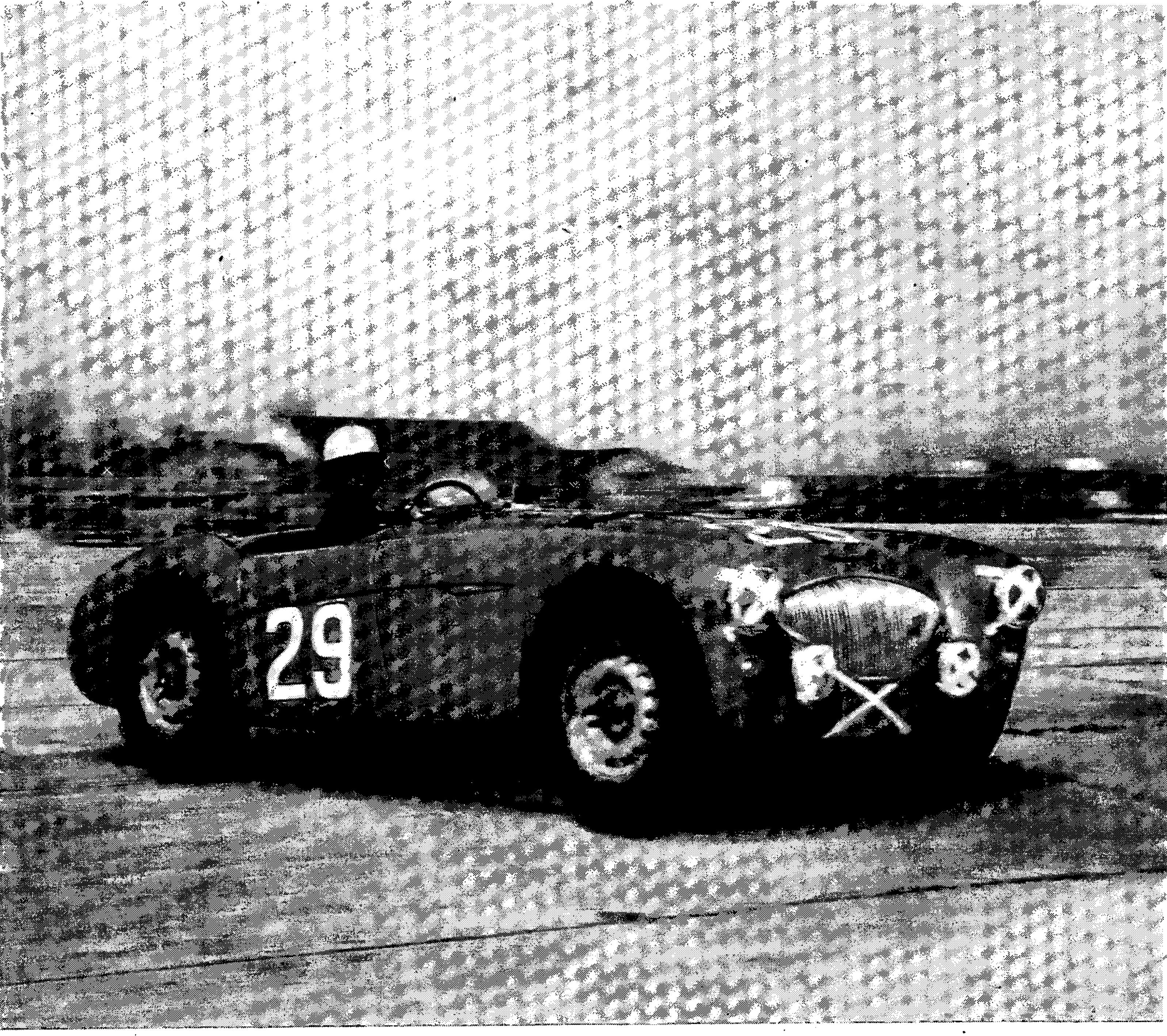
Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Prince Valiant" (in CinemaScope), James Mason, Janet Leigh.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through April 16: "Saskatchewan," Alan Ladd, Shelley Winters.
From April 17: "Yankee Pasha," Jeff Chandler, Rhonda Fleming.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through April 16: "Make Haste to Live," Dorothy McGuire, Stephen McNally.
From April 17: "Casanova's Big Night," Bob Hope, Joan Fontaine.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama," a demonstration of a new movie-projection technique. (Tuesdays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays and Monday, April 19, at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"La Lupa" (in Italian), Kerima.



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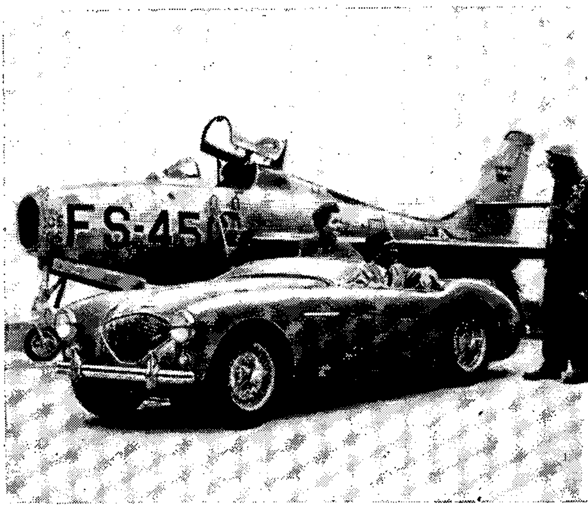

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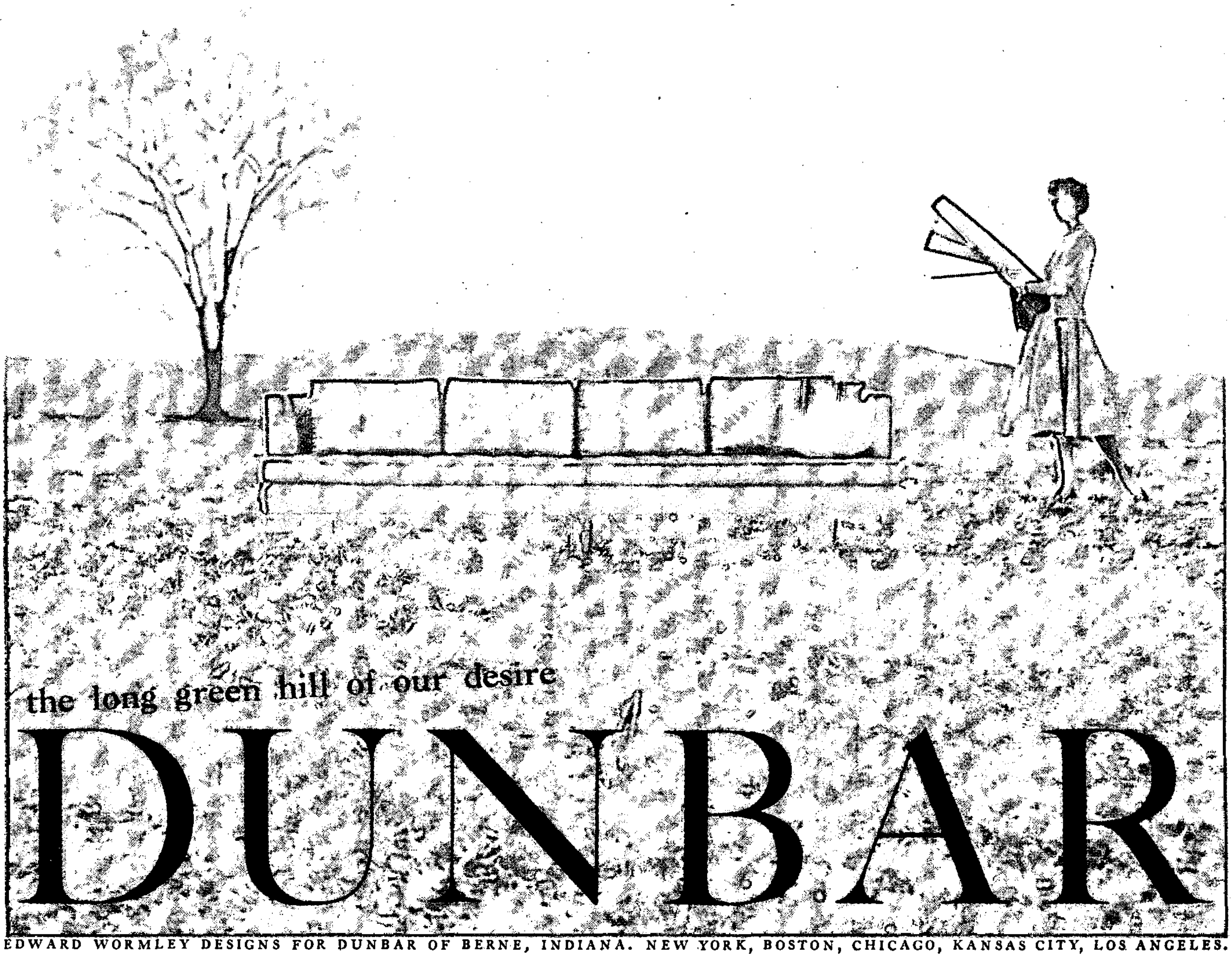
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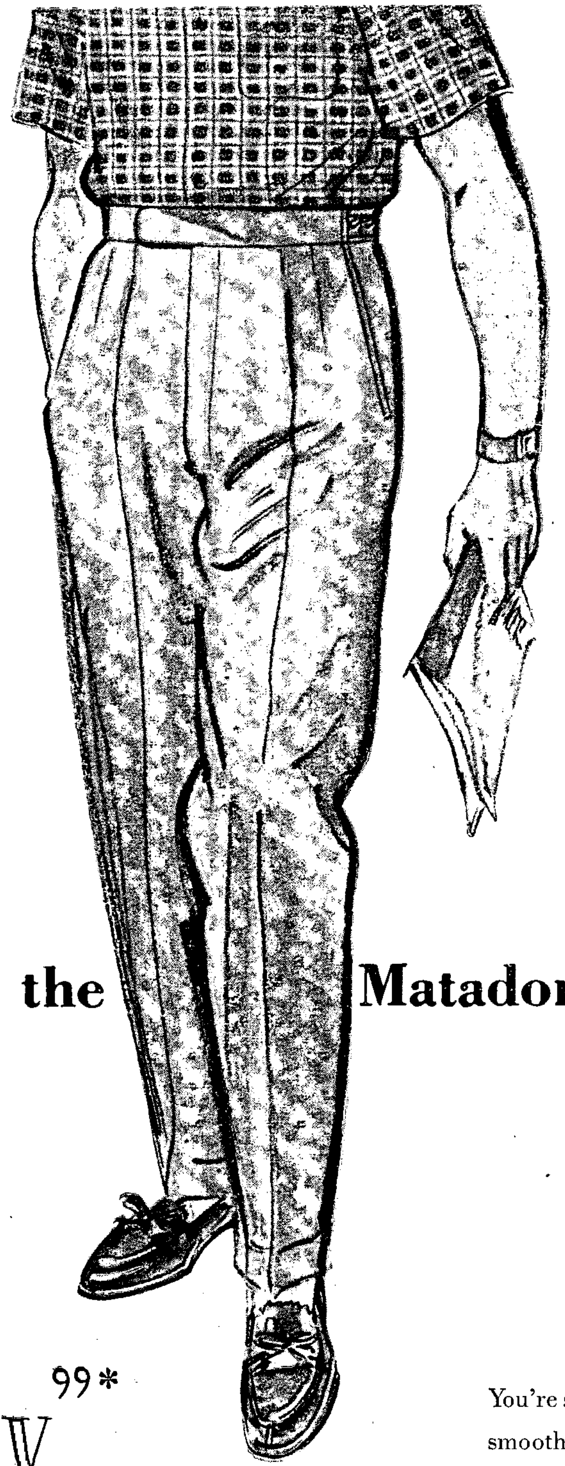
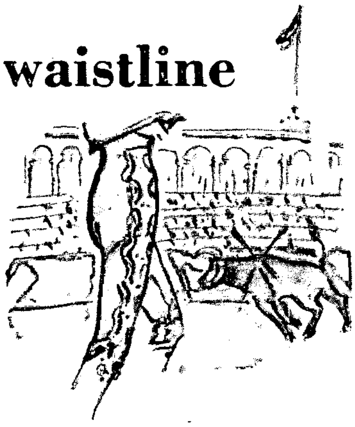


the slacks with the Matador waistline



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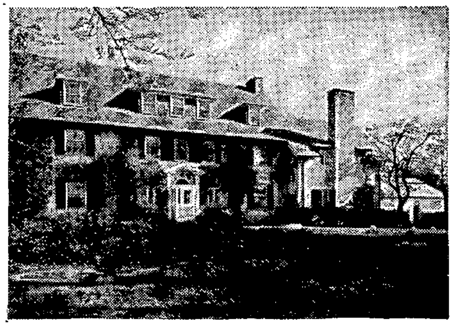

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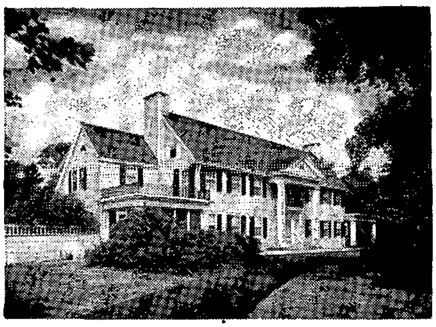

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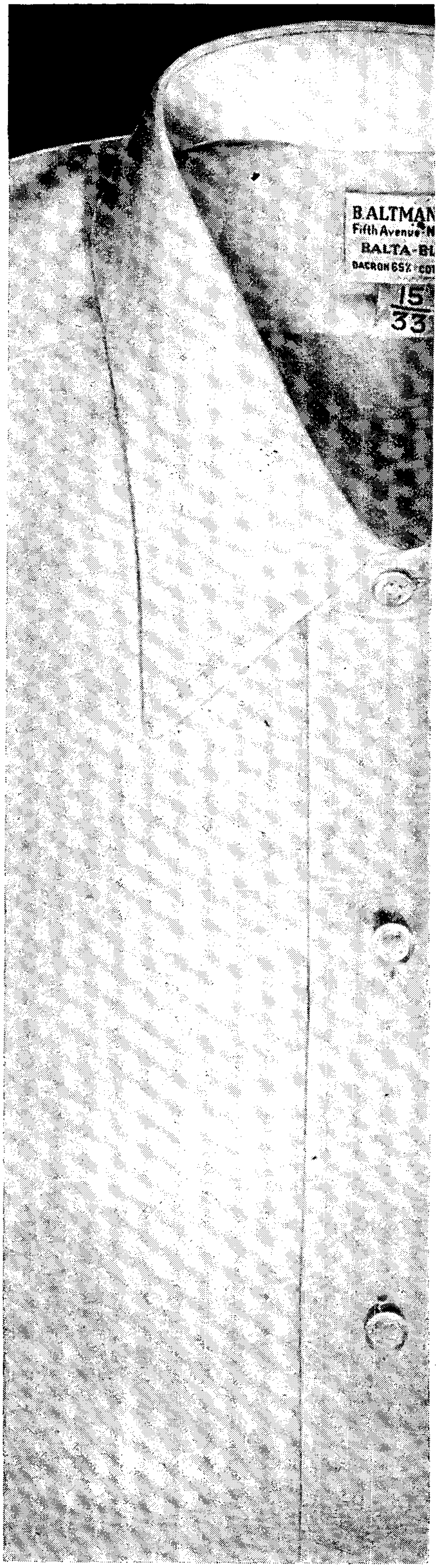

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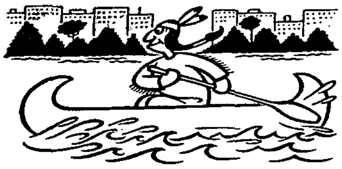
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

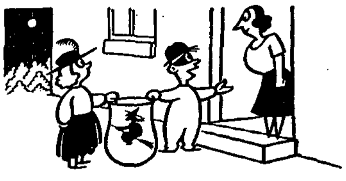
WE have discovered a fine vantage point from which to mark how spring—the real spring, which pays no attention to calendars—steals in across the city. Our vantage point is a bright-colored chair on the terrace of the new boathouse at the Seventy-second Street Lake, in Central Park. We were up there on that first real spring morning last week, and it was as if, with our eyes half closed to the sun, we could see the dangling strings of branches on the big old willows along the banks feathering out, from one moment to the next, into green garlands. We listened, and there floated to us over the glittering surface of the lake the squeak of oars in oarlocks, the chunk of oars in water, the vernal hooting of sailor to sailor and girl to girl. We sat and dozed and recalled our distress of a couple of seasons back, when the rickety old boathouse was being pulled down. The charm of its sagging roof and its tipsy floor on piles, its air of being about to totter sidewise into the drink (but slowly, gently, meaning no harm to anyone), had made the risk of being ducked, and maybe even conked, seem well worth taking. We hated then to think of the foursquare and immaculate novelty of its successor and were of two minds concerning the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. Carl M. Loeb, who gave the city three hundred and five thousand dollars to help pay for something new and splendid in the way of a boathouse.

Now we are glad to confess that it took only ten minutes of an April morning for us to make our peace with newness and splendor. We like the Loeb boathouse. It is long and low, with red brick walls, a copper roof, a black-and-white clock in a gable, and wooden ramps leading down to the water's edge. Inside is a refreshment stand as complex as the workings of a submarine; it dispenses hot and cold drinks, franks, hamburgers, frozen custard, Milky Ways, and other staples. The boathouse is designed in the Victorian style that distinguishes most of the other buildings in the Park, and we have no doubt that in a handful of years it will look as if it had always been there. Set sun, rain, and frost to work on it; let the thin curls of ivy at its base thicken and hug the walls. Meanwhile, we will sit and drink a cup of coffee and watch green boats putting out on the cheapest and safest of voyages (forty cents an hour, fifteen cents for each extra passenger). Just round that rocky promontory is the Indian Cave, and we remember hearing that when the old boathouse was built, the city imported an Iroquois brave from Canada, who lived under the boathouse and paddled about the lake like mad in a red canoe from Abercrombie & Fitch. We'd like the authorities to do as much in honor of the new boathouse, but we dare not push them too hard. This terrace in the sun, this coffee cooling in its paper cup, are enough for one spring.



Mammoth

IF there was ever an industry that we supposed would rock along quietly from one decade to the next without causing us a moment's excitement, it's paper bags. No surprises in bags, we'd have said. But darned if a sort of revolution isn't taking place in paper bags and darned if the revolution isn't sort of interesting. For one revolutionary thing, paper bags are being prettied up out of all recognition; for another, they're getting bigger and bigger. Indeed, the Equitable Paper Bag Company, of Long Island City, has devised what it is careful to call the biggest finished-in-a-single-operation-paper-bag-making machine in the world. We have been to see the machine, which can produce a bag fourteen feet long and with a circumference, when fully distended, of just over six feet. Equitable has spent about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars on it and is now awaiting orders. The mammoth bag-making machine is capable of turning out eight thousand of these bags a day. What they will sell for nobody knows exactly; the price depends on whether the labels are printed in one color or in two, and on the type of paper and the number of layers. Equitable expects the machine to pay off at the rate of half a million dollars a year within the next year or so, and at the rate of a million dollars a year thereafter.



These appetizing facts and figures came straight from Leonard E. Canno, a vice-president of Equitable, whom we found in his office, knee-deep in bags of every size, shape, and color. "Imagination and paper bags are just like this!" he exclaimed, crossing two fingers a few inches before our eyes. "Not the usual belief, I'll admit. People are so used to paper bags that they scarcely see them any more. We're changing that. People will see paper bags again or we'll know the reason why." Equitable makes about a hundred tons of imaginative paper bags a day at the Long Island plant and fifty tons at a subsidiary plant in Texas, and can provide bags for five hundred uses. At the moment, Equitable's favorite is a "trick or treat" bag, got up for children to tote from door to door on Halloween. As big as a shopping bag, it's orange and black and bears likenesses of a cat, two children, and a fierce witch on a broomstick. "Color is the last word in bags," Mr. Canno said. "The old brown bag is as good as dead." He then showed us the shopping bags that Equitable turns out for Bonwit Teller (purple violets on a white ground), Jordan Marsh (summer-sky blue), and Bloomingdale (gray, with a large flower and a circling bee).

As for the big bag, that was designed in response to a need, Mr. Canno said. "The paper bag is one of the most durable containers there is, as well as the least expensive," he explained. "Up to now, a rug that measured, say, nine by twelve feet has been wrapped in long sheets of paper, or maybe put in a box. Time-consuming. Bulky. Expensive. We decided to make a bag that would hold a rug or practically anything else. Already, inquiries have come in from all over the country. Man in Texas wants to know whether our big bag will be suitable for coils of plastic hose. Of course. Another fellow wants to know what about using the bag for garbage disposal at his restaurant. Of course again. U.S. Steel is interested in using the bag to hold units of a prefabricated house. And so it goes. Think of fish poles and garden umbrellas! Think of golf bags and tent poles! The only problem we haven't solved is what people ought to do with the bags after they've served their original purpose. Nobody's going to want to throw them away. I know *I* couldn't."

Mr. Canno passed us along to an Equitable man named Levenson, who led us out into the plant to see the machine of machines. We hastened past scores of ordinary bag-making machines, past cavernous rooms stacked with rolls of paper, past a testing room, where Equitable bags and bags made by rival firms were being jounced violently up and down by mechanical means, and came at last to the machine. Seventy feet long and fifteen feet high, it somewhat resembles a straight-edged, many-angled dinosaur. "Isn't she a beauty?" Mr. Levenson asked, and a moment later the machine started up with a roar. A roll of paper was being fed into the machine at one end and every second a finished paper bag was coming out at the other end.

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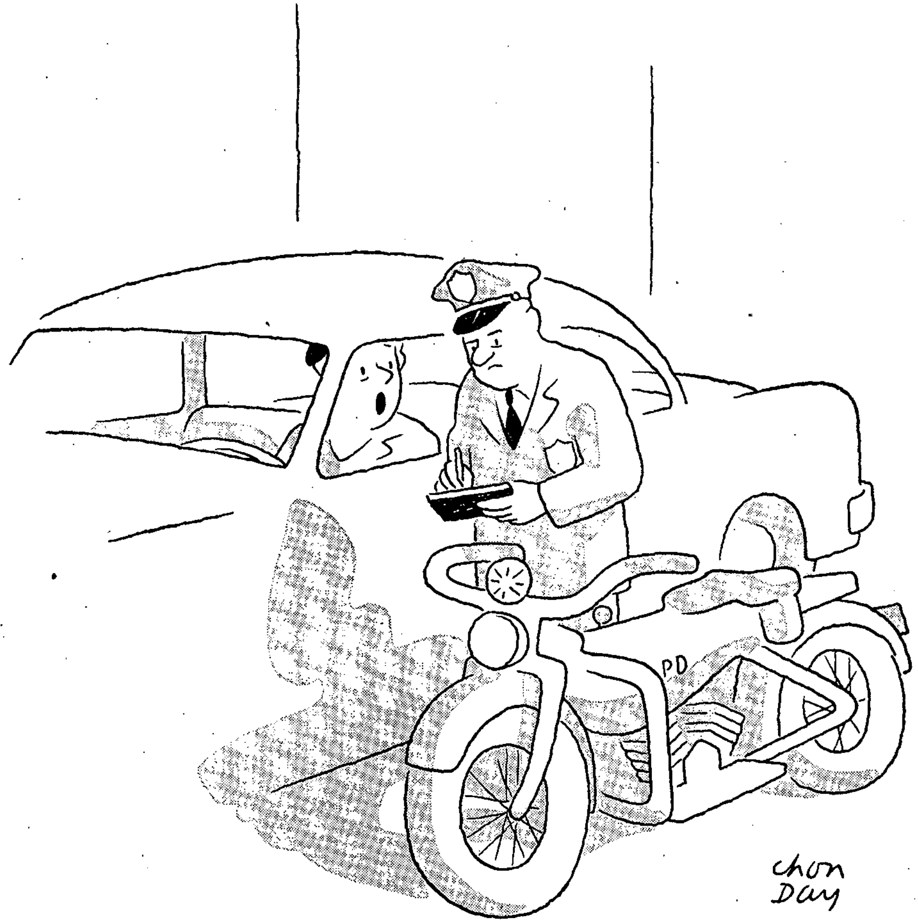
Literary Intelligence: An invitation to enter its tenth short-story contest was mailed last month by *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine* to Anton Chekhov, ℅ Charles Scribner's Sons.

Sui!

The world's best badminton players hail from Malaya, where the game is the national sport and matches are played before crowds of ten thousand or so. One reason the Malayans have all the rest of us absolutely licked is that Malaya is filled with outdoor badminton courts that are protected from the wind and equipped with electric lights, so that enthusiastic Malayans can play day and night under the roomy vault of the sky. Since a "high clear," or lob, sometimes reaches a height of thirty-five feet, a badminton hall with a low ceiling is apt to make a good player uncomfortable. Badminton is believed to have originated in India, where it was called poona. It was taken up by British Army officers during the eighteen-sixties and brought to England early in the seventies. The Duke of Beaufort liked the game and played it in the course of a party that he gave at Badminton, his seat in Gloucestershire, and as a result it became known as "the game at Badminton," and eventually simply as badminton. The other afternoon, we were enchanted to meet four Malayan badminton players—Eddy Choong and his brother David Choong, Ooi Teik Hock, and Ong Poh Lim—who had come here to play some exhibitions and enter some tournaments. We also met their manager, Lim Chuan Geok, and two Indian players—T. N. Seth and Nandu Natekar. As one might expect, the Indians are very fine badminton players, too. By arrangement, we had dropped in at the 212th Anti-Aircraft Armory, on Columbus Avenue, where the Malayan and Indian players were putting on an exhibition under the auspices of the New York Badminton Club. A large group of people were seated around a court in the center of the floor. The whisk of the bird, or shuttlecock, and cries of "Hand out!" and "Love all!" echoed from the distant walls as we arrived. We were welcomed by a man with a British-looking mustache, who introduced himself as Ken Davidson, coach of the American Thomas Cup team, and then presented us to Eddy Choong, David Choong, Ong Poh Lim, and T. N. Seth, all of whom were sitting around a table. Natekar and Ooi were playing.

Mr. Davidson informed us that Eddy Choong had just won the All-England Singles Tournament, in London, which is considered the world's championship, and that he is also champion of Denmark; that Ooi and Ong had defeated the Choongs in London for the doubles title; that Ooi is the leading all-round player of Malaya; that Natekar is the champion of India; that Seth is on the Indian Thomas Cup team; that David Choong is captain of the Malayan team during the tour; and that Malaya, naturally, has



"Don't you ever forgive anyone?"

the Thomas Cup. "The Thomas Cup is the Davis Cup of badminton," Davidson explained. "It's up for grabs every three years. The next challenge round will be played in Singapore in '55. Malayan spectators take their badminton seriously, eating mangoes in the stands, stamping their feet, and crying 'Good shot!' when somebody makes a good shot."

"In Penang, where Eddy and Ooi and I come from," said David Choong, a cheerful young man in a white Cambridge blazer, "they cry '*Sui!*,' which is Chinese for 'Beauty!' As youngsters, we learn to count in English by keeping score in badminton."

"During the last challenge round," said Ong, "tickets sold on the black market of Singapore for seventy-five dollars. Malayan dollars, that is. You divide by three."

"Scalpers," Davidson explained, with a nod.

There was a burst of clapping, and Eddy Choong glanced over at the court and remarked that Ooi is the Babe Ruth of Malaya. "Whatever Ooi does, it's worth an eight-column head in the *Straits Times*," he said.

"He gives the shuttle a rather good sock," said Seth, with a rueful smile. "In doubles, getting past the Ooi-Ong spider-web defense is a real tickler. They clear from impossible angles."

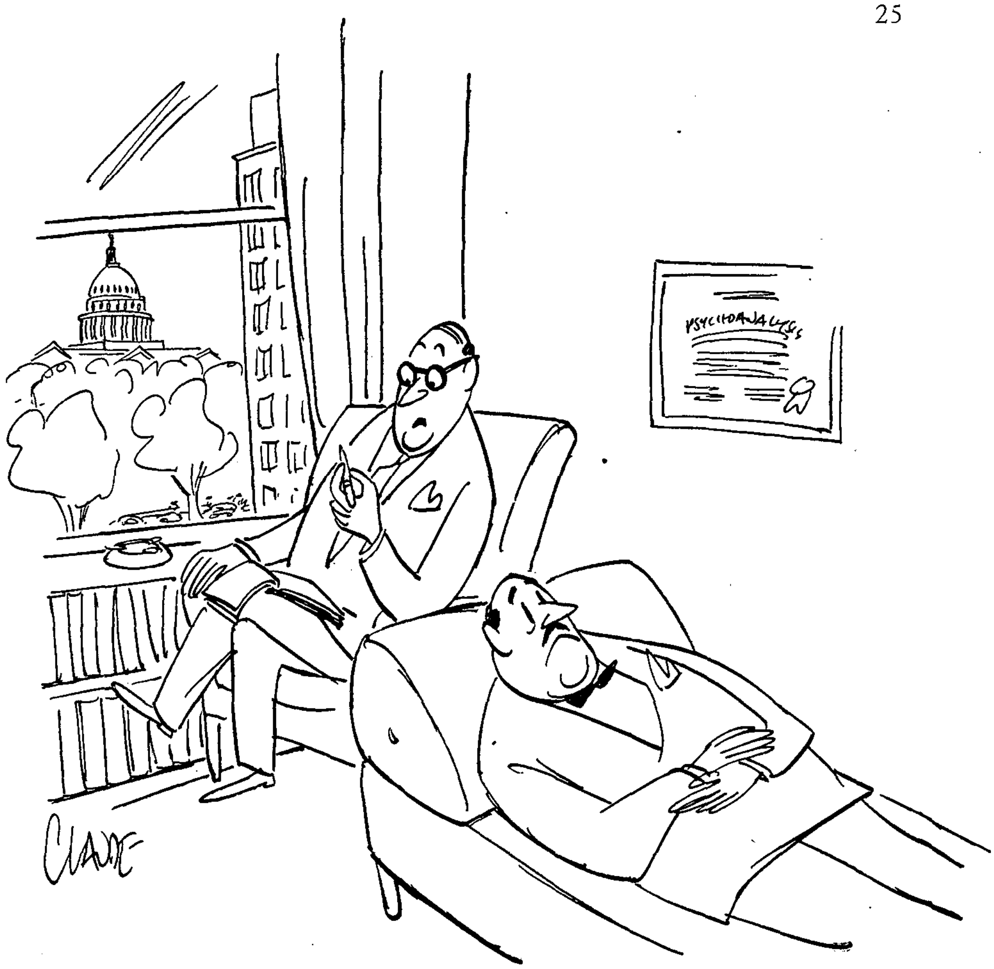
"Don't sell your around-the-head short," Ong told him. "When Seth plays badminton," he said to us, "it is pure geometry."

Applause welled up, and Natekar and Ooi came off the court, accompanied by a sober-looking man who was introduced to us as Lim Chuan Geok. Among other things, he told us that the Choongs have been attending college in England for the past four years.

"David is reading law at Cambridge and I'm reading law at the Inns of Court," Eddy Choong said. "If you pass the examination, you can become either a solicitor or a barrister in Malaya."

"I'm going to college in Bombay," said Natekar.

"Bombay is the St. Louis of India—hot and humid," said Seth, and, to loud applause, walked onto the court.



"As I see it, your basic problem is the repression of a recession obsession."

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Service

A FAIRFIELD COUNTY matron was chatting on her upstairs telephone when a brisk voice broke in with "May I have this line, please? It's an emergency. My horse has hurt his foot." The lady hung up, then did a double take, for she is not on a party line. She went downstairs and found another lady, booted and derby-hatted, seated comfortably at the desk, arranging for the welfare of her horse, who stood just outside the front door, peaked but confident.

Easter Show

THE "Holland—Land of Flowers" Easter bulb show, advertised as containing a village in Holland and now going on at the Botanical Garden, got off to a good start with a spirited preview lunch in the Garden's administration building, to which the Garden people graciously invited us. We found ourself seated between Mr. T. H. Everett, the Bronx pleasure spot's horticulturist, and Mr. Romaine Button, who was identified for us as coördinator of school gardens of the City of New York. He advised us that there are five hundred and twenty of these gardens attached to public schools in the five boroughs—around twenty of them in Manhattan, in which urban borough they occupy over three acres. "There's one at One Seventy-seven, near Brooklyn Bridge," he said, "and a very fine one at Seventy-five, at Ninety-fifth Street and West End Avenue, and we're trying one out at Six Hundred and Eighteen, a school for disturbed children at Bellevue. Grubbing in the soil is very relaxing for people who are off their rocker. I have a theory that teaching children gardening gives them a feeling of participation and very materially reduces vandalism."

We asked what the school children raise, and Mr. Button said half flowers and half vegetables. "Last year, they harvested seven thousand pounds of vegetables and ate most of them up, raw, before they grew to market size," he said. "Radishes, spinach, lettuce, string beans, sweet corn, squash, and Swiss chard. In Forest Hills, they love Swiss chard, one of the few vegetables that children won't eat raw. I think the Forest Hills children like Swiss chard because of the higher social level there. Most of the gardens raise peanuts. Small Spanish peanuts do very well in New York. Since I'm the coördinator, the principals bring me their problems."

"Like what?" we asked.

"Well, sometimes they get discouraged about their gardens and want to concrete the area," Mr. Button said, with a shudder. "That'd leave me without a job if the movement spread. I give them horticultural advice and talk them out of it. I've talked a number of principals out of concreting their gardens. All they need is a little rejuvenating of spirit, and sometimes manure. I give them both."

We turned to Mr. Everett, who had arranged the Easter show, and he said it would use between fifteen and twenty thousand plants, a third of them as replacements. "All the hyacinths will mature and have to be replaced," he said. "We started planning the show a year ago. I gave Louis Politi, our head gardener, a general idea of the plants we wanted, and he started growing them, and Mr. A. C. Pfander, our superintendent of grounds, reproduced our village in Holland—a windmill, cottage, and church. He built the cottage from a photograph. There's a tremendous difference between botanical gardens here and in England, where I was born and which I often visit. The English are *collectors* of plants; they have a greater variety than we have, and superior specimens, but we're far ahead in *using* plant specimens to get colorful and dramatic effects."

Dr. William J. Robbins, the Garden's director, rose and introduced the Dutch consul general, Baron de Vos van Steenwijk (he and his wife were the lunch's guests of honor), and the Baron said, in part, "The tulip is considered representative of Holland, and it is, but I'd like it if we were not only, or mainly, known for our bulbs." He cited as other national assets ideals of liberty and a record of peaceful labor relations, and all hands presently adjourned to the greenhouses, where an array of pink, yellow, red, and white tulips stretched colorfully and dramatically before us. Photographers snapped pictures of the Baroness receiving a bouquet from a couple of Dutch children got up as Dutch children; and an older, female, Dutch-garbed model posed in a rather bosomy way with a trowel and a potted hyacinth.

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DIALOGUE between two office colleagues, studying a newspaper map of the city and environs that was marked with concentric circles indicating the varying degrees of damage a hydrogen bomb could cause:

FIRST MAN: "Where do you live?"

SECOND MAN: "Severe damage. You?"

FIRST MAN: "Incendiary action."

SECOND MAN (after a pause): "How's the commuting?"

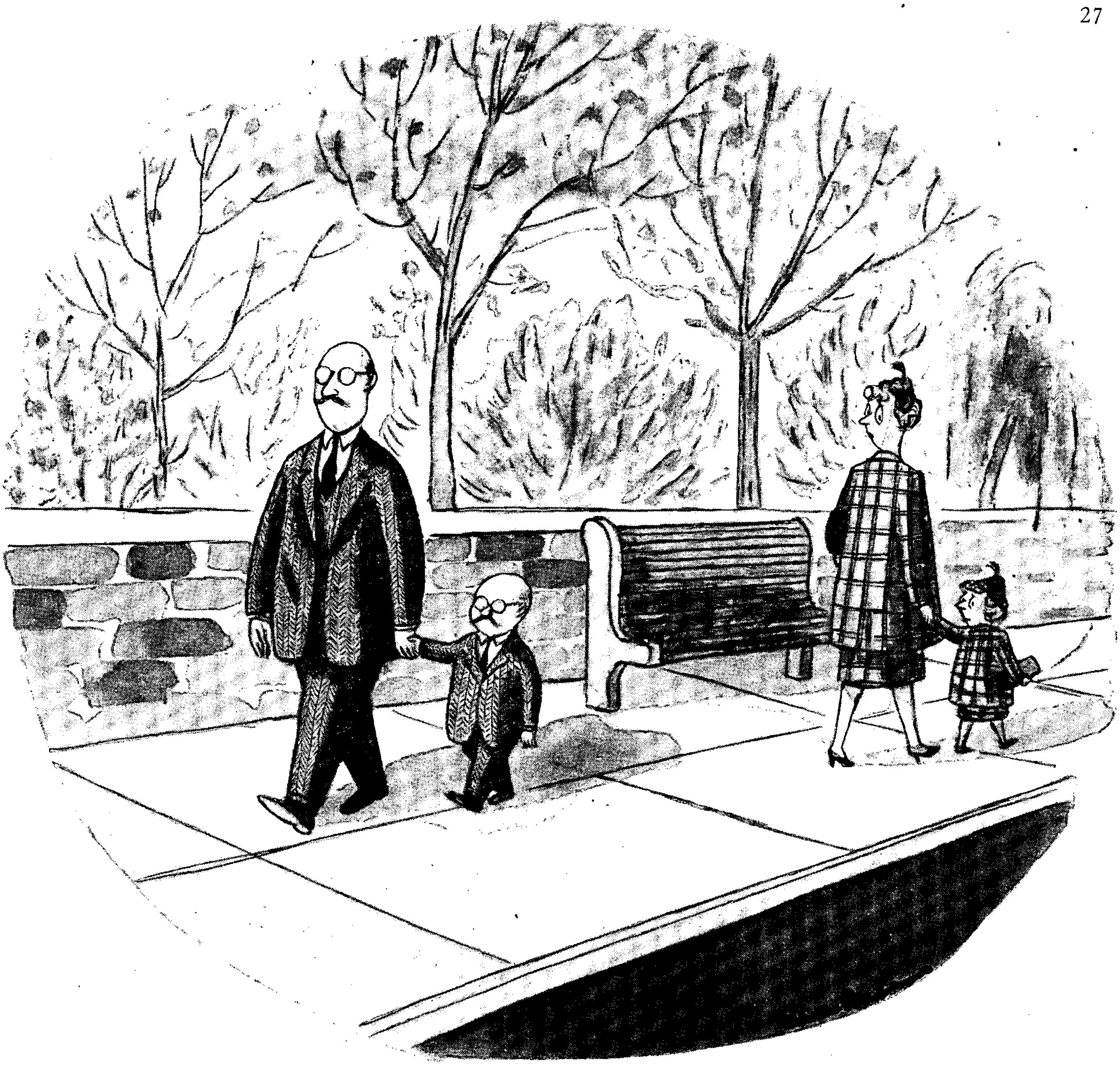
Best

THAT purposeful vagabond Duncan Hines was in town for a couple of days last week, en route from his now-and-then home in Bowling Green, Kentucky, to Europe, where he has never been. The tirelessly peripatetic author of "Adventures in Good Eating," "Lodging for a Night," "Adventures in Good Cooking," and "Vacation Guide," all of which he publishes himself and which together sell at the rate of a nice, round quarter of a million copies a year, is a bluff, ruddy, and vigorous man of seventy-four, with close-cropped white hair, a not unexpected *embonpoint*, and the pleased expression of one who has turned a good deed into a gold mine. We paid a call on him at a midtown hotel, and in less than a minute had met Mrs. Hines ("She works as hard as I do") and a business associate named Roy Park ("He works as hard as we do") and had been invited to go for a spin in the country, with lunch at the end of the spin. "Clara, Roy, and I thought we'd like to run out to Banksville, to La Crémaillère à la Campagne," Mr. Hines said. "This will be pleasure, not business. Antoine Gilly, who owns the place, is an old friend of ours. No need to see whether he's keeping the place up to scratch. We'll just go and *eat*." With a groan of delight, he added, "I can taste those cheese cigarettes of Antoine's right now. Heavy cream, egg yolks, grated Parmesan—" "Duncan!" his wife exclaimed. "Remember, you're supposed to be saving some space for Europe."

Down we all went to the street and into Mr. Park's convertible, and we were soon spanking north to Banksville. As we rode, Mr. Hines sketched for us his long and happy and gastronomically adventurous life. Born in Bowling Green, he went to business college there, then took a job with Wells, Fargo. "They sent me straight to Albuquerque," he said. "That was back in '98, when the West was as wild as the movies make out. I reached town on the morning of New Year's Eve, and the townsfolk were shooting and carrying on something terrible. I spent four years with Wells, Fargo, then went to work for a chemical company, and after that got into the advertising-and-printing game in Chicago. I was always a great man for victuals, and I got so I'd drive all the way to St. Louis and back in one day just to taste a certain dish in a certain restaurant. I started making lists of places I liked to eat in, and in 1935, instead of sending Christmas cards to my friends, I sent them a pamphlet containing the names of my favorite restaurants. Well, sir, it was a bombshell! Within a couple of months, I was getting letters from perfect strangers here, there, and everywhere asking me for copies of my pamphlet. I'd have gone broke printing and mailing out those pamphlets for nothing, so the next thing I knew I'd made me up a little book and was in business. In 1938, I moved back to Bowling Green and built me a house and office, and I've been going great guns ever since. Seems like what I always say to newlyweds must be true—'Kissin' don't last. Cookin' do.' "

Mr. Hines, who spends at least three-quarters of his time on the road, estimates that he has driven a million and a half miles without an accident. "Mrs. Hines and I spell each other at the wheel, always obey the speed laws, no matter how foolish, and make it a rule to stop driving fairly early in the afternoon," he said. "We may drop in on six or eight places a day, but we don't eat much at any one place. We sample. The first thing we look for is cleanliness. We hold that food ought to look good, smell good, and taste good. We've a total of over seven thousand places listed, and needless to say we haven't seen them all. Some of them are listed on the advice of friends whose standards are at least as high as ours. We don't take a penny from any restaurant, hotel, or motel, except for the nominal charge we make for those 'Recommended by Duncan Hines' signs. The reason we rent out the signs is so that if a place falls off in quality, we can take our sign back. We bring out new editions of 'Adventures in Good Eating' and 'Lodging for a Night' twice a year. People hate to be left out of either one, but every year we have to drop a few."

We swung into the yard of La Crémaillère and were made welcome by M. Gilly. On the table to which we were shown were fresh flowers. The silver was shining, the glassware was bright. Mr. Hines nodded as if, for all his intention to make this pleasure



and not business, he was unable to resist checking off items on an invisible list. Mrs. Hines ordered *coq au vin*, Mr. Hines ordered sweetbreads. Mr. Park ordered curried chicken, and we did the same. M. Gilly commanded the waiter to cool a bottle of champagne. A platter of hot cheese cigarettes was placed on the table. Mrs. Hines asked M. Gilly what restaurants they should visit in Paris. Gesturing with a cheese cigarette, Mr. Hines said that he was willing to try anything but snails. Mr. Park advised us, sotto voce, that over two hundred items of food are currently being sold under the Duncan Hines label, including ice cream, pancake mix, bread, herbs, and macaroni. M. Gilly remarked that a cousin of his was the proprietor of La Coquille in Paris. As for him, he was from Dijon. Were they stopping in Dijon? No? What a pity! Where were they going after Paris? Amsterdam? Why on earth were they going to Amsterdam? On Saturday nights in Amsterdam, people march up and down before the shopwindows, eat herring on street corners, then go to bed. The waiter arrived with the champagne. We asked Mrs. Hines if her husband is a fussy eater. Mr. Hines intercepted the question. "Not at all," he said, helping himself to another cheese cigarette. "Take breakfast. One of my favorite breakfasts is ice cream and corn flakes. What could be simpler than that?"

"Nothing *happens* in Amsterdam!" said M. Gilly.

"We promised a friend we'd go there," said Mrs. Hines.

"Quality products, every last one of them!" said Mr. Park.

The champagne popped. Plainly, it was going to be a fine lunch. "American cooking," said Mr. Hines, "is the best in the world."

Code

A SLUGABED father we know was drowsily listening to his subdeb daughter and two of her little friends as they prattled along in the next room one recent noontime.

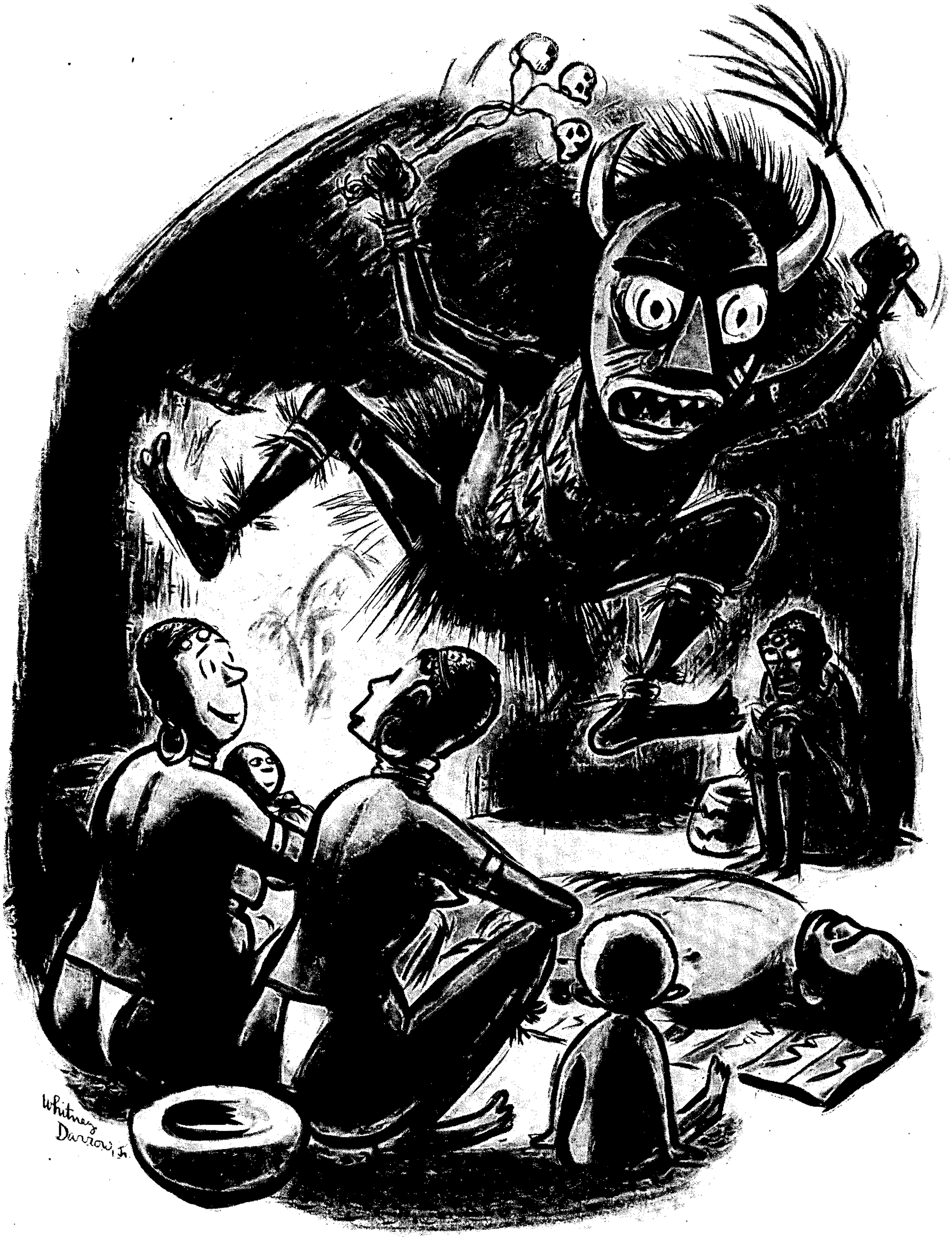
"I'm Red Flash," said one of the friends. "What are you?"

"I'm Frou-Frou," said the other.

The father thought this sounded too much like Owen Johnson's Lawrenceville stories to be true, and he was right.

"Do those girls really call each other Red Flash and Frou-Frou?" he asked his daughter that evening.

"What?" she said. "Oh, *that!* Those're just the kind of lipstick they use. I'm Red Flash, too."


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"It's one of those new miracle dances."

LAST STAND

I HAVE never cared to know how many species of butterflies suck from what species of flowers, or what insects can teach us what facts of life and what others cannot, because their organs and their ways differ from ours. I like to see the bee and the butterfly on the flowers they plunder without knowing their habits, their intentions, or any other such—to me—purely bureaucratic nonsense. I like to think that they come to make summer more beautiful for me (Ptolemaic hangover: Man the Center, his pleasure the End Purpose of all things), or to prevent me from enjoying it (Pagan hangover: the Gods as Man's worst enemies). Also, I would rather not look at colored pictures of places where you can't breathe, such as the moon, or where you would have to breathe poison gases, such as Jupiter, or places from which the sun would appear so small that you could hardly tell it from any of the millions of night suns known as stars. I hate the Universe. I love the world too much. This is like home to me, and here I want to stay.

It annoys me just as much when the Nature photographers turn their lenses away from the Universe and magnify the infinitesimally small, because then they make me hate the very world I love. The smoothest skin, it appears, is a miniature copy of the Grand Canyon; the clearest drop of water is a live textbook of biology; cleanliness is extermination; we drink liquid cemeteries and eat fields of charred bones; all living organisms are infected by microbes, which, in turn, are infected by *their* microbes, and submicrobes; insects are beasts—for example, female spiders eat their husbands, and are so tender with their children that they wrap them in silk, seven different kinds of silk, before they let them wake up to the fact that they are orphans.

I hate spiders in the morning, because that's when they bring bad luck. And when I kill a spider with my shoe, less harm is done than when I let a spider teach my children that to murder Father is natural. Down with spiders, I say. I shall never receive them in my house. Unfortunately, as things stand right now, if I wish to exclude spiders I might as well exclude my fifteen-year-old son Vieri, who collects them, and probably also envies them for their orphan condition.

The moment Vieri's school friend, Hans Panthenius, Jr., Nature student and photographer of violence among the lower strata of animality, was let into our apartment on East Ninetieth Street, our life changed. The inhumanities have replaced the humanities, obscurantism has been chased out by the flash bulbs of science, and the walls of our living room are decorated with fossil bow ties under glass—the gift of Panthenius Senior, who is a butterfly collector. When Panthenius Senior learns through his agents that some rare species of butterfly has been sighted in some remote region of the world, he sets out on an expedition—often by private plane—brandishing a large net and a small pin, with which he finally defeats the valuable insect. Nothing else seems to interest him, except new ways to keep old butterflies from being chewed to dust by parasites and time. When he "talks butterflies" with other butterfly collectors, he is as far from that symbol of levity and elegance as death is from life. His voice, his words, his eyes are dusty, colorless, depressing. If he mentions the flowers on which butterflies feed, one cannot possibly think of them as fresh flowers; they are killed by his voice and by his way of thinking of them. If he mentions some interesting parts of the world he has visited while chasing after some rare specimen, he will not waste one word on praising them or describing them. At the most, he will say, "My son would like to photograph that region." Science runs in the family.

Killing off Nature's freest, most lighthearted creatures, pinning them down on cloth, giving them heavy Latin names, and telling us that they are neither free nor lighthearted is, in the opinion of the learned Dr. Panthenius, too noble an occupation to be mixed up with the vulgar exchange of money. So we get the great scientist's doubles, all of them, and at times even the doubles of his doubles, which we then generously give away to one of my son's closest friends, George Wilson, another friend of Nature's death, formerly a friend of life, an innocent bird counter.

Now, of course, this is what *I* say. If George and Vieri had a chance to tell their side of the story, they would say that I tried to talk them out of bird counting, camping, walking in the rain, and even stamp collecting. They collected not only cancelled stamps but also rubber stamps, and in a city like New York, if one begins that way it is easy to end up a Collyer brother. As for bird counting, I have nothing against it, except that boys will imitate whatever creatures fall under their curious eyes. Now, for example, both these boys believe that a bird counter must behave like a bird, disregarding the earth altogether, screeching instead of laughing, and uttering inarticulate sounds, like a sleepy chicken on a hot afternoon, instead of speaking clearly and distinctly. They do not care whether their hair is all over their faces or not; the wind can comb it if it happens to blow in their faces. Vieri and George will follow the birds in their clear flight, but never—not even by mistake—will they watch where they're stepping as they cross the marshlands. As long as swimming is not necessary, they will walk through a pond rather than around it. Whether their shoes have to be thrown away after that short cut is of no interest to them.

I often wonder how they will feel as responsible men, grownups, retail buyers of shoes, tenants of old New York apartments freshly repainted and shellacked at their expense; how they will feel when they see their own youngsters come home smelling as birds would never dare to smell, leaving the marks of their black hands on walls, and shedding shoes that are no longer shoes but, rather, sculptures in fresh clay resembling shoes.

"Why don't you wash your hands?" I shout. "Why don't you spare your shoes? If you must look at birds, why don't you look at Plato's Wingless Bird, a bird you'll have to live with all your lives? What is all this artificial love of Nature?"

Unfortunately, my wife doesn't support me in my stand against Naturism. She objects to dirty hands and lack of interest in the humanities, but she cannot forget that Nature is a by-product of Creation, and therefore love of Nature makes for love of the Lord, and that is good. She is very religious.

But since entomology, through the Insect, Panthenius, Jr., made its appearance in the house, she, too, has begun to realize that, whatever you do, some sort of *Weltanschauung* does grow out of your actions, even if you are not immediately aware of it. A boy Vieri's age cannot be aware of the deadly implications of his interest in entomology, biology, taxonomy, and so on, but we, his parents, can and should be. Vieri has lost all interest in religion—in the great tournaments of morals, the tales of right and wrong, which are the essence of all literature. The consequences of the word of Christ or Socrates cannot be photographed; therefore they don't exist. They are, in other words, unscientific. But the behavior of the spider and the praying mantis, the whole criminal record of what animals do to one another—that indeed can be photographed and taken as a lesson in morals.

"The survival of the fittest," Vieri says.

"The fittest for what?" I ask.

"Do you know what Dr. Panthenius said the other day?" Vieri says.

"No," I reply, "and I don't want to know."

"What manners, really!" Vieri says, and goes on with his story.

"What about taking an interest in life as it is lived," I ask. "In human problems, in the beautiful works of shut-in men, town dwellers, fugitives from Nature?"

"Don't shout!" Vieri says.

"Your reflexes—" he begins, and I won't listen to the rest. I know it, but I won't repeat it.

And what is the great science in the name of which both philosophy and religion, not to speak of the classics, have become a dead letter in our house? Extermination and fossilization. Plus, of course, colored photographic records of the life that once was.

The killing jar, the insecticides, even the insecticide to "keep alive" (that is, in shape) the insects they have caught and pinned on cardboard or on the special cloth they use for their mass caskets, and the trade papers of the various insecticide companies—that's all they care for, all they talk of when the Insect comes to the house.

And the Insect is always in the house—if not in ours, then in his—because while both his parents are great lovers of Nature, Nature hates him. In him, I think, the Goddess takes revenge against his parents. He cannot sniff the eighty degrees oxygen of a fine summer day without catching a cold, so he mostly stays indoors and files away whatever butterflies or larvae have been killed by his parents. And photographs them, too, lest the beastly behavior of the beasts be lost as an example to human beings.

A month or so ago, he brought the last issue of the *Toxaphene News Digest*, published, needless to say, by the Hercules Powder Company (I have nothing against them, am aware of their services to agriculture, public health, and the like), and read to Vieri and George the following news item:

> The study of entomology presents a new frontier to youth. The 1952 Yearbook of Agriculture estimates there are 10,000,000 species of insects. Of these, 600,000 have been described and named. Insect species are described and named at the rate of 6,500 a year, and no one can predict what the total will be when and if they are all named. There should be enough work here to keep an army of entomologists busy for years to come!

Hans, as the future strategist of that army, looked proudly at his two aides, Vieri and George, and I felt sorry for the pests of the world.

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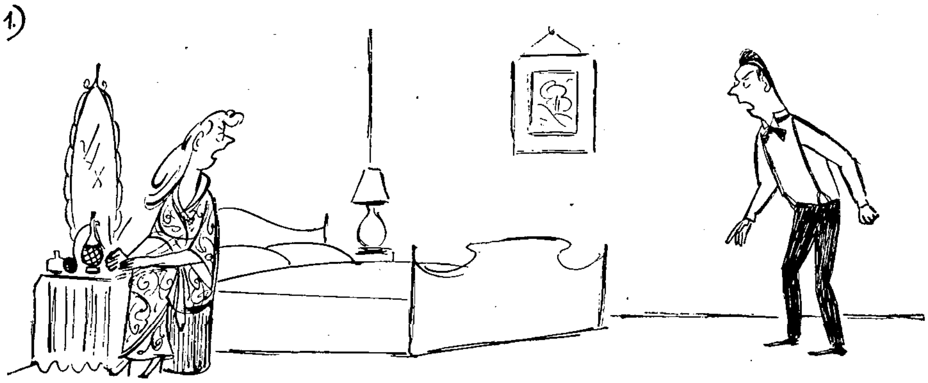

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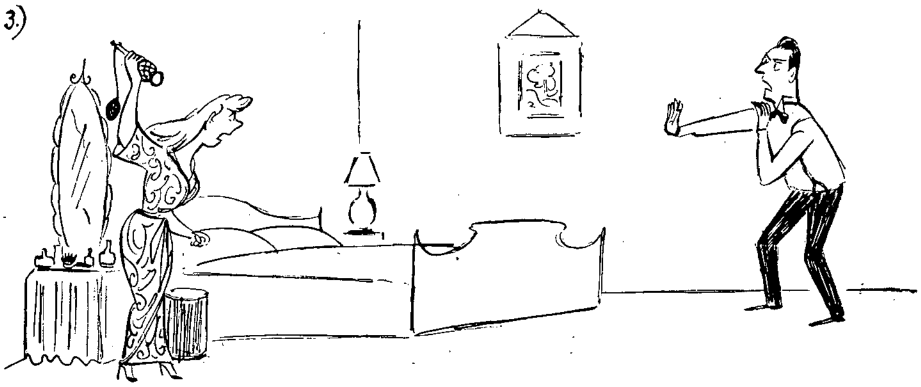

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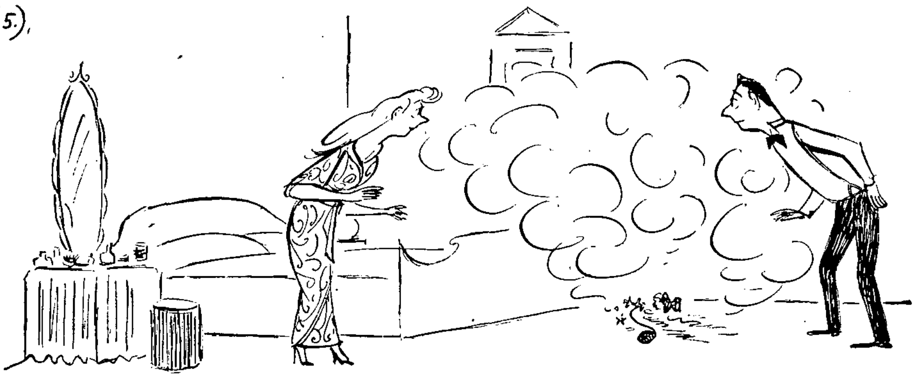

THESE are the people who have upset the education of my son, killed my live arguments with their dead butterflies, and almost chased me out of my house. Because not only have I had to see those damn, dusty bow ties on the walls of my living room (Vieri wants them displayed, and his room is too full) but I am threatened with more and more expense. My future is financially mortgaged by the scientific generosity of the Panthenius family. Two months ago, Vieri was given a huge tripod for outdoor photography. Dr. Panthenius gave it to him, so as to spare me the added expense of a tripod on the day I buy a camera for Vieri. Which has never been my intention. And once the camera is bought for the tripod, then Vieri hopes that I will buy him a better tripod, a more scientific one, such as the Insect is now using. But this is nothing. Recently, Hans Panthenius, Jr., discovered a company that embalms insects, the Turtox Plastic Corporation. So the Insect now has in his bedroom the five stages of the life cycle of a *Blatella germanica*, or Common House Roach, embedded in transparent plastic and mounted on a stand—item D642 in the Turtox catalogue ($4.75, shipping not included). He also has a beautiful *Dipylidium caninum*, or Dog Tapeworm—and Vieri could have it, too, if he wrote to the Turtox Corporation and asked them to send him item D44 ($5, including

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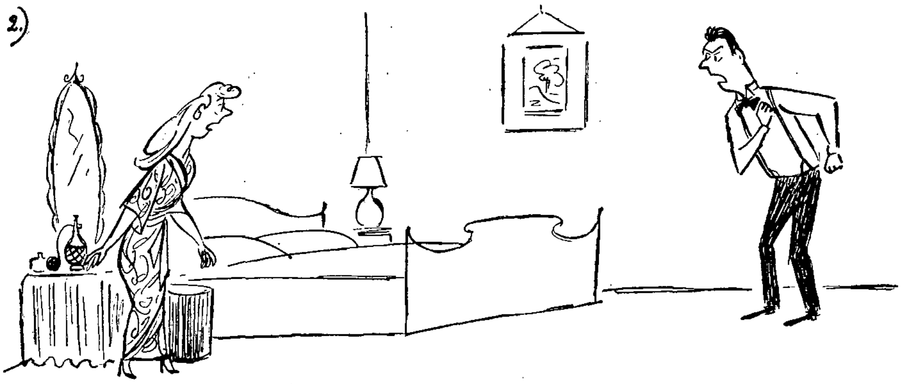

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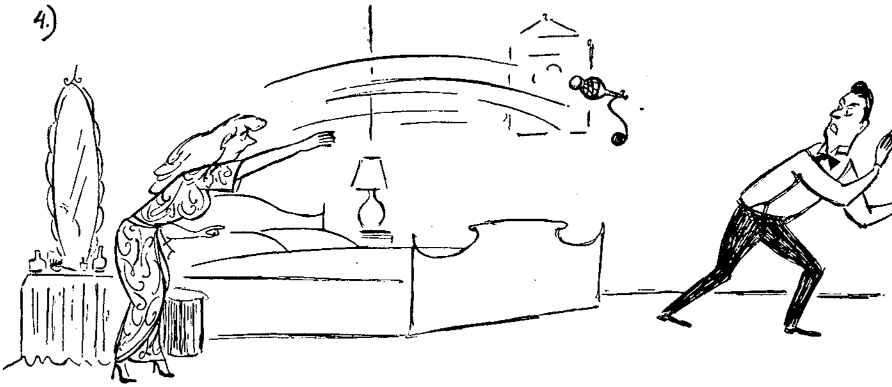

6)

scolex, immature, mature, and gravid proglottids)—and a *Fasciolopsis buski*, or Intestinal Fluke, ($3). For Vieri's birthday, I can give him either a camera to be placed on the tripod, which is later to be replaced by a better tripod, or the following items from the Turtox Plastic Corporation: a *Fasciola hepatica*, or Liver Fluke, stained and clear ($3); a *Taenia pisiformis* ($5); scolices and gravid segments of *Dipylidium caninum*, Moniezia, and *Taenia pisiformis* (all for the modest sum of $7); a Scorpion ($4); a *Latrodectus mactans*, or Black Widow Spider, Male and Female ($5.25); and a Sheep Kidney (why on earth a sheep kidney?), of which the catalogue mysteriously says, "Double Injection $11." And if I feel like spending a little more money than usual on his birthday, he would very much like to have the $39.50 Squalus, or Dogfish, skull, with gill arches; the Small Grass Frog, or *Rana pipiens*, skeleton, for only $18.25; and (why not?) the $20 Common Bat skeleton.

George, on the other hand, covets the Pig Embryos (whole mount-stained for $4.50) and the Pig Developmental Series (five embryonic stages, for $11.25); but that is not my worry. And it seems, from what George tells me, that a friend of Dr. Panthenius has his own appendix, mounted in plastic, on his writing desk next to the pictures of his children. Science is indeed wonderful.

I tried to take advantage of this new mania of the boys to persuade them to part with their dry butterflies. They met me halfway, by promising to throw away these specimens the day they are all replaced by others in Turtox plastic.

"If we had a large house," said Vieri, "I would ask my father to buy some huge jars with preserved and stained specimens of plankton. That would be something."

"It most certainly would," said I, and the subject was dropped.

However, it is only fair to say that all those specimens in plastic have at least two advantages over the unembedded ones: there is no dust, and they do not require the constant services of an exterminator to keep them from being eaten up by creatures smaller than they were. As for the ugliness of a pig embryo or a dog tapeworm staring at me from the desk of my son as I enter his room, and the mess of torn wings and broken legs, missing heads and half-eaten-up bodies in those boxes of bow ties, I don't know which is worse. But I comforted myself when all this began with the thought that an interest in specimens was preferable to an interest in "live" Nature, which would mean keeping live snakes, mice, guinea pigs, even live baby turtles with the Brooklyn Bridge in live colors over their backs. And also better than bird watching, with its attendant dirty hands and shoes and floors and walls. If Nature must invade us, I said, let her come tamed and dead. All we will have to do is close our eyes and we won't see her.

As I was reaching this conclusion, my son and his friend George were reaching another one. They had just rediscovered life in Nature, and a respect for life, but life in entomology, zoology, microbiology, and many other forms of bestiology—not in the world of Man.

I heard Vieri one afternoon asking his mother whether she had seen a mosquito. "A mosquito?" she said. "It is too early for mosquitoes."

"All right," he said. "Only, if you do see one, don't kill it. Call me."

"Why? Will you kill it?"

"I will *not* kill it," he said. "If you see a moth, don't kill it, either. Call me. And also if you see a cockroach."

"I heard you," said I, entering the room. "And I want you to know that if I see any of the pests you mentioned, I will kill them at once, with any means at my disposal, whether shoes or insecticides."

"What right do you have to kill animals?" he asked.

"The rights of Man," I said proudly.

"I am going to leave this damn house!" he shouted at me, and then he banged the front door and was gone.

DESTINY precipitated events that very day. I found a cockroach in the kitchen sink and killed it, somewhat cruelly, I admit, but not because I wanted to be cruel—rather, because I could not bring myself to crush it and there was no insecticide within reach. I drowned the cockroach in hot water, and was watching it die when Vieri came into the kitchen. He pushed me aside and poured cold water on the poor beast, but it was too late to save it. In vain did I protest his use of highly unseemly language, his disregard for parental authority; I had committed murder.

"Have you ever seen a cockroach?" he asked.

"All too often."

"But really seen it, under a magnifying glass or an electronic microscope with polarized light?"

"I confess I have not."

"The legs of a cockroach are much more elegant than the legs of a ballet dancer."

"I wish you wouldn't insult a perfectly respectable profession, of which you seem to know very little indeed," I said. "And I don't like your attitude."

We were interrupted by the arrival of my wife, and it was only after some hours that we made peace again. I came forward with the proposal that the dead cockroach be given a dignified funeral in Turtox plastic, regardless of expense. But Vieri refused my offer. All he wanted from me was a strict hands-off policy with regard to cockroaches, moths, mosquitoes, and all other house pests, fifteen-year-old sons included. Now, aside from the moral indignity of such an agreement, I did not find it very hard to keep my word. I killed my cockroaches when Vieri was asleep, and made sure that no traces were left lying around the house. This led to the extensive use of the vacuum cleaner, which in turn led to a serious mistake. I entered Vieri's room one morning while he was in school, and found the window sill so deeply covered with dust that I cleaned it at once. Embedded worms and roaches looked at me disapprovingly while I was sucking up the dust, but I went on without thinking of anything but the removal of more dust. I directed the suction tube against what I took to be the sheet of glass over a box of butterflies that stood on Vieri's desk, and it was only then, too late, that I realized what I had done. That particular box had no sheet of glass over it, so a whole line of butterflies flew backward, pins and all, into the tube. A few others were left wingless, legless, some even headless, and they looked horrible, shorn of the symbols of their beauty. I hesitated; then, feeling that those remnants were far worse than nothing, I sucked them up, too, and, inadvertently, five more small butterflies, and in a gesture of disappointment I came too near the biggest specimen in the box, and sucked up its right wing. What was now left of the beautiful specimens? Only traces of murder. So I finished the job, emptied the entire box, closed it, and put it in a closet, not knowing how I would ever explain to Vieri what I had done. In the past, I had so often threatened, and so often meant, to do what I had just now done without meaning to do it. The fact that I had gone into his room was in itself an offense.

He came home early that afternoon. George was with him, and they were busy unloading from the elevator large and small jars filled with brown or gray water, leaves, and sticks. Both of the boys were filthy with mud. I noticed their obvious relief at my cheery words of welcome.

"Good work," I said, helping the elevator man remove the last jars from the car.

One of the jars smelled of rotten eggs, and the water inside looked rather dubious. "I wonder what's in this one," said I, with the sincerest, most detached biological interest.

"Oh, that one," said George. "That's the Socialist State."

"The what?"

"Amoebas," answered Vieri. "They live in colonies where they share all the goods. George and I call it a Socialist State."

"A Communist society—why not that?" shouted George, and I quickly closed the door of the apartment.

"Who gave you such ideas?" I asked.

"Nobody," Vieri said. "I've got something to show you." He opened and spread out on the hall table an old issue of *Life*. I looked where he pointed, and saw a large picture of a hairy insect leg against a purple background. "This is a cockroach leg," he said. "Now you will understand, I hope. Look at it. Isn't it beautiful?"

"Not quite as beautiful as you told me it was," I said. "But interesting. Yes, full of color."

"And look at this, now." He turned the page and showed me a large butterfly in the act of emerging from its chrysalis. I didn't enjoy that particular picture very much, but he was too interested in his jars to notice. He took some of the largest to his room, and I helped George put the others on a shelf in the kitchen.

"Make sure you don't mistake these here for food," George said. "We don't want to lose our specimens."

"Who went into my room while I was away?" Vieri shouted at the top of his voice, from the corridor.

"Don't shout!" I shouted. "Come here and ask me what you want to ask me about."

He appeared in the kitchen, his face pale, his lips tight, his eyes wide open. "Why did you have to do it?" he asked in a frightening voice.

"Do what?"

THE BLUE GLOVES

I wore the blue gloves
In the Church of the Madeleine,
My folded hands like doves,
And they were blue as lapis lazuli,
More spiritual than I.

I wore them in the Musée du Jeu de Paume,
And they were sun-struck,
Sky-lit as midday.
They had become
Blue as a Renoir, blue as a Manet.

I wore them on the Boulevard St. Michel,
And there, as well,
They were the very counterpart
Of the blue gentians
In a passing flower cart.

The blue *du pays*,
The blue of the locale—
The gloves you bought me on the Rue Royale.

—Helen Bevington

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"You know perfectly well what I mean."

"I don't."

"You didn't do it on purpose, to teach me a *lesson*?"

"No, Vieri, I did not. I swear I did not. It happened inadvertently, and I am very sorry. Please believe me I'm sorry."

"Why did you do it, then? You heard me say yesterday that I needed the dust on the window sill to see the microbes that were in it."

"Oh, that," I said. "No, I did not hear you yesterday, and if I had heard you, I would have told you that the house must be cleaned every now and then. Never mind," I added, seeing how sad he looked. "There will be more dust in a day or two."

"I hope you didn't touch anything else in my room," he said.

Before I could decide whether or not to tell the truth, he turned and went back to his clean window sill. I stayed in the kitchen, waiting in vain for the second explosion.

"I'm sorry we have to let you go, Miss Meredith. Your work has been quite satisfactory—it's everyone else's."

I DID not want to bring up the subject of the missing butterflies as long as George was there, because Vieri's manners are sometimes apt to make me lose my patience, so the whole afternoon went by and nothing happened. What I could not account for was his failure to notice that the butterflies had been removed from his desk, where he was used to seeing them all the time. The only explanation I could find for this fact was that his jars had absorbed his attention to the point where, for the moment, he had forgotten his beloved butterflies.

All in all, I was rather optimistic about the whole matter. What scared me was my wife's attitude when she came home, at about the time George left, and heard, from me, what I had done.

"His collection of butterflies!" she kept saying in a whisper, lest he overhear her. "His collection of butterflies!"

"All right!" I shouted, hoping he would hear me, from the other end of the corridor. "All right. His collection of butterflies, so what? Why don't you say 'His parents!' The damn butterflies were doubles, and dead besides, while there are no doubles for us—and we are still supposedly alive."

Having discovered this new argument, I rushed to Vieri's room and opened the door with a great deal of self-assurance. "Vieri," I said, "now tell me, did you notice that any of your things were missing from this room?"

The moment I spoke, I realized that I had left the main road, the road of reason, to walk the tortuous side path of apology. He shrugged and did not answer.

"Vieri, will you please answer me?"

"Hmm?"

"'Hmm' is no answer. Don't sit there staring at the window sill. There will be plenty of dust again tomorrow. New York is dirty enough to give you back the dirt you lost, and in a very short time, too. Come on now, smile, say something."

"You want me to give up the jars, the butterflies, the lamp, the tripod, everything *you* don't like. If you could have your way, you would throw away everything."

My heart was beating very fast. His eyes were still fixed on the window sill, and I wished he would look at the desk now and notice what was missing from it.

"*Everything* you would throw away. I know it."

"Oh, no, I wouldn't."

"Yes, you would."

There was a silence. He turned his head in my direction, still without looking up, and seemed to be studying my shoes. He looked at them so long and so glumly that I, too, looked down at them.

"There is something I want to tell you," I said. "Something I kept from you because I was reluctant to admit it. I myself as a boy was fascinated by the beautiful shapes of protozoa and amoebas."

"Were you?" Vieri asked.

"Oh, yes, I really was."

"But did you have a microscope?"

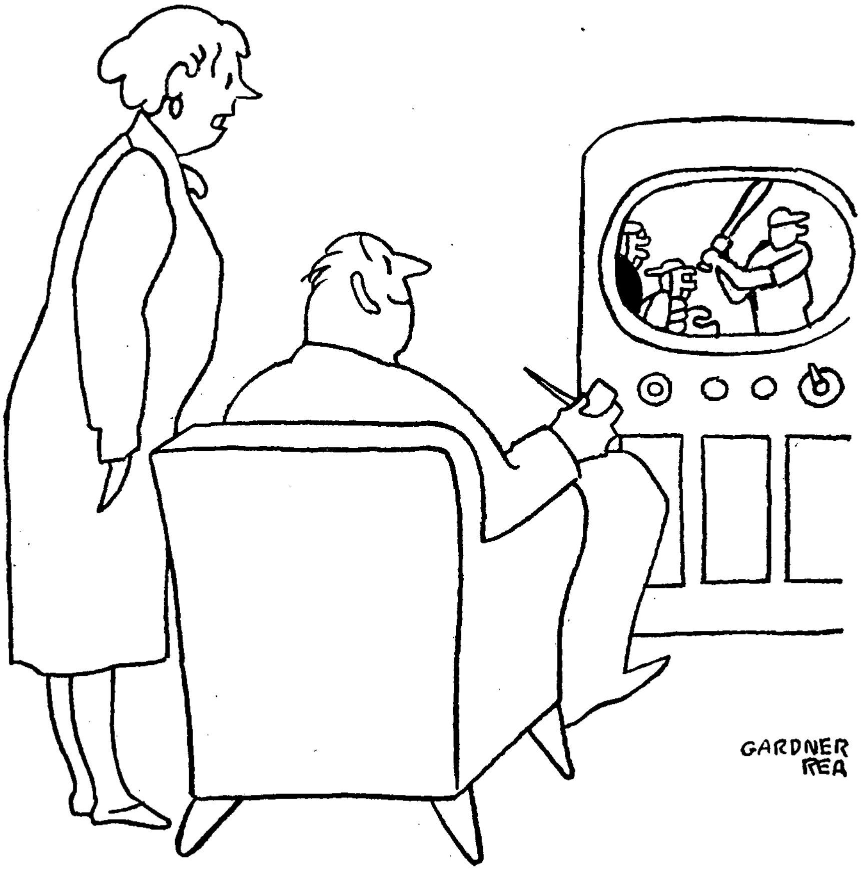
"My father had one," I said, "and he showed me his specimens. He used to mount them and stain them himself. And then, of course, I saw them reproduced in biology textbooks. But while we are on the subject, I would like to point out that we live in a small apartment, and that it is simply not feasible for you to collect in it all the microbes from all the dirty ponds in the city."

"I was hoping to find a water tiger," Vieri said. "In that article I showed you, there is a picture of a water tiger sucking blood out of some worm."

"Incredible!" I exclaimed. "So—so inhuman!"

"Why inhuman?" asked Vieri. "It's the law of the survival of the—"

"Fittest," I said, for him. "Natural life is nothing but an orgy of cruelty all the way through, from amoebas to men. Liberty is not a law of Nature—Christian love even less. The fact that men now kill each other for political as well as other reasons is a step forward, in the direction of a better world, but never



“Oh, no! Not already!”

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forget, my son, that all living organisms are infested with microbes, and the microbes with their microbes and submicrobes—their viruses. You are threatened, right while you sit there, by microbes that not only feed on you but even regulate your life, and if they could, they would put you in bed with God knows what diseases. Health is war—by the human species on the smaller and apparently weaker insect and microbe species.”

He looked at me in amazement, and even I was quite dazed at having spoken in this way. I seemed to endorse the philosophy of violence, for which I had always criticized the scientists. But this was also the result of science. When you take all your lessons from the animal world, and let the animals speak for themselves—instead of for you, as Aesop did—then they will always teach you something bad, something unsuitable for men—survival of the fittest in one case (that is, war as the ultimate standard of right and wrong) and, in the other, self-extermination of the kindest, by their refusal to defend themselves, which amounts to the same as letting wars decide who deserves to survive. All the best people, all the morally fittest—all the true Christians, the true liberals, the believers in God, in the dignity of Man, in the process of law—decide to leave the theatre before the play begins. Burdened by all these thoughts, and feeling that I couldn’t even begin to convey them to Vieri in terms of microbes, live or dead butterflies, virulent or embedded cockroaches, and tapeworms, I lost my patience altogether. “Enough of all this nonsense!” I shouted. “If you want microbes, house pests, and tapeworms, I shall run into debt to buy you all there are in the textbooks of zoology, in Turtox plastic. We shall worship the cockroach as they used to in ancient Egypt, but I don’t want any live beasts or any live biologists around this house. And that is all I have to say.”

“HOW did he take it?” asked my wife when I returned to the kitchen.

“I did not tell him,” I said.

“Why?”

“I couldn’t. I got started talking about something else. Why don’t *you* go and tell him?”

“I wouldn’t think of it. You did the damage, so it’s your business to talk it over with him.” She stopped to observe a large, ugly cockroach that was pondering its chances of survival before leaving the safe edge of the sink to run down toward the danger zone. “Now be careful, don’t kill it,” I said. “It is sacred.” I knew that she always took a savage pleasure in directing the faucet hose against these pests and forcing them into the sink, where she scalds them to death. But this time she scooped the cockroach up in a glass, one of those we drink out of, and covered it up with a saucer. Then she carried it into Vieri’s room. Dinnertime came, and the two of them were still talking in that room. At nine o’clock, I ate an apple and went to bed.

Shortly after midnight, I was awakened by whispering in the kitchen, which is not far removed from my bedroom. The tone, the rhythm, the interval between question and answer all suggested an intellectual conversation, in which answers are measured and hesitant, lest one has not really understood all the implications of the question. I heard Vieri pouring himself a glass of milk; then the breadbox was flung open, paper wrappings were torn, and butter knives rattled their way out of the kitchen-table drawer. The whispers went on and on, toward God knows what intellectual goals. At one-fifteen, I heard my wife say, “Go to bed now. It is really too late to sit here and talk.” As she entered the bedroom, she saw by the light in the hall that I was awake, and said, “Were we disturbing you? It’s so seldom one can talk to him.”

“It’s quite all right,” I said, “just so long as you weren’t disturbing the cockroach.”

“The cockroach? Oh, it was eased out of the window.”

“What?” I cried, sitting up in bed.

“And he has forgiven you for destroying his butterflies. Actually, he didn’t care about them. His scientific mind is turning elsewhere now. The sky. The stars.”

“You mean astronomy?” I asked.

She nodded.

FOR a day or two, I went around thinking to myself how fortunate it is that the stars cannot be collected under a roof, or pinned on paper, like butterflies. But then I learned—from Vieri—that the hydrogen bomb is a miniature sun, right here on the earth. Were it not for the danger, he says, and, of course, the expense . . .

That is my only hope—the expense involved. —NICCOLÒ TUCCI

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“FOUR GOOD WAYS TO BARBECUE YOURSELF”
—*Circular from the American Home.*

Oh, three is plenty.

WING'S CHIPS

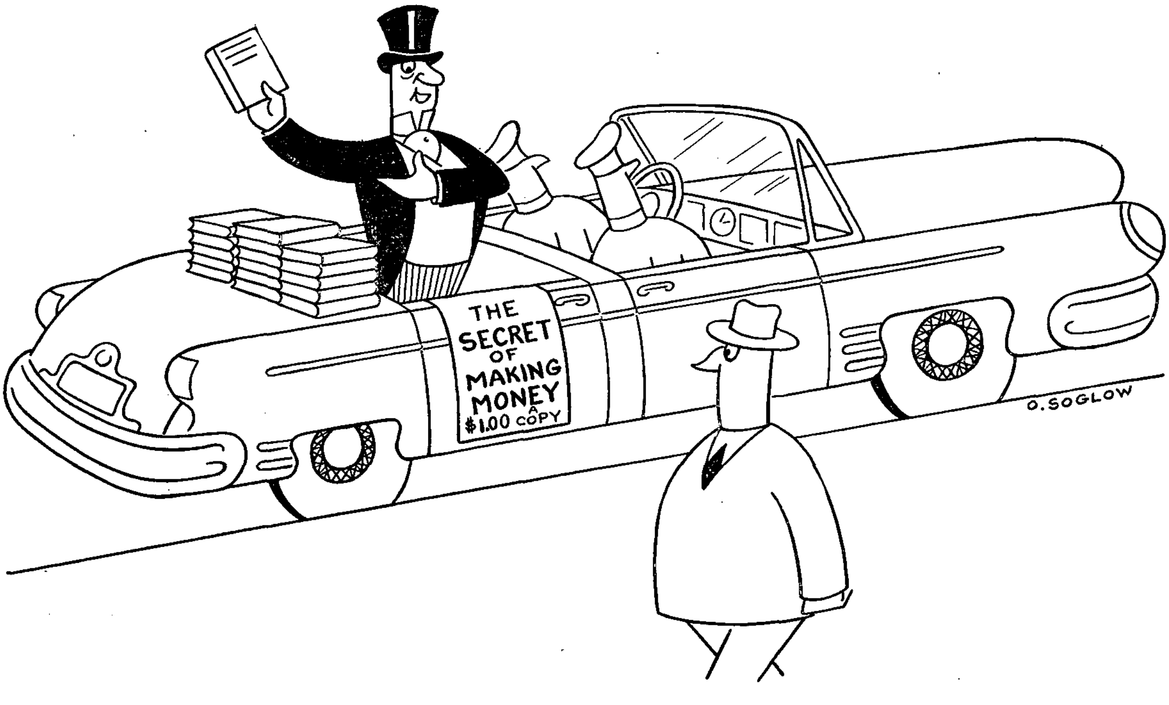
OFTEN, since I grew up, I have tried to remember the name of the French-Canadian town where I lived for a summer with my father when I was a little girl of seven or eight. Sometimes, passing through a town, I have thought I recognized it, but some detail is always wrong, or at least fails to fit the picture in my memory. It was a town like many others in the St. Lawrence Valley—old, but with a curious atmosphere of harshness, as if the whole area were still frontier and had not been settled and cultivated for three hundred years. There were rows of temporary-looking frame and stucco houses, a post office in somebody's living room, a Chinese fish-and-chip store, and, on the lawn of the imposing Catholic church, a statue of Jesus, arms extended, crowned with a wreath of electric lights. Running straight through the center of town was a narrow river; a few leaky rowboats were tied up along its banks, and on Sunday afternoons hot, church-dressed young men would go to work on them with rusty bailing tins. The girls who clustered giggling on shore and watched them wore pastel stockings, lacy summer hats, and voile dresses that dipped down in back and were decorated low on one hip with sprays of artificial lilac. For additional Sunday divertissement, there was the cinema, in an old barn near the railway station. The pictures had no sound track; airs from "My Maryland" and "The Student Prince" were played on a piano and there was the occasional toot of the suburban train from Montreal while on the screen ladies with untidy hair and men in riding boots engaged in agitated, soundless conversation, opening and closing their mouths like fish.

Though I have forgotten the name of this town, I do remember with remarkable clarity the house my father took for that summer. It was white clapboard, and surrounded by shade trees and an untended garden, in which only sunflowers and a few perennials survived. It had been rented furnished and bore the imprint of Quebec rural taste, running largely to ball fringes and sea-shell-encrusted religious art. My father, who was a painter, used one room as a studio—or, rather, storage place, since he worked mostly out-of-doors—slept in another, and ignored the remaining seven, which was probably just as well, though order of a sort was kept by a fierce-looking local girl called Pauline, who had a pronounced mustache and was so ill-tempered that her nickname was *P'tit-Loup*—Little Wolf.

Pauline cooked abominably, cleaned according to her mood, and asked me questions. My father had told her that my mother was in a nursing home in Montreal, but Pauline wanted to know more. How ill was my mother? Very ill? Dying? Was it true that my parents were separated? Was my father *really* my father? "*Drôle de père*," said Pauline. She was perplexed by his painting, his animals (that summer his menagerie included two German shepherds, a parrot, and a marmoset, which later bit the finger of a man teasing it and had to be given away to Montreal's ratty little zoo, where it moped itself to death), and his total indifference to the way the house was run. Why didn't he work, like other men, said Pauline.

I could understand her bewilderment, for the question of my father's working was beginning to worry me for the first time. All of the French-Canadian fathers in the town worked. They delivered milk, they farmed, they owned rival hardware stores, they drew up one another's wills. Nor were they the only busy ones. Across the river, in a faithful reproduction of a suburb of Glasgow or Manchester, lived a small colony of English-speaking summer residents from Montreal. Their children were called Al, Lily, Winnie, or Mac, and they were distinguished by their popping blue eyes, their excessive devotion to the Royal Family, and their contempt for anything even vaguely queer or Gallic. Like the French-Canadians, the fathers of Lily and Winnie and the others worked. Every one of them had a job. When they were not taking the train to Montreal to attend to their jobs, they were crouched in their gardens, caps on their heads, tying up tomato plants or painting stones to make gay multicolored borders for the nasturtium beds. Saturday night, they trooped into the town bar-and-grill and drank as much Molson's ale as could be poured into the stomach before closing time. Then, awash with ale and nostalgia, they sang about the maid in the clogs and shawl, and something else that went, "Let's all go down to the Strand, and 'ave a ba-na-ar-na!"

My father, I believed, was wrong in not establishing some immediate liaison with this group. Like them, he was English—a real cabbage, said Pauline when she learned that he had been in Canada only eight or nine years. Indeed, one of his very few topics of conversation with me was the England of his boyhood, before the First World War. It sounded green, sunny, and silent—a sort of vast lawn rising and falling beside the sea; the sun was smaller and higher than the sun in Canada, looking something like a coin; the trees were leafy and round, and looked like cushions. This was probably not at all what he said, but it was the image I retained—a landscape flickering and


THE SECRET OF MAKING MONEY $1.00 A COPY
O. SOGLOW

flooded with light, like the old silents at the cinema. The parents of Lily and Winnie had, presumably, also come out of this landscape, yet it was a bond my father appeared to ignore. It seemed to me that he was unaware of how much we had lost caste, and what grievous social errors we had committed, by being too much identified with the French. He had chosen a house on the wrong side of the river. Instead of avoiding the French language, or noisily making fun of it, he spoke it whenever he was dealing with anyone who could not understand English. He did not attend the English church, and he looked just as sloppy on Sundays as he did the rest of the week.

"You people Carthlic?" one of the fathers from over the river asked me once, as if that would explain a lot.

Mercifully, I was able to say no. I knew we were not Catholic because at the Pensionnat Saint-Louis de Gonzague, in Montreal, which I attended, I had passed the age at which children usually took the First Communion. For a year and more, my classmates had been attending morning chapel in white veils, while I still wore a plain, stiff, pre-Communion black veil that smelled of convent parlors, and marked me as one outside the limits of grace.

"Then why's your Dad always around the frogs?" asked the English father.

D*ROLE de père* indeed. I had to agree with Pauline. He was not like any father I had met or read about. He was not Elsie's Mr. Dinsmore, stern but swayed by tears. Nor did he in the least resemble Mr. Bobbsey, of the Bobbsey Twins books, or Mr. Bunker, of the Six Little Bunkers. I was never scolded, or rebuked, or reminded to brush my teeth or say my prayers. My father was perfectly content to live his own summer and let me live mine, which did not please me in the least. If, at meals, I failed to drink my milk, it was I who had to mention this omission. When I came home from swimming with my hair wet, it was I who had to remind him that, because of some ear trouble that was a hangover of scarlet fever, I was supposed to wear a bathing cap. When Lon Chaney in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" finally arrived at the cinema, he did not say a word about my not going, even though Lily and Winnie and many of the French-Canadian children were not allowed to attend, and boasted about the restriction.

Oddly, he did have one or two notions about the correct upbringing of children, which were, to me, just as exasperating as his omissions. Somewhere in the back of his mind lingered a recollection that all little girls were taught French and music. I don't know where the little girls of the England of his childhood were sent to learn their French—presumably to France—but I was placed, one month after my fourth birthday, in the Pensionnat, where for two years I had the petted privilege of being the youngest boarder in the history of the school. My piano lessons had also begun at four, but lasted only a short time, for, as the nun in charge of music explained, I could not remember or sit still, and my hand was too small to span an octave. Music had then been dropped as one of my accomplishments until that summer, when, persuaded by someone who obviously had my welfare at heart, my father dispatched me twice a week to study piano with a Mme. Tessier, the convent-educated wife of a farmer, whose parlor was furnished entirely with wicker and over whose household hung a faint smell of dung, owing to the proximity of the outbuildings and the intense humidity of summer weather in the St. Lawrence Valley. Together, Mme. Tessier and I sweated it out, plodding away against my lack of talent, my absence of interest, and my strong but unspoken desire to be somewhere else.

"*Cette enfant ne fera jamais rien*," I once heard her say in despair.

We had been at it four or five weeks before she discovered at least part of the trouble; it was simply that there was no piano at home, so I never practiced. After every lesson, she had marked with care the scales I was to master, yet, week after week, I produced only those jerky, hesitant sounds that are such agony for music teachers and the people in the next room.

"You might as well tell your father there's no use carrying on unless you have a piano," she said.

I was only too happy, and told him that afternoon, at lunch.

"You mean you want me to get you a *piano*?" he said, looking around the dining room as if I had insisted it be installed, then and there, between the window and the mirrored china cabinet. How unreasonable I was!

"But you make me take the lessons," I said. How unreasonable *he* was!

A FRIEND of my father's said to me, years later, "He never had the faintest idea what to do with you."

ME, I PLAY THE HARP, IT'S JUST ONE SYLLABLE

In my dealings with foreigners I have just one rule that counts:
Live and let live, pronounce and let mispronounce.
Each race has its own linguistic customs,
And I see no reason to believe that ours are more rational than Hiawatha's or Sohrab and Rustum's.
I hold that in Hindustan one should respect the culture of the Hindu,
And when in Rome one should do as Shelley Winters and Orson Welles and Errol Flynn do.
Just as it is natural for us to say lobster, it is natural for the French to say *langouste*,
And just as one of our Elder Statesmen might get skunked at croquet, so the Maharajah of Maharajipore might get mongoosed.
Abroad, I am linguistically open-minded;
But at home by prejudice I am blinded.
Therefore if to engage my good will thou plannest,
Please say pi*an*ist.
My leonine heart growls Coeur de Lionest
When people say *pi*anist.
You can get from Baltimore to Ohio on either the Pennsylvania or the B. 'n' O.,
But you can't be a *pi*anist unless you play on that nonexistent instrument, a *pi*ano.
Have you heard of the famous *faux pas* that made Ward McAllister's cheeks glow the neonest?
His hostess, who already had everything, wished for one perfect peony, and he sent her Ignace Jan Paderewski, one perfect *pi*anist.

—Ogden Nash

• •

"See? I told you you weren't planting it straight."

But it was equally true that I never had the faintest idea what to do with him. We did not, of course, get a piano, and Mme. Tessier's view was that because my father had no employment to speak of (she called him a "*flâneur*"), we simply couldn't afford one—the depth of shame in a town where even the milkman's daughters could play duets.

No one took my father's painting seriously as a daily round of work, least of all I. At one point during that summer, my father agreed to do a pastel portrait of the daughter of a Mme. Gravelle, who lived in Montreal. (This was in the late twenties, when pastel drawings of children hung in every other sitting room.) The daughter, Liliane, who was my age or younger, was to be shown in her First Communion dress and veil. Mme. Gravelle and Liliane drove out from Montreal, and while Liliane posed with docility, her mother hung about helpfully commenting. Here my father was neglecting to show in detail the pattern of the lace veil; there he had the wrong shade of blue for Liliane's eyes; again, it was the matter of Liliane's diamond cross. The cross, which hung from her neck, contained four diamonds on the horizontal segment and six on the vertical, and this treasure he had reduced to two unimpressive strokes.

My father suggested that Mme. Gravelle might be just as happy with a tinted photograph. No, said Mme. Gravelle, she would not. Well, then, he suggested, how about a miniature? He knew of a miniaturist who worked from photographs, eliminating sittings, and whose fee was about four times his own. Mme. Gravelle bore Liliane, her cross, and her veil back to Montreal, and my father went back to painting around the countryside and going out with his dogs.

His failure weighed heavily on me, particularly after someone, possibly Pauline, told me that he was forever painting people who didn't pay him a cent for doing it. He painted Pauline, mustache and all; he painted some of the French-Canadian children who came to play in our garden, and from whom I was learning a savory French vocabulary not taught at Pensionnat Saint-Louis de Gonzague; he very often sketched the little Wing children, whose family owned the village fish-and-chip store.

The Wing children were solemn little Chinese, close in age and so tangled in lineage that it was impossible to sort them out as sisters, brothers, and cousins. Some of the adult Wings—brothers and cousins—ran the fish-and-chip shop, and were said to own many similar establishments throughout Quebec and to be (although no one would have guessed it to see them) by far the richest people in the area. The interior of their store smelled wonderfully of frying grease and vinegar, and the walls were a mosaic of brightly painted tin signs advertising Player's Mild, Orange Crush, Sweet Marie chocolate bars, and ginger ale. The smaller Wings, in the winter months, attended Anglican boarding schools in the west, at a discreet distance from the source of income. Their English was excellent and their French-Canadian idiom without flaw. Those nearest my age were Florence, Marjorie, Ronald, and Hugh. The older set of brothers and cousins—those of my father's generation—had abrupt, utilitarian names: Tommy, Jimmy, George. The still older people—most of whom seldom came out from the rooms behind the shop—used their Chinese names. There was even a great-grandmother, who sat, shrunken and silent, by the great iron range where the chips swam in a bath of boiling fat.

As the Wings had no garden, and were not permitted to play by the river, lest they fall in and drown, it was most often at my house that we played. If my father was out, we would stand at the door of his studio and peer in at the fascinating disorder.

"What does he do?" Florence or Marjorie would say. "What does your father do?"

"He paints!" Pauline would cry from the kitchen. She might, herself, consider him loony, but the privilege was hers. She worked there, not a pack of Chinese.

IT was late in the summer, in August, when, one afternoon, Florence and Marjorie and Ronald and Hugh came up from the gate escorting, like a convoy, one of the older Wings. They looked anxious and important. "Is your father here?" said the grown-up Wing.

I ran to fetch my father, who had just started out for a walk. When we returned, Pauline and the older Wing, who turned out to be Jimmy, were arguing in French, she at the top of her voice, he almost inaudibly.

"The kids talk about you a lot," said Jimmy Wing to my father. "They said you were a painter. We're enlarging the store, and we want a new sign."

"A sign?"

"I told you!" shrieked Pauline from the dining-room door, to which she had retreated. "*Ce n'est pas un peintre comme ça.*"

"*Un peintre, c'est un peintre,*" said Jimmy Wing, imperturbable.

My father looked at the little Wings, who were all looking up at him, and said, "Exactly. *Un peintre, c'est un peintre.* What sort of sign would you like?"

The Wings didn't know; they all began to talk at once. Something artistic, said Jimmy Wing, with the lettering fat and thin, imitation Chinese. Did my father know what he meant? Oh, yes. My father knew exactly.

"Just 'Wing's Chips'?" my father asked. "Or would you like it in French—'*Les Chips de Wing*'?"

"Oh, *English,*" said all the Wings, almost together. My father said later that the Chinese were terrible snobs.

He painted the sign the next Sunday afternoon, not in the studio but out in the back garden, sitting on the wide kitchen steps. He lacquered it black, and painted—in red-and-gold characters, fat and thin—"Wing's Chips," and under this he put the name of the town and two curly little letters, "P.Q.," for "Province of Quebec."

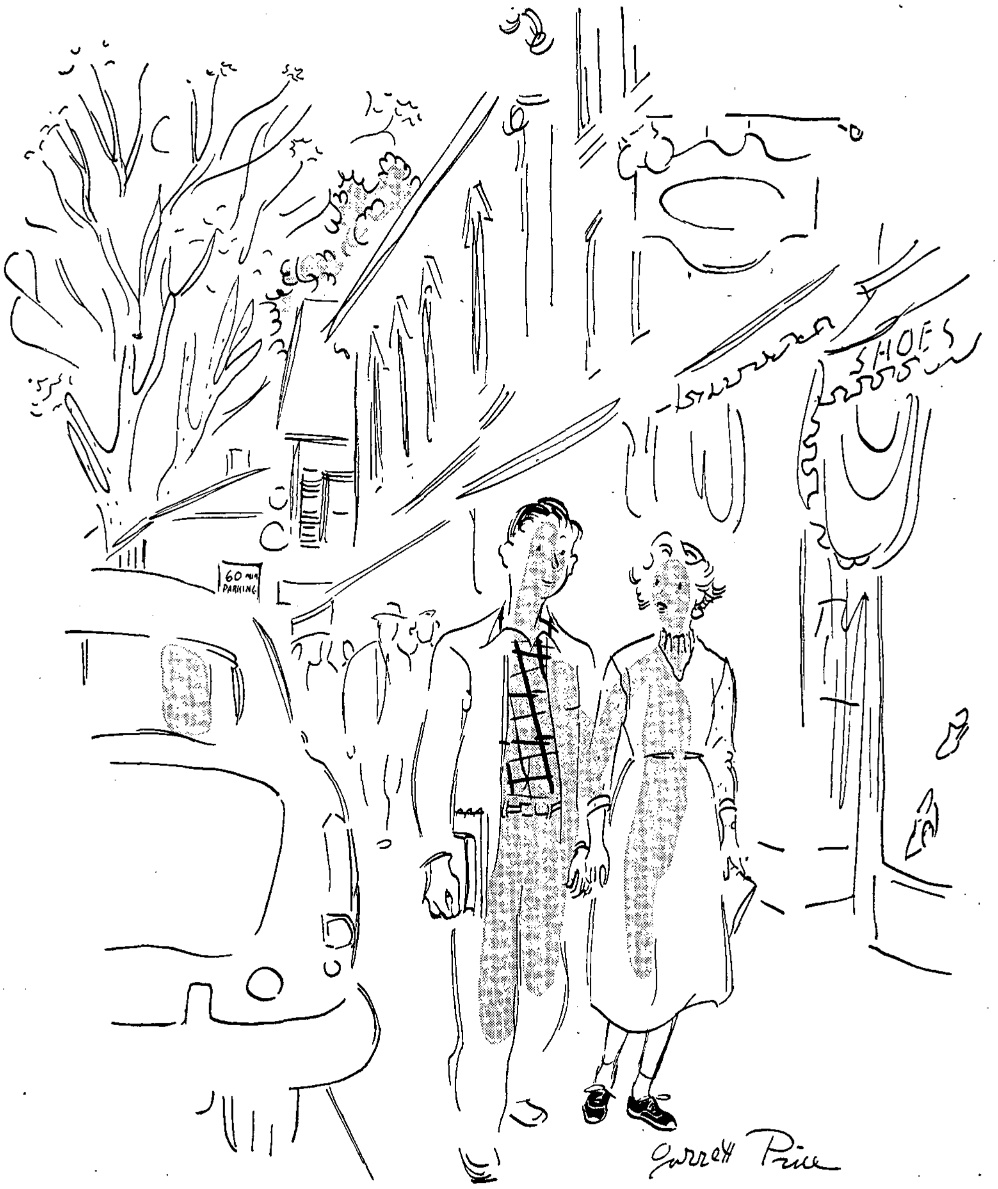
Tommy and Jimmy Wing and all the little ones came to fetch the sign the next day. The two men looked at it for a long time, while the little ones looked anxiously at them to see if they liked it. Finally, Jimmy Wing said, "It's the most beautiful thing I ever saw."

The two men bore it away, the little Wings trailing behind, and hung it on a horizontal pole over the street in front of their shop, where it rocked in the hot, damp breeze from the river. I was hysterically proud of the sign and, for quite the first time, of my father. Everyone stopped before the shop and examined it. The French-Canadians admitted that it was *pas mal, pas mal du tout,* while the English adults said approvingly that he must have been paid a fine penny for it. I could not bring down our new stature by admitting that he had painted it as a favor, and that it was only after Jimmy and Tommy had insisted that he had said they could, if they liked, pay for the gold paint, since he had had to go to Montreal for it. Nor did I tell anyone how the Wings, burdened with gratitude, kept bringing us chips and ice cream.

"Oh, yes, he was paid an awful lot," I assured them all.

Every day, I went to look at the sign, and I hung around the shop in case anyone wanted to ask me questions about it. There it was, "Wing's Chips," proof that my father was an ordinary workingman just like anybody else, and I pointed it out to as many people as I could, both English and French, until the summer ended and we went away.

—MAVIS GALLANT



"I'm not the kind to go in for mink coats and diamonds. At least, I never have."

•

CHICAGO—Cortisone, first famous for relief of crippling, painful arthritis, shows promise of becoming a speedy remedy for Bell's palsey, also known as facial paralysis. get back. Enough bowling!
—*Buffalo News.*

Stand clear! We're going to throw this ball!

PROFILES

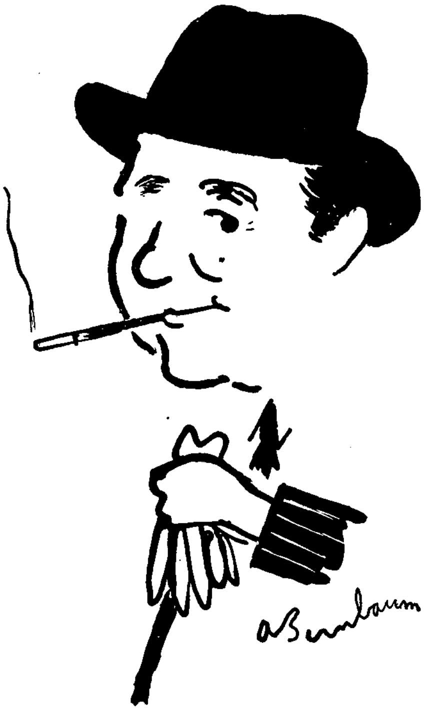
THE TRIUMPH OF HOOPLA—II

IT is customary for John Ringling North, the president and majority stockholder of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus, to visit Europe each year in search of acts. He is usually accompanied by his younger brother, Henry, who serves as executive vice-president and animal expert of the show. The European countries have always provided most of the talent for American circuses; it is nearly impossible for a man named Smith or Jones to succeed to top circus billing in this country. A boy from Arkansas or Maine with special gifts for the medium generally goes abroad and changes his name; then he returns with an accent and qualifications for stardom. Europe's greatest single trapeze, the celebrated and lionized Barbette, was born Vanderclyde Broadway, in Round Rock, Texas. Retired as a performer, he is at present employed as an instructor on the Ringling show, where he is greatly respected by his foreign charges, who recognize him as one of themselves.

The Norths en route through Europe have evoked memories of Edward VII, whose trips on the Continent established high-water marks of conviviality. They take a custom-built Cadillac over with them, and, landing at Le Havre, pick up their French chauffeur, Henri, and their European agent, Umberto Bedini. Bedini's name up to the end of the war was Schichtholz, but he changed it, he says, to keep pace with Europe's political fortunes. Henri, a Russian-Polish-French Jew, is a man of such ferocious learning that the tour is a continuous wrangle over historical accuracy. As they drive along, one of the brothers may venture that "Charlemagne was born here, if I'm not mistaken." "Correction!" the chauffeur will sing out. "Charlemagne had his birth six kilometres east, near the farmhouse of a man named Durfrée. It is a fact not widely known." "Oh, hush up and drive on, Henri," John North will probably tell him. "I don't think you know any more about Charlemagne than we do."

The Norths' first stop of importance is Paris, where they put up at the Ritz. The journey around Europe is exhausting, and John, a determined gourmet, likes to store up energy by eating rich foods before setting out. He visits, in turn, Maxim's, Larue, Fouquet's, L'Escargot, Le Relais de la Belle-Aurore, and La Tour d'Argent, and then tries some of the smaller places, in side streets. By this time, he is beginning to have premonitions of acute indigestion, and he heads for a Turkish bath. Though equipped with a constitution that enables him to drink till dawn nearly every night, North has only a normal capacity for edibles—a fact that has always plagued him. He worries about his health and, besides ducking into Turkish baths, carries a pillbox jammed with a stunning variety of medications. Among these are several kinds of unusual vitamins; an antispasmodic that, in the advertising jargon, is guaranteed to stop internal upsets before they start; and an anti-gray-hair factor that he has been swallowing with apparent success for fifteen years. In addition, he keeps in his inside jacket pocket a family-size bottle of Pepto-Bismol, a pinkish fluid that is represented as mollifying disorders of the stomach. Gastrically, North has placed his faith in Pepto-Bismol for years. He becomes nervous and uneasy when his supply runs low. He hopes that if he lives to be a hundred, he will never suffer another experience like one he had last summer. Checking over his luggage in a small town just north of Lyon, he realized with a shock that he had neglected to pack his extra Pepto-Bismol; on hand was enough for about three medium gorges and a midnight breakfast or two. To make matters worse, the internal storm warnings were up; only the previous evening he had been indiscreet with some choice hot hors d'oeuvres. North wasted no time getting on the telephone. By locating two fellow-users in America—Bing Crosby and William Gargan—who knew the head of the company, he was able to fly in fifteen cases of Pepto. Still, his troubles were by no means over. To get the magic elixir through the customs, he had to hire a lawyer and make an affidavit that France was manufacturing nothing comparable. Thus he averted a serious crisis, but he also learned a lesson. He began to stockpile Pepto-Bismol in Europe, and believes that he now has the largest cache of it ever known outside the United States.

The Norths travel around Europe on business, but they try to maintain a comfortable home atmosphere as they go. John takes along his saxophone, which he sometimes blows in the car, and Henry carries his two specially made billiard cues. The younger brother has only a trivial interest in career dining. While John makes the rounds, Henry arranges a billiards game if the accommodations are suitable. In Paris, he plays with Roger Conti, the French champion. The two are about evenly matched. These properties—the saxophone and the billiard cues—provide some of the relaxation necessary to offset the rigors of a genuinely man-killing haul. To guide the foursome, Bedini keeps a log of all circuses, variety shows, vaudeville, and revues in operation anywhere in Europe, and together they map out the best route to cover the ground. Last summer, the Norths drove through much of France, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg, Switzerland, Austria, and Italy, to name a few, and during one frenzied five-day period they were able to catch up with six circuses. For a breather, they went to Ireland and inspected the remnants of their father's ancestral seat, Northbrook, which they are trying to buy. Altogether, they saw about fifty full-fledged circuses and as many lesser outfits. From them the Norths engaged twenty acts for the current season. As a rule, John North makes the selections. His judgment is regarded in American circus circles as bordering on the uncanny. In past years, going against the advice of his staff, he has turned up so many winners that his word is now pretty well accepted without argument. Several seasons ago, at the Cirque Royal, in Brussels, he found a juggler billed as Truzzie and hired him on the spot. When North returned



John Ringling North

to Sarasota, Pat Valdo, his personnel director, said, "What are you going to do with *him?*"

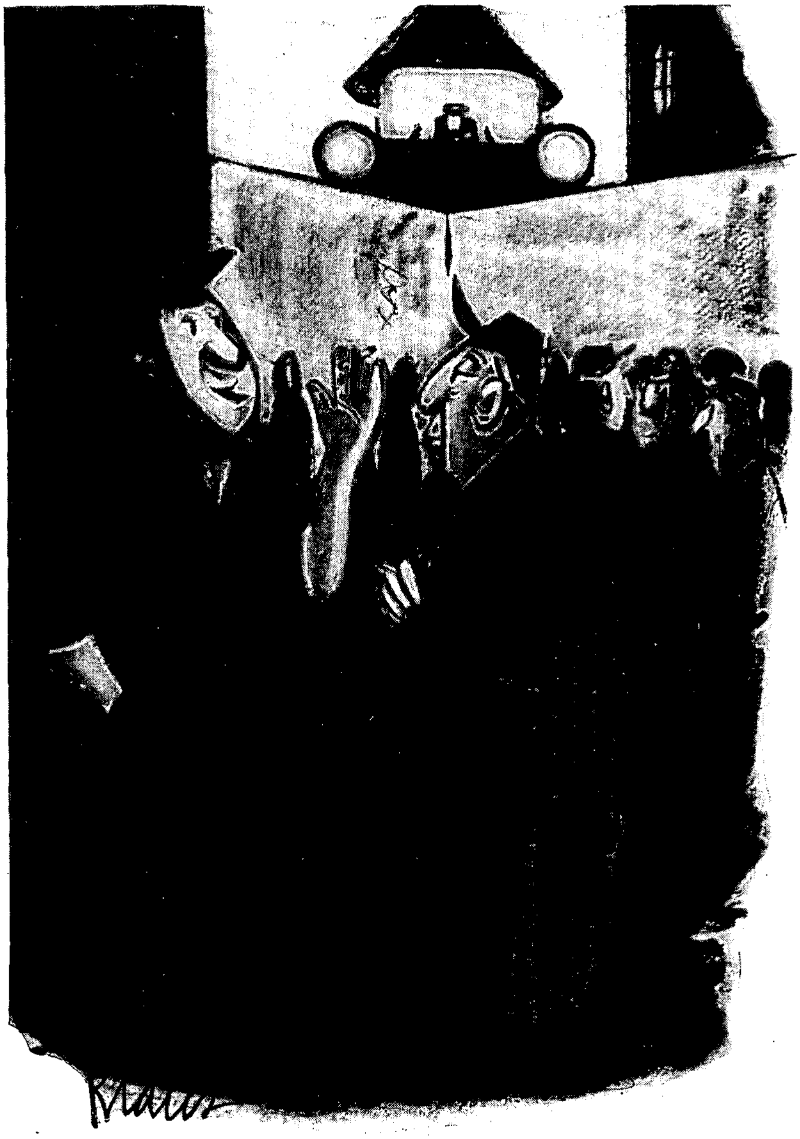
"I'm going to put him in the center ring alone," replied North.

"Impossible!" cried Valdo, a nervous man, who lives in a state of continuous alarm. "He'll never hold the crowd."

North went ahead, and Truzzie was the big hit of the following season. About the only spectator who failed to appreciate him was the late Robert Benchley, whom North took to the opening performance, arriving by way of the bar at "21." Fixing his incredulous gaze on the juggler, who appeared to have nearly everything in the air except the ring rims and the elephant tubs, Benchley cried angrily, "Look at that son of a bitch, and I can't even get a cup of coffee up to my mouth!"

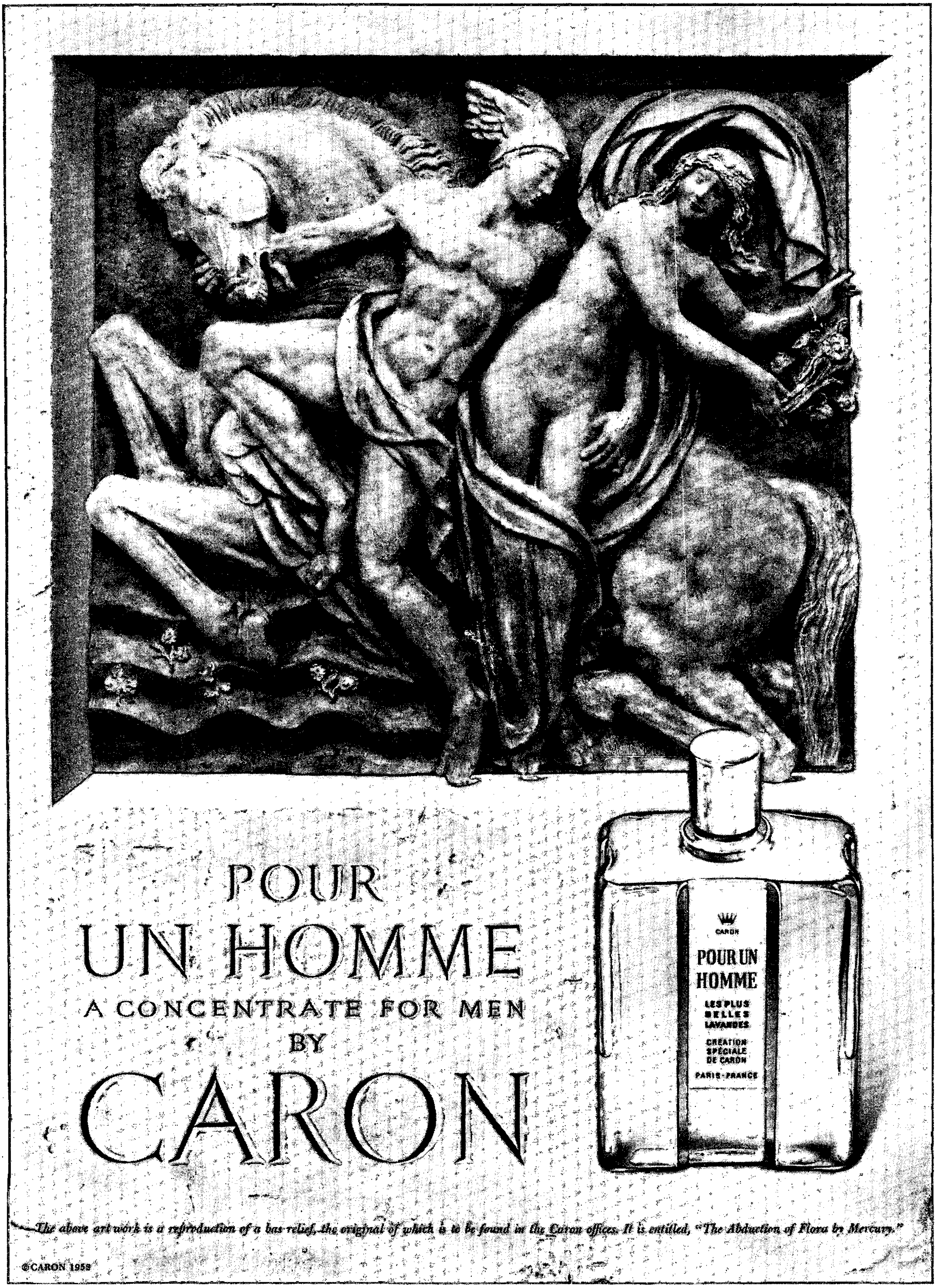
Unus, the man who stands on one finger for the Ringling Brothers, was the by-product of a side trip North once made to Barcelona to see the bullfights. North is a great aficionado of that sport, and a friend of Hemingway, at whose house he now visits each year when the circus goes to Havana. Spurred on by Hemingway, North would like to present mild bullfights under canvas, but neither man can figure out a way to keep the bulls from leaping into the crowd and killing a number of spectators. North is open-minded about what he sticks in his circus; he has been known to take non-circus people who were leading normal lives and make professionals of them overnight. In Denmark some years ago, he met Lilian Wittmack, who was quite happy as that country's amateur riding champion, and talked her into becoming a star of the big top. A good many circus people believe that North's eye for spotting potential headliners is even sharper than his Uncle John Ringling's was. The Alzanas, a family of exceedingly reckless wire walkers who packed the Big Show until they suffered bad spills and dissolved their act, were working with an obscure unit in England when North first saw them. Even so, they were already public idols compared to a single-trapeze girl performer named Pinito Del Oro, who was with a band of roadside entertainers in southern Spain when North found her and who has since become his star. The two signed a contract in a gypsy cave on the outskirts of Murcia. North is nearly infallible, but a find sometimes turns out to be a mixed blessing. Mister Mistin (formerly of Belgium), the child wonder who played the xylophone, sang, danced, juggled, shouted, and generally created an adult-size ruckus, proved to be a handful. The timetable of the show is tightly organized, and, once on, Mister Mistin could seldom be persuaded to get off. At the opening in the Garden last year, the precocious child stuck fast under the lights, enjoying the applause, for eight minutes more than his allotted time. Merle Evans, the circus bandmaster, ran through what might be called a concerto of the tot's exit music, and Pat Valdo, his immediate boss, was given restoratives after Mistin had finally been forced to yield by whispered threats of a caning.

During his European jaunts, Edward VII liked to "take the cure" at Marienbad. North, after a few weeks of filling up at the very best restaurants available, directs his entourage to Baden-Baden, where he plops himself down in the mud. He can't stand the sulphur waters of the famous old spa, so he habitually swills Liebfraumilch as he soaks in the life-giving goo. This seesaw arrangement—making headway on the outside while losing ground internally—might be considered waste motion by another man, but North, with his special tolerance for drink, is jacked up enormously. He climbs out of the muck greatly refreshed and performs with brilliance in whatever classy eateries lie next along his route. The circus president has, incidentally, been mentioned favorably as the only visitor to Baden-Baden who ever played the saxophone in the baths. On occasion, bored and only partly immersed, North has uncorked his instrument and made things very lively and agreeable for the other customers.



"I swore they'd never take me alive, but when the time came I figured what the hell."

THERE can be little question that North's ablest exploits have been accomplished with his circus, but many of his friends feel that his drive and ingenuity are best exemplified by a brush he once had with the New York World's Fair. The incident is significant, they think, because it proved how far North can go under duress. The year was 1939, not long after he had been chosen to succeed his uncle, the late John Ringling, as head of the circus. His star being dramatically in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A CONCENTRATE FOR MEN
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The above art work is a reproduction of a bas relief, the original of which is to be found in the Caron offices. It is entitled, "The Abduction of Flora by Mercury."

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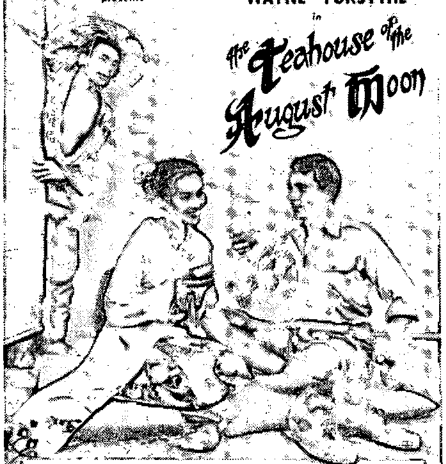

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the ascendant, he was invited by Grover Whalen, the Fair's president, to organize a gigantic horse show as an attraction. North's circus was rolling smoothly through the hinterland, so he came to New York, bringing Valdo with him as an assistant, and began to make plans. What was wanted, he sensed, was a real novelty in the way of a horse exhibit, with universal ramifications; he admired Whalen for looking to the circus for help. First of all, North wired a friend in Oklahoma and got hold of some Cherokee Indians who represented themselves as being available cheap; then he put through a call to Mexico City and lined up some *charros*, or silver-festooned cowboys, who weren't working. As a neat counterbalance to the Indians, he summoned his old friend Bill Sterling, former head of the Texas Rangers. Sterling said he would be glad to come up and ride a horse around an arena, and he promised to fraternize, without friction, with the Cherokees. By this stage of the game, North's zest was bubbling over. He hired a large group of Kentucky horsemen, and then he had a dazzling idea: Why not get an authentic Arabian sheik? With the women, especially, the fellow was sure to be a crowd-puller. North knows a great many people in most parts of the world, but he was not, at the time, on a footing of intimacy with any first-grade Arabian sheiks. He did, however, have a friend in the Middle East who knew several, and he outlined his problem over the long-distance telephone. Only two days later, a reassuring reply came back: The friend had found just the one, a picturesque chap, with several gaudy burnouses, who said, in effect, that he had always wanted to travel; he was sick of sand. He promised to drop his other business and come over for as long as they wanted him.

Stimulated by this high fortune, North pressed ahead and hired sixteen girls from a model agency. "What do you want us to do?" one of them asked him. "The work's only nominal," he replied. "I want you to ride around naked on a horse." He explained that he had been smitten with the urge to add a Lady Godiva chorus to his several other attractions. All the Godivas would wear tresses guaranteed to keep them from being jailed, he added, and anyway he would bail them out if they were. The girls acquiescing, North got a lawyer to help draw up a good contract with Whalen. The budget for his horse show was to be twelve thousand dollars a week, and North, rendered cautious by his years with Uncle John Ringling, insisted on a thirteen-week guarantee, should things go sour. Upon reading the contract, Whalen blew sky-high. "The Lady Godiva chorus is out," he stated flatly. "There will be no nudity on these fairgrounds!" When North offered arguments, Whalen reciprocated by cancelling the sheik. This was a blow, but worse news was waiting back at North's stand, or pitch. The electricians had been encouraged to arrange the lighting in such a way that the lights shone on the grandstand instead of the ring. Thoroughly aroused, North issued a brassy announcement to the press about his Lady Godiva chorus; then word came from Whalen that the horse show was to make no more public statements. The chances are that anybody but a circus man would have thrown in the sponge at this turn of events. Publicity is the indispensable hypodermic of entertainment. To arrange some, North rented a torpid Brahman bull and turned it loose in the general fairgrounds. Just as he expected, he drew a brisk, if not altogether complimentary, press. Still, the bull hadn't really hurt anybody, and he proceeded with plans for a gala opening.

A truce was effected with Whalen when North bought some knee-length wigs for his models, the idea being to keep their nudity entirely under wraps. A grand mounted parade, led by Mayor LaGuardia, up on an antique sorrel, and Whalen close behind him on a bay mare, was to usher in the Fair's newest amusement. Unknown to Whalen, North still had a shot left in his locker. He covered his leading model—in the position following Whalen—with an Indian blanket and told her to ditch it when she got out into the open. "Put on the wig when you've thrown the blanket down," he told her. "But don't hurry. We've got an obligation to the crowd, and I intend to meet it." Bowing and smiling, the Mayor and Whalen walked their horses into the midway, to be greeted by a thunderous ovation. It has been remarked that politicians, of whatever creed, are peculiarly sensitive to praise; LaGuardia and Whalen were evidently no exceptions. They responded with gestures of intense gratification. Unfortunately for them, the applause was all for the model, who was as bare as the day she was born. Taking her own sweet time, she put on the sheltering wig. Immediately after the parade, when North began to sell tickets, Whalen cut off the lights at his booth. A day or so later, North was relieved of command. He collected his

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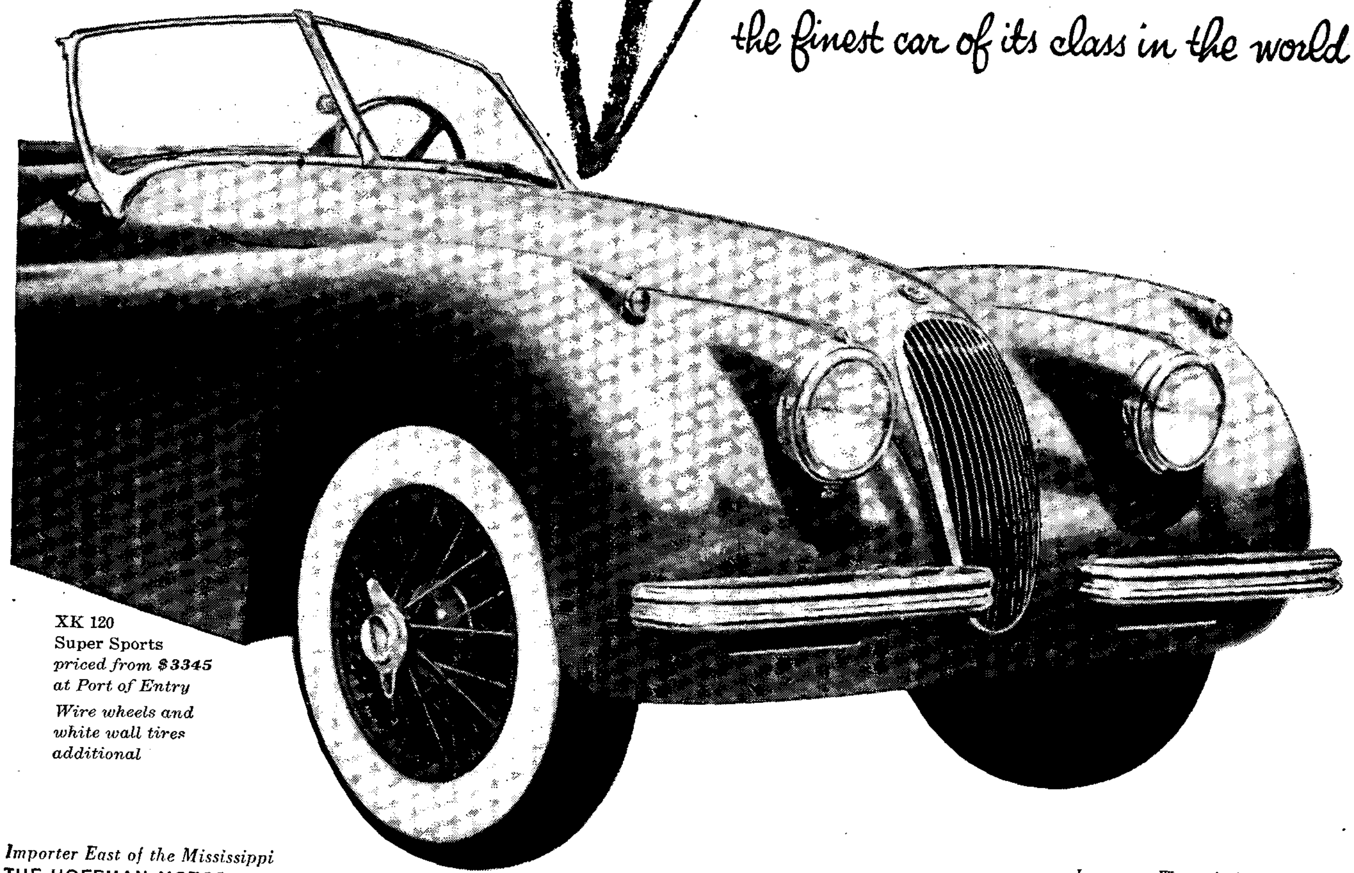

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CHERYL CRAWFORD
in association with Anderson Lawler presents
FRANCHOT TONE in
Oh, men! Oh, women!
a COMEDY by EDWARD CHODOROV
GIG YOUNG • BETSY VON FURSTENBERG
HENRY MILLER'S Thea., 124 W. 43 St. BR 9-3970
Evenings at 8:40. Matinees Thurs. & Sat. at 2:40

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DONALD COOK • JACKIE COOPER
KING OF HEARTS
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REX THOMPSON
LYCEUM THEA. W. 45th St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

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Rockefeller Center
"ROSE MARIE" starring
ANN BLYTH • HOWARD KEEL • FERNANDO LAMAS
in CINEMASCOPE • Photographed in EASTMAN COLOR • An M-G-M Picture
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thirteen weeks' pay and, with Valdo, went back to the circus, convinced that he had got the exhibit started on just the right note.

NORTH's bent for innovation was apparent from the time he first took over the circus. Since then, he has changed the format of the Big Show entirely. Instead of a mere panorama of acrobatics, it has become a sort of muscular musicale, with animals. Trade criticisms about these changes have rained down on North from the start, but he feels that he is right and his critics are not only wrong but broke; that is, the Ringling show is thriving and smaller circuses are drying up everywhere. Observing the sad plight into which the business was falling, and noting the healthy state of the theatre, he began to dress up his show with theatrical ideas. He decreed that in the future the evening's fare would be strung together with a "theme"—last year it was "Candyland," this year it's "Dreamland"—and that it would be interspersed with production numbers. In 1942, to gain verisimilitude, he tapped the New York theatre for certain physical properties, including a bevy of chorus girls and John Murray Anderson. No man to ask an employee to do anything that he couldn't do, North announced that he personally would think up the theme and the production numbers, and that Anderson would take care of the staging. The public appeared warmed by all this hullabaloo and bought tickets with somewhat more spirit than in the immediate past. Much encouraged, North invited Igor Stravinsky to write a ballet for elephants. To the astonishment of many, the composer replied that he would be glad to; he thought he had just the angle on it. North was pleased but not surprised. He hired George Balanchine to supervise the choreography and Vera Zorina to dance with the herd. Stravinsky cranked out a number, filled with whistles, gargles, and moosecalls, that everybody said was among his best works, but there was never any evidence that the elephants understood it. North talked Norman Bel Geddes into designing several shows and got Peter Arno to spruce up the programs with cartoons. Meanwhile, the old-time Ringling employees went about their duties with mystification, though they seemed glad to be getting their checks.

Melodically, North has no need to lean on Stravinsky. He now writes the music for all the production numbers himself. E. Ray Goetz, who is one of

"GAYER THAN A DAYDREAM." —Walter Winchell
"ORIGINAL and FUNNY." —Atkinson, N.Y. Times
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TOM EWELL in
GEORGE AXELROD'S Comedy
"the seven year itch" with
VANESSA BROWN
Robert Emhardt • Neva Patterson • George Keane
Directed by JOHN GERSTAD
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"WONDERFUL TOWN"
WINTER GARDEN, Broadway & 50th St.
Evgs. $6.60 to 2.20. Mats. Wed. & Sat. $3.85 to 1.65

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"A SOLID HIT!"—Life Magazine
The Girl on the Via Flaminia
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48th STREET THEATRE, East of B'way

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CRIPPLED CHILDREN
National Society for Crippled Children and Adults, Incorporated, 11 South LaSalle Street, Chicago 3, Illinois

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". . . and it's a record you can't catch any other way. There's so much action, so much color outdoors . . . you really need a movie camera to get it all."

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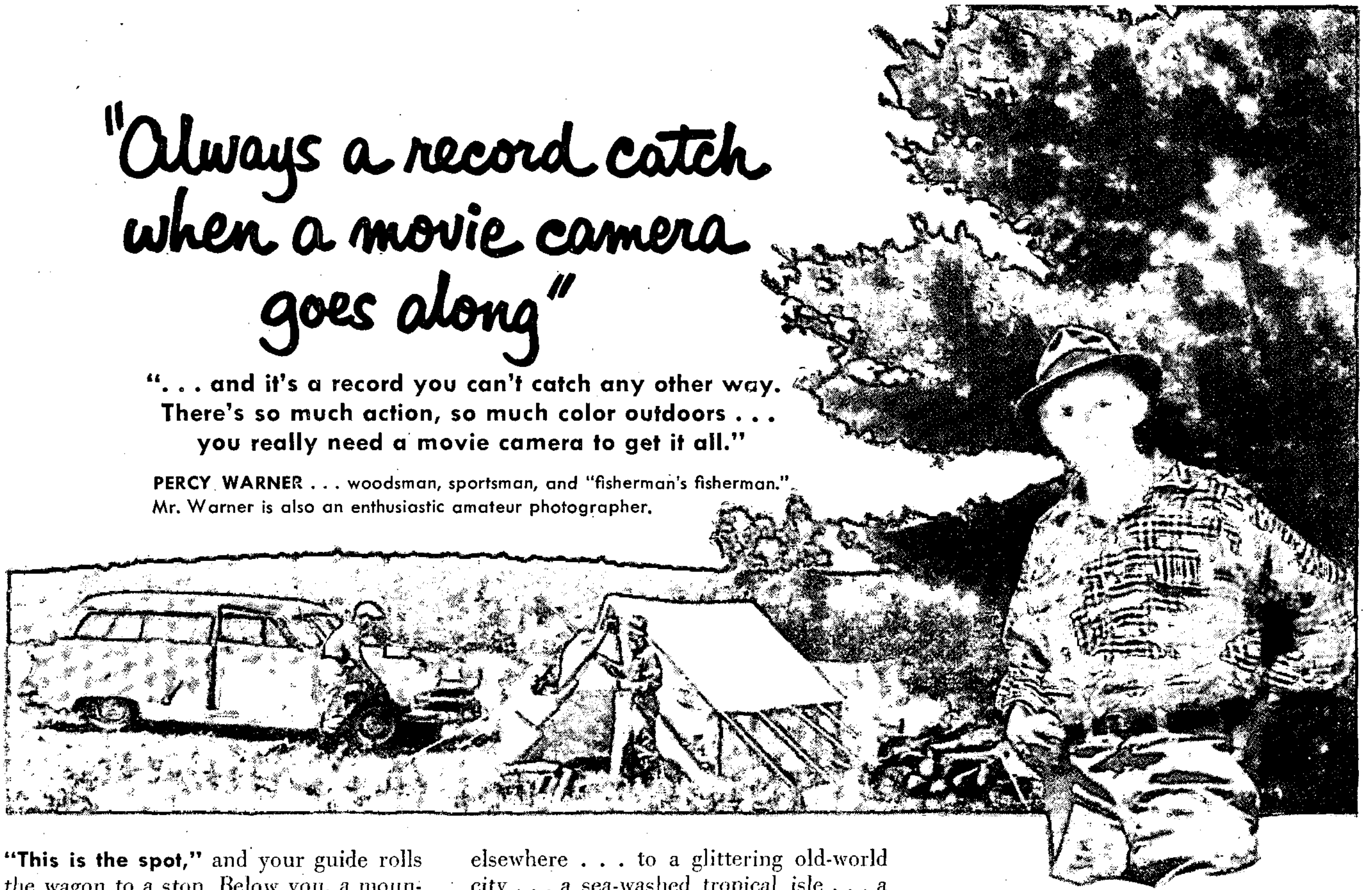

"This is the spot," and your guide rolls the wagon to a stop. Below you, a mountain stream tumbles past. A deer starts, and bounds away. Overhead the spring birds flit from tree to tree.

But maybe—for *you*—the trail leads elsewhere . . . to a glittering old-world city . . . a sea-washed tropical isle . . . a cottage in the mountains. Point is, *wherever* you are — there's *motion.* And you simply can't do it justice in "still" pictures, alone. You just must make movies, too!

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And today movies made the Kodak way are simple as snapshots. A few easy settings . . . aim and press the button. You're making movies!

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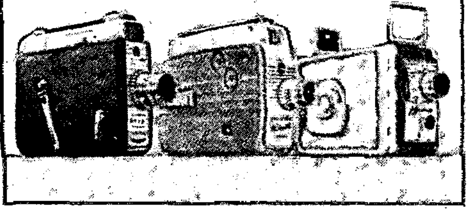
But why not get the *whole* story from your Kodak dealer? Or mail the coupon for *your* free copy of "Let's Make Movies." You'll learn how easily you can bring the thrills of home movies to *your* house.



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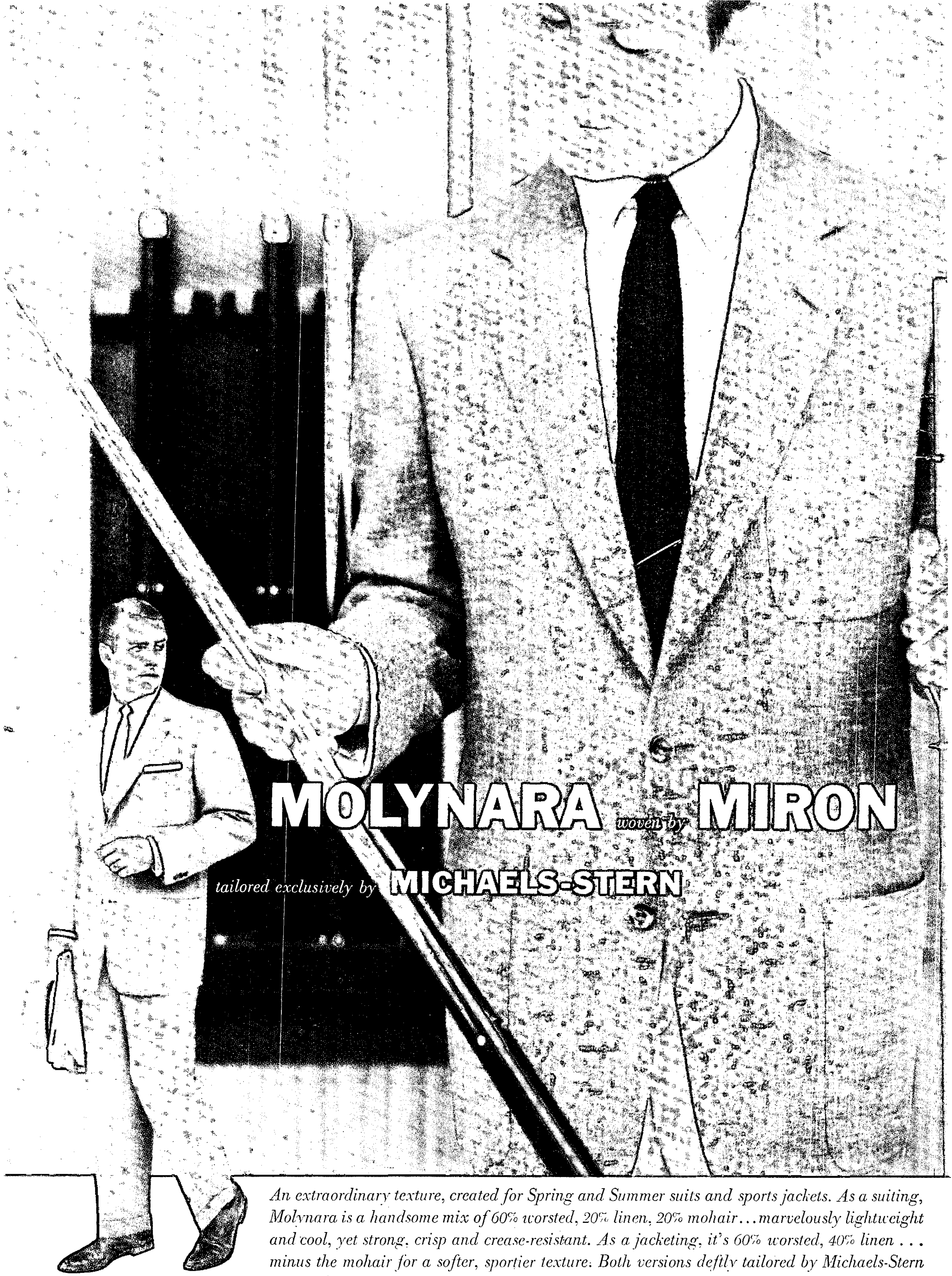

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his best friends, does the lyrics. North never knows when a good tune will come over him. The Mexican song in the current show materialized out of the comparatively thick air of the Pump Room in Chicago's Ambassador Hotel, where he dropped in after a minor operation he underwent last year at the Mayo Clinic. He attributes the inspiration to convalescence and to several bottles of a French Bordeaux—he declines to name the château and vintage, on the theory that unscrupulous composers might take it up. Another North tune, "Lovely Luawana Lady," written for DeMille's movie "The Greatest Show on Earth," which was made with the coöperation of the Ringling circus, became nationally popular. North, a member of A.S.C.A.P., believes that in the next appraisals "Luawana" may improve his A.S.C.A.P. rating, which is low. He is gratified, nevertheless, that the amount of his quarterly royalty check has advanced in the last few years from $2.77 to $13. Together with his tune, North himself appeared in DeMille's effort, worrying everybody needlessly in the process. A cautious fellow financially, DeMille detests expensive retakes; he was afraid that North, out of fright, would muff his lines. Characteristically, the circus president, never cooler, performed with perfect aplomb. It was the Hollywood stars who blew up. Charlton Heston, in one of the leading roles, transposed a couple of words in a line, which kept coming out, in his version, "They thought Jumbo was through when he lost Barnum." Cole Porter has spoken very highly of North's circus music, and other composers feel that it will live as artistically symbolic of the medium. North keeps recordings of all his works in his private railway car, the Jomar, and as he plays them over, he accompanies them on the saxophone or by tap dancing. His Japanese butler, Ted, stands by with either the instrument case or a towel, depending upon his employer's mood.

The circus, of course, involves a great deal of supervision aside from the artistic. With his brother's help, John North borrowed and maneuvered his way to control of several valuable Ringling properties besides the Big Show, and he strengthens his position each year. Financially, he is now acknowledged to be a wizard. The Norths have an unbeatable system of management, a healthy jump on possible competitors, in that they operate in two shifts: John works, as well as plays, all night, and Henry functions on the day side. This

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A full, pale *oloroso* – the world's greatest luxury sherry. Because of its rareness, supplies are limited.

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Similar in style to Bristol Cream, this rich *oloroso* is the *only* alternative luxury sherry. Serve it proudly.

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This superlative *fino* is the world's finest-tasting dry Sherry. Its just-right dryness and delightful after-taste make it a favorite for *all* occasions.

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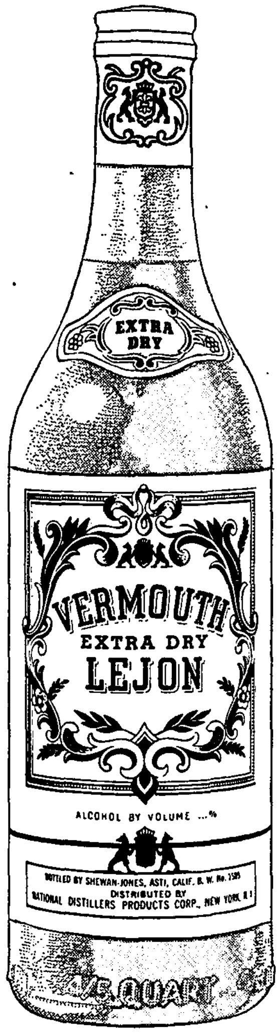

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Dry or Sweet, A Product of U.S.A.

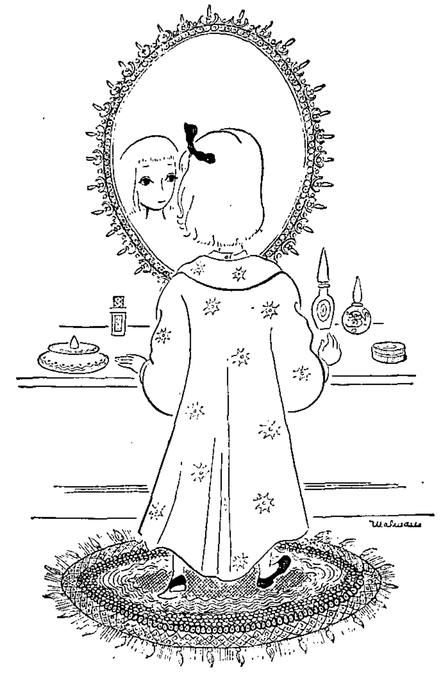
LEJON *Vermouth*

IT'S "COCKTAIL-BLENDED"

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS
CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

is in superior contrast to corporations whose high-level executives all quit at 5 P.M. and go home. Except for the war years, Henry has assisted John more or less steadily since the late nineteen-thirties. A casual, dreamy man compared to his dynamic brother, Henry went into the Navy when the war broke out, and, in his languid style, established a brilliant record. He was a lieutenant attached to the O.S.S., and participated in the North African and Italian invasions. The truth is that, except for the animals, Henry has no passionate love of the circus and would prefer to live in Rome, where he keeps an apartment. He made high marks at Yale—William Lyon Phelps once called him "my most promising student"—and at his circus desk he spends considerable time reading classical literature. He found the atmosphere in the Navy so agreeably different from life in the circus that he became, for him, fervently aroused. An American naval officer, watching the freehand operations of Henry North and his O.S.S. partner, Mike Burke, once remarked that the American invasion forces were probably hampering North and Burke and that the war could doubtless be shortened if the two were permitted to continue without help. At one stage of the game, North and Burke captured an Italian admiral doublehanded; later, they recovered some invaluable top-secret equipment. To wind up his war in style, Henry was awarded the much-prized Silver Star "for gallantry with complete disregard for his personal safety" in connection with the landings. Like most older brothers, John takes pride in his younger brother's accomplishments. He didn't hear about the winning of the Silver Star until he found it described in the New York *Times*. "Why didn't you write me about that?" he asked Henry the next time he saw him. "To tell you the truth, I forgot it," his brother replied. Roland Butler, the circus publicity director, who likes to keep biographical tabs on the Norths, became acquainted with Henry's war exploits, indirectly, only last winter. He expressed himself as being mildly peeved.

TOGETHER, the Norths guide their show through the labyrinthine maze of its finances. Making money with a circus is no longer easy. Time was when its competition amounted to pallid frolics like quilting bees, revivals, and nickelodeons. But the coming of television has shaken even the movie kings, and the circus, with its crushing overhead, labors against odds. The brothers are pulled in two directions: They wish to keep it big, to preserve its traditional majesty, yet streamlining is the only way to cut down expenses. Two years ago, the circus travelled in ninety railroad cars; it travels today in seventy. Even with this reduction, its railroad costs last year were five hundred and fifteen thousand dollars. To keep it moving on the road, to feed and pay its fourteen hundred and fifty employees, and to cover its other expenses required an outlay of twenty-three thousand dollars daily. Renting Madison Square Garden costs seventeen thousand dollars a day, and sites where the show can be put on under canvas are becoming increasingly hard to find. Both Cincinnati and Pittsburgh, for example, have been dropped as circus towns because neither has a lot on a railroad siding near enough to the population and with adequate water hookups. In the face of the growing costs and taxes, the Norths have not felt it possible to raise the price of tickets correspondingly. In 1942, their circus was able to net a million dollars on a four-million-dollar gross; now it can net less than half that on a gross twice as large. To add to its woes, the circus is probably the only form of entertainment in existence that is totally at the mercy of the elements. Performances cannot be postponed, since its schedule is fixed long ahead, and the herculean efforts of setting up and tearing down in a day are pretty much wasted during storms and rainy weather. The familiar early-morning cries of "Guy out! Guy out!" are usually voiced in a very bitter tone if the field is a rain-drenched morass. The



crowds that fail to turn out might have meant better salaries for the coming season.

One by one, the small circuses disappear from view. Most of those that remain have made bewildering changes in their methods of operation. They no longer even sell tickets in the conventional way. Currently, the profitable approach is to establish a tieup with some charity or other; thus a circus will appear "under auspices" in a town, working with the Junior Chamber of Commerce, perhaps, or with some service club, which, in turn, distributes a part of the receipts to charity. For a while after this practice started, the civic group itself sold the tickets in advance of the show's arrival; now another system, somewhat less overt, is used. Circuses like to figure out their own schemes, and the handing over of tickets to outsiders always rankled. Today, most small shows have a "phone crew"—a group of salesmen who, after establishing connection with a civic agency, go into town and set up a "boiler room," or telephone headquarters. Then they start "dinging," as the trade calls the business of selling tickets by phone. "This is Mr. Halleck, of the Chamber of Commerce," a circus phone man may say to some likely purchaser. "We're selling circus tickets on behalf of the underprivileged children. How many can we put you down for?"

"Underprivileged children" has come to be the generic label for whatever charity is involved. In a broad sense, the approach is not dishonest; charity actually does get a certain amount of the funds. Circuses, however, are by tradition world-wise, and even cynical, institutions, and small shows under careless management often allow abuses to creep into the charitable crusade of dinging. *Billboard*, the magazine of show business, is studded with ads for phone men. A tribute to the occasional character of these toilers in the vineyard may be read in the lines that are usually added at the foot of the ads—"No limbsters, no lamsters." Translated into English, this means no professional confidence men and no salesmen whose habit it is to decamp with the funds. The initials "U.P.C.," referring to the underprivileged possible recipients, are a staple of the ads and indicate that the selling ought to go smoothly. The Ringling circus tried auspices a few seasons ago, but it worked without phone crews and usually found the stands so choked with complimentary fares that it gave the system up. The Norths go on competing successfully with the specialized art

dark secret

. . . in charcoal, walnut-brown or black-blue. Of kid mohair, *natural* miracle fibre with lively resilience and beautiful lustre. Lebow imports the fabric—exclusively— from England, soft-tailors it into a wrinkle-resistant men's summer suit for comfort, for the cool, polished Lebow Look.

DRESS: CEIL CHAPMAN PHOTO: STEPHEN COLHOUN

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ADVERTISING REVENUE

How business ranks national magazines

Ranking of National Magazines	Magazines	Advertising Revenue Jan.-Dec. 1953
1st	LIFE	$109,708,903
2nd	Saturday Evening Post	80,865,877
3rd	Time	35,391,178
4th	Better Homes & Gardens	27,240,924
5th	Look	22,971,144
6th	Ladies' Home Journal	19,660,979
7th	Good Housekeeping	16,324,132
8th	Collier's*	16,310,942
9th	Newsweek	15,205,490
10th	McCall's	13,165,666

Source: Publishers' Information Bureau (gross figures).

*Collier's became a bi-weekly in August, 1953.

RETAIL SUPPORT

Lines of retail merchants' tie-ins

with leading magazines in daily and Sunday newspapers

January-December, 1953:

LIFE	**25,301,311**
Good Housekeeping	**6,147,148**
Saturday Evening Post	**4,784,813**
Look	**2,765,253**
McCall's	**1,876,157**
Ladies' Home Journal	**1,678,014**
Collier's	**929,620**
Woman's Home Companion	**666,224**

Source: Advertising Checking Bureau, Inc. figures are for advertising tie-ins and editorial mentions, (excepting Good Housekeeping seal).

CIRCULATION

The ten leading U. S. magazines

LIFE	5,472,580
Ladies' Home Journal	4,931,085
McCall's	4,557,861
Saturday Evening Post	4,466,139
Woman's Home Companion	4,381,734
Family Circle	4,115,074*
Woman's Day	3,958,197
Better Homes & Gardens	3,784,291
Look	3,717,859
Good Housekeeping	3,490,069

Source: Publisher's ABC Statements—July-Dec., 1953. *Publisher's estimate.

AUDIENCE

Single-issue magazine audiences*

LIFE	26,450,000
Look	18,050,000
Saturday Evening Post	14,050,000
Ladies' Home Journal	11,500,000

Over the course of six issues, LIFE's audience accumulates to a total of 60,500,000 readers—10,500,000 *more* than the next publication.

More people are reading LIFE today than ever. Since 1950 LIFE's single-issue audience has increased by 2,500,000.†

*Source—*A Study of Four Media* (1953)
†Source—*A Study of the Accumulative Audience of LIFE* (1950)
Both studies by Alfred Politz Research, Inc.

LIFE

You pays your money

A businessman from Kentucky, after picking up January Nation's Business (the one written by Ike's Cabinet members) tells us we're nothing more than a mouthpiece for the Republican Party. "Since the millionaires have taken over the Cabinet," he suggests we can go peddle our papers elsewhere as far as he is concerned.

Four days later, a businessman from Indiana gives us a blast. "So now you have gone Socialist-Communist, too!" he exclaims in disgust. Seems he just finished reading about the need to improve the Social Security System in the March issue.

We love it. Nothing like controversy to stir up reader excitement. Where do we stand? We'll tell you. This is what we said in one of our first New Yorker ads:

Nation's Business has no politics. It has views, convictions, concerns and one major purpose. But no politics. Purpose: to interest businessmen. For instance: Businessmen are interested in lower taxes. So is Nation's Business. For instance: Businessmen are interested in a sound farm policy — against wasteful spending—against big government—and for a balanced budget. Ditto N. B.

Meantime, the mail bag is fat with letters from readers commenting favorably on "Small Business, America's Biggest Business" in the April issue. That's a subject even Kentucky and Indiana might both be happy with. You pays your money and you takes your choice with . . . Nation's Business, *a magazine for businessmen,* Washington 6, D. C.

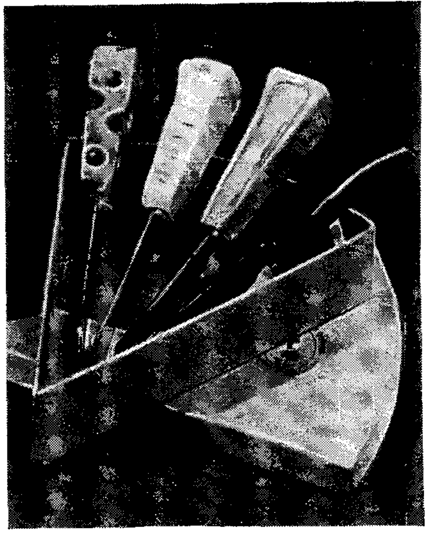
(*Advertisement*)

of dinging simply by having a bigger and better show. However, there has evolved in recent years another kind of circus, also philanthropic in tone, that is providing serious competition even for Ringling Brothers. The Shrine Winter Shows, which operate in cities like Detroit and Cleveland, and provide large sums for crippled children, are well run and well attended, and undeniably take the edge off the circus market in their areas.

John North feels that he, the president and guiding spirit, is the only Ringling employee who has no slack period during the year. Properly speaking, his real work year begins a few weeks after the circus opens in New York, which is usually around April 1st. With a show comfortably launched, he starts to worry about the next season's motif. To make the process easier, he locks himself in his suite at the Waldorf Towers, where he puts up during the New York run, and goes on a stringent diet for two weeks. The period of fasting follows a gruelling round of social activity that centers on the Fifty-second Street night clubs. His safari each day is joined at "21," from where he beats a path through the more tuneful of the expensive wine tubs. Quite often, as the evening advances, orchestra leaders ask him to play the saxophone or tap-dance. As a rule, North turns in every morning after dawn. Arising in the late afternoon, he visits the Turkish baths at the Biltmore, where he has a Romanesque chat with such other patrons as Gene Tunney and Jim Farley; then, purified, he is ready for another night-long round of the cabarets. Once his sequestration has begun, however, he behaves with monkish austerity, dining on lean chops and the juices of raw vegetables. During this awful hiatus, which North views as a torture more painful than that endured by the early Christian martyrs, he loses twenty-five pounds and starts getting the ideas for next year's theme and production numbers. The Jomar hooks on to the circus train for the stands at Boston and Washington, and after that, with the shape of his next season's show pretty well in mind, he usually leaves for Europe.

This summer, both the Norths will travel with the show train during most of its sinuous course across the nation. John has a theory that to preserve a real feeling for the circus one needs to follow it under canvas now and then. The smells, the dust, the curses of roustabouts, and the shrill cries of animals

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
AT ROCKEFELLER CENTER



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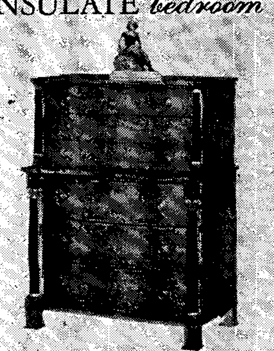

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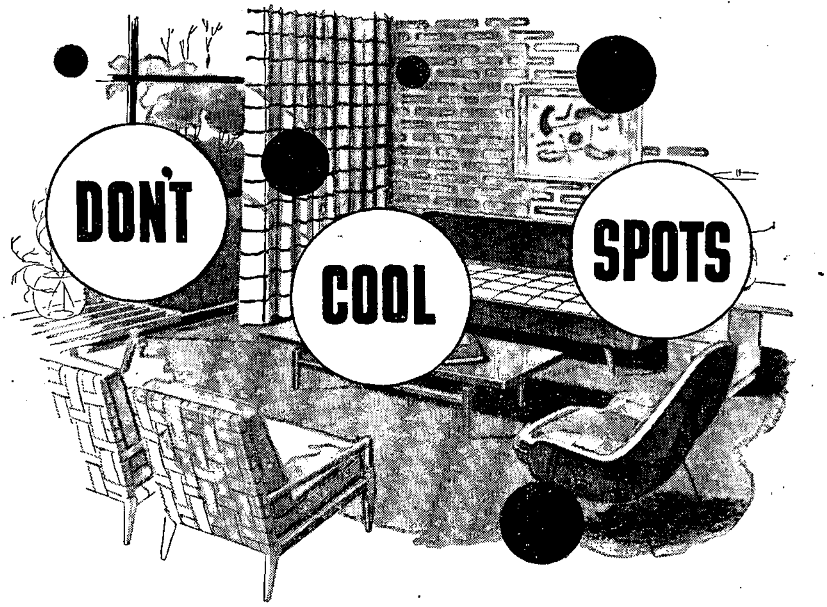
come through only faintly in places like Madison Square Garden. The brothers will go to Europe in the early fall and come back in late November. By that time, the regular circus run will have ended; only one engagement, a four-week stand in Havana that starts in the middle of December, remains, and then the production is dissolved for the year. Before the costumes are laid away and the theme forgotten, North has his music all written and numbers mapped out for the season just ahead. But there is a period of mournfulness, an aimless time of lag, between the casting off of the old and the assembling of the new. At winter quarters in Sarasota, the performers are uneasy about contracts, the other employees—the riggers, paint-shop men, carpenters, and the like—are bored and snappish, and even the animals miss the nervous excitement of setting up and tearing down. John North uses the interval to look after his other interests; Henry wanders around Sarasota refreshing his memory of Uncle John Ringling and the ambitious Florida of his heydey. Neither of the Norths is currently married. John has been married twice, once to the French film star Germaine Aussey. He has no children. Henry, who has been married three times, has a son, John, by his second wife; the boy lives with his mother in McKeesport, Pennsylvania, and visits Henry several times a year.

Economically, the Norths are in excellent condition these days. Among the properties of Uncle John's that they bought back from the State of Florida, to which Ringling willed them, are eight thousand acres of Oklahoma oil leases. These are believed ready to come to beautiful fruition, and, in the next few years, may yield up an income rivalling that from the circus. This possibility is very stimulating to John but of only passing interest to Henry, who lets his brother manage the family's finances and enjoys himself with simpler pleasures. He is to be seen driving around Sarasota in a circus station wagon, dressed in magnificent, rumpled riding clothes made by his tailor in Rome. With him in steady attendance are his dogs, a boxer named Max and a Chesapeake Bay retriever named Coco, which wear solid-gold-mesh collars and systematically chew up the moldering treasures of his late mother's mansion, where he keeps a rather lonely room, on Bird Key, his private, overgrown spur in the bay at Sarasota.

The tourist-filled little city is crowded with remembrances of Uncle John



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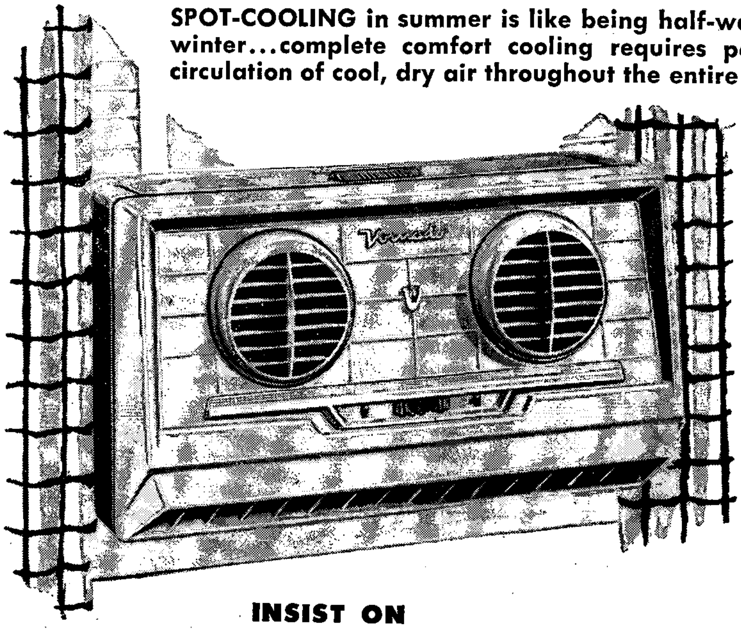

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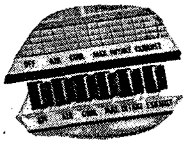

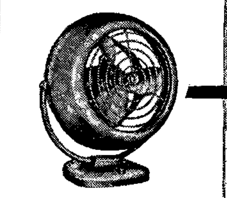

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Ringling and of the childhood frolics of John and Henry North. Ca'd'Zan, their uncle's Venetian palace, sits empty in its splendid grove of palms, looking out over the bay and the Gulf. The house is now owned by the state; Henry visits it often to join the sightseers who go through listening to a state-paid lecturer. He never speaks up or identifies himself but attends in silence to the hushed and reverent tales about the riotous goings on of "Mr. John" and his lusty, quarrelsome relatives. Next door, surrounded by parklike grounds and impressive lawn statuary, the celebrated Ringling museum—Uncle John's dream, a monument to his urge for self-perpetuation—is visible through the trees. The handsome rooms and the terraced court behind them are filled with several million dollars' worth of fine paintings and sculpture. A diligent art connoisseur, Henry knows them well; he wanders in and out of the museum, sometimes with his dogs, once a week or so. John has not been inside either the museum or his uncle's house, where he played in the winters as a boy, for several years. His interest in Uncle John's rise and fall is nowadays very slight. He is, he feels, establishing a new Ringling legend. As the circus rolls, and the oil wells threaten to flow, he intends to branch out, even as Uncle John did.—ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

(*This is the second of two articles on John Ringling North.*)

•

> Life magazine will publish "MacArthur's Rendezvous with History," the story of Gen. Douglas MacArthur's role since the outbreak of World War II, by Maj. Gen. Courtney Whitney, his friend and colleague. Andrew Heiskell, publisher of the magazine, announced yesterday the purchase of the work....
>
> General Whitney, who is retired, lives at the Waldorf-Towers in Manhattan, as does General end 1st ad Einstein—P U 2d add MacArthur. —*The Times.*

Just give the news, please.

•

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[*Jack Kofoed in the Miami Herald*]

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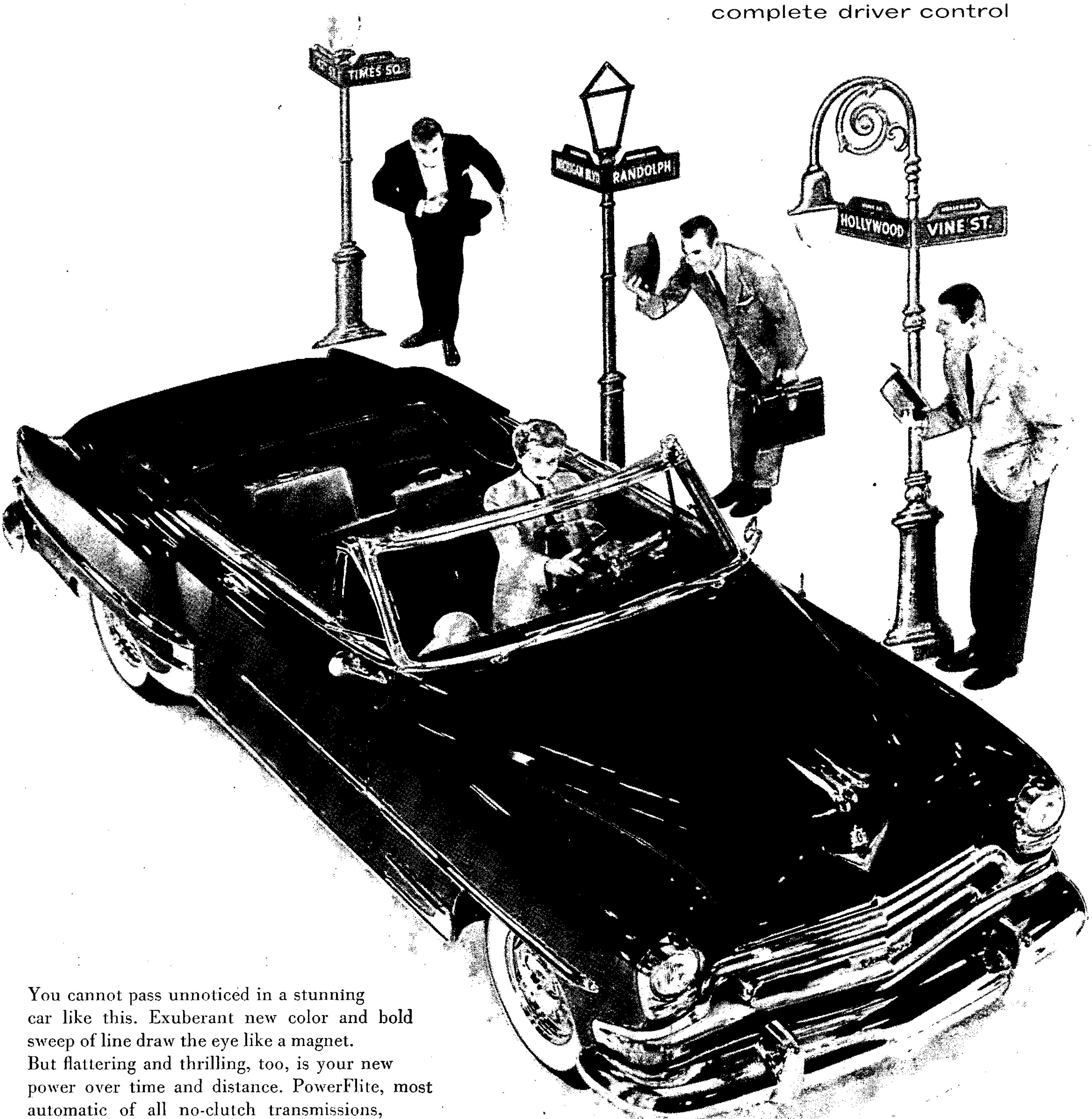

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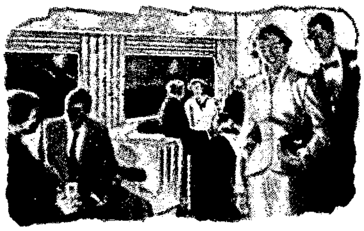
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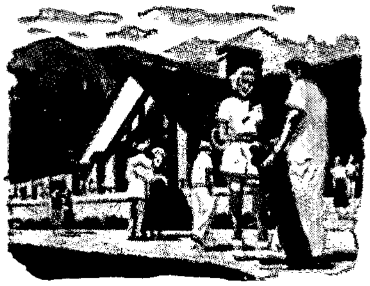
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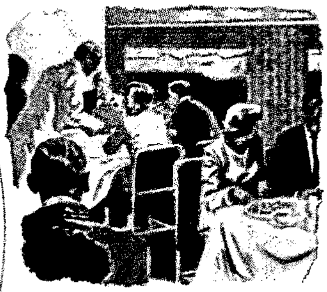
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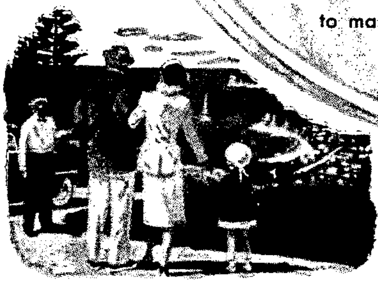
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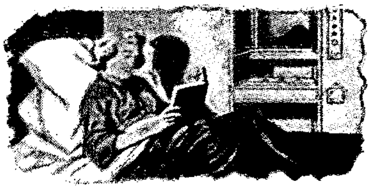
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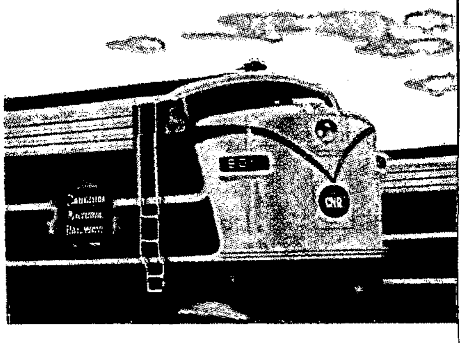

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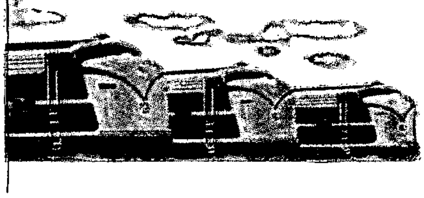
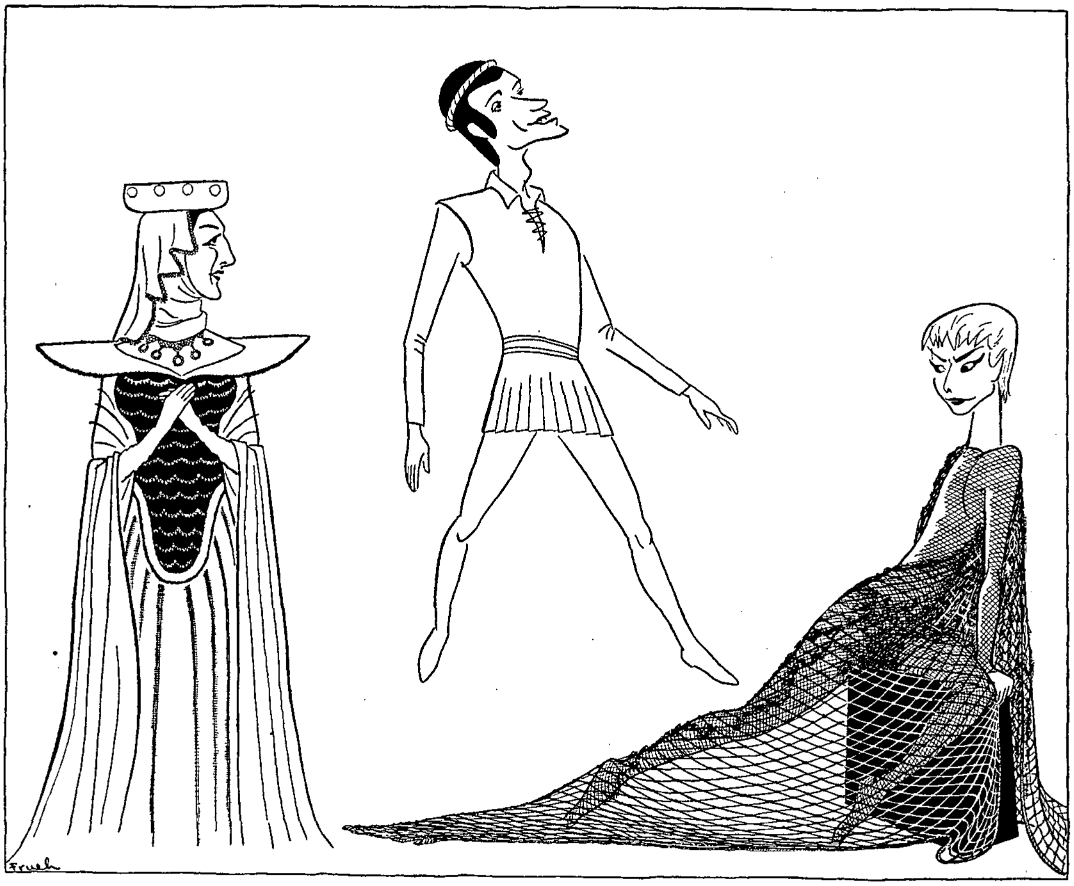


THE THEATRE

BUT LOOK AT MRS. LUCE

"THE MAGIC AND THE LOSS," at the Booth, is written with intelligence, a good deal of humor, and a decent attention to the accents of human speech; its plot, which has to do with a woman's hard lot in what is still essentially a man's world, is thoughtfully worked out, and the acting in it—particularly that of Uta Hagen, in the central role—is generally on a very high level. Altogether, it is a meritorious accomplishment, and if its total effect is rather less than the sum of its parts, if the play emerges finally as merely interesting, rather than truly affecting, I can only suggest that this is because there is something a little archaic and contrived about the heroine's dilemma. I'm sure that Julian Funt, the author, imagined he was saying something new and searching about woman's position in contemporary society, but I suspect that what he has actually written is a carefully modernized version of "A Doll's House." There are, of course, far worse occupations for a playwright—such as, to take one current instance, that of rewriting "Young Woodley"—but the echoing of the past remains unfortunate, especially since it involves a certain amount of vulgarization, and I can't help wishing that Mr. Funt had turned his useful talent to another theme. In spite of this complaint, however, "The Magic and the Loss" is certainly one of the few serious plays produced this season that are worth an instant of your time, and I am pleased to give it my qualified blessing.

The story is about a lady of thirty-seven who is living with her young son in a rather metallic nest near Washington Square. She is divorced from her husband, who has, in her opinion, resigned from life by taking an English professorship at a Western university. Her own life, though, is far from empty. She has her boy, a connoisseur of phonograph records, to whom she is devoted; she is bucking for promotion in a Madison Avenue advertising agency; and she has formed an alliance with one of the thirteen vice-presidents of the firm. Gradually she comes to face the loss of all her dreams. The child learns about her affair and, in his shocked disillusionment, turns against her, and when his father, in New York on a business trip, asks him to go back with him to the West, he is only too anxious to comply. The new job in the agency, of which she has been so sure, is about to be given to a man. And her admirer, who has seemed a model of honor and kindness, breaks off their relationship, on the thin ground that her too energetic presence in the office is an embarrassment to him. She fights valiantly against all these circumstances, but in the end she has to accept the fact that the male world is too much for her. It is apparent to her that it wants her to be submissive, and she submits. In a quite touching scene, her son makes it clear that he doesn't want to hurt her by going away, but she forces him to, knowing where his heart really lies. She relinquishes her lover, having no choice, and she is prepared to make the best of her failure in business when, ironically, it turns out that she is going to get the job after all, because the man her employers had in mind wanted too much money. The point of this would seem to be that women are not equipped either emotionally or physically to compete with men, and that, as our society is organized, resignation is their only feasible role. My own reaction to all this, based on a variety of experiences



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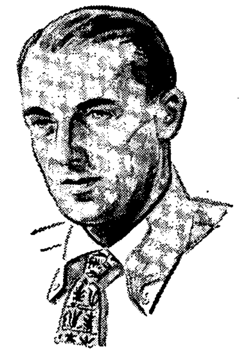
that I have no intention of confiding to anyone but God, is rather hollow amusement, but it is conceivable that I am a special case, and I am prepared to accept Mr. Funt's thesis as generally true. Whether or not, in execution, it makes a really superior play is something else, and it would be my judgment that in spite of the uniform excellence of his prose, the author has failed to develop either his characters or his situations with quite enough force and originality for that. Old ideas, and especially faintly dubious ones, need superlative treatment in every particular, and that's what they just miss getting at the Booth.

In addition to the one given by Miss Hagen, who is splendidly restrained and resourceful throughout, there are exemplary performances by Robert Preston, as the husband; Lee Bowman, as the lover, who manages the almost incredible switch from advertising man to cad with great skill; Edith Meiser, as an alcoholic symbol of what happens to a girl in a boy's racket; Charles Taylor, as the bewildered adolescent; and Danny Dennis, as one of his roughneck playmates. Michael Gordon, the director, has been guilty of one or two static and awkward groupings, but otherwise his work is as sound and imaginative as any I have seen this season.

THE musical comedy that has little to offer except the personality and talent of a single star is no novelty on Broadway, and "By the Beautiful Sea," at the Majestic, is probably unique only in the extent to which the performer, Shirley Booth, manages to rescue her vehicle from calamity. Without her, the play, for which Herbert and Dorothy Fields provided the book, Miss Fields the lyrics, and Arthur Schwartz the music, might easily seem just another laboriously quaint and irritatingly shapeless exercise in bogus nostalgia; with her warm and radiant presence to light up the stage, it is at least an intermittent joy. It is very fortunate for the critic that Miss Booth's previous successes, both in the theatre and in the movies, make it more or less unnecessary to define her special quality, because it is as elusive as any I know. She is certainly not a beauty in any accepted sense, and it clearly amuses her to disfigure her stocky and agreeable person with outrageous costumes; her singing voice is nonexistent, and she has a way of emphasizing the comic aspects of this deficiency, too; and though she moves with decision and a kind of style, she



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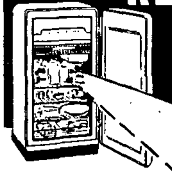

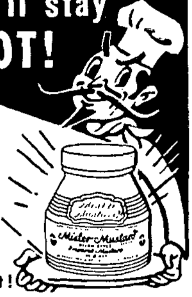

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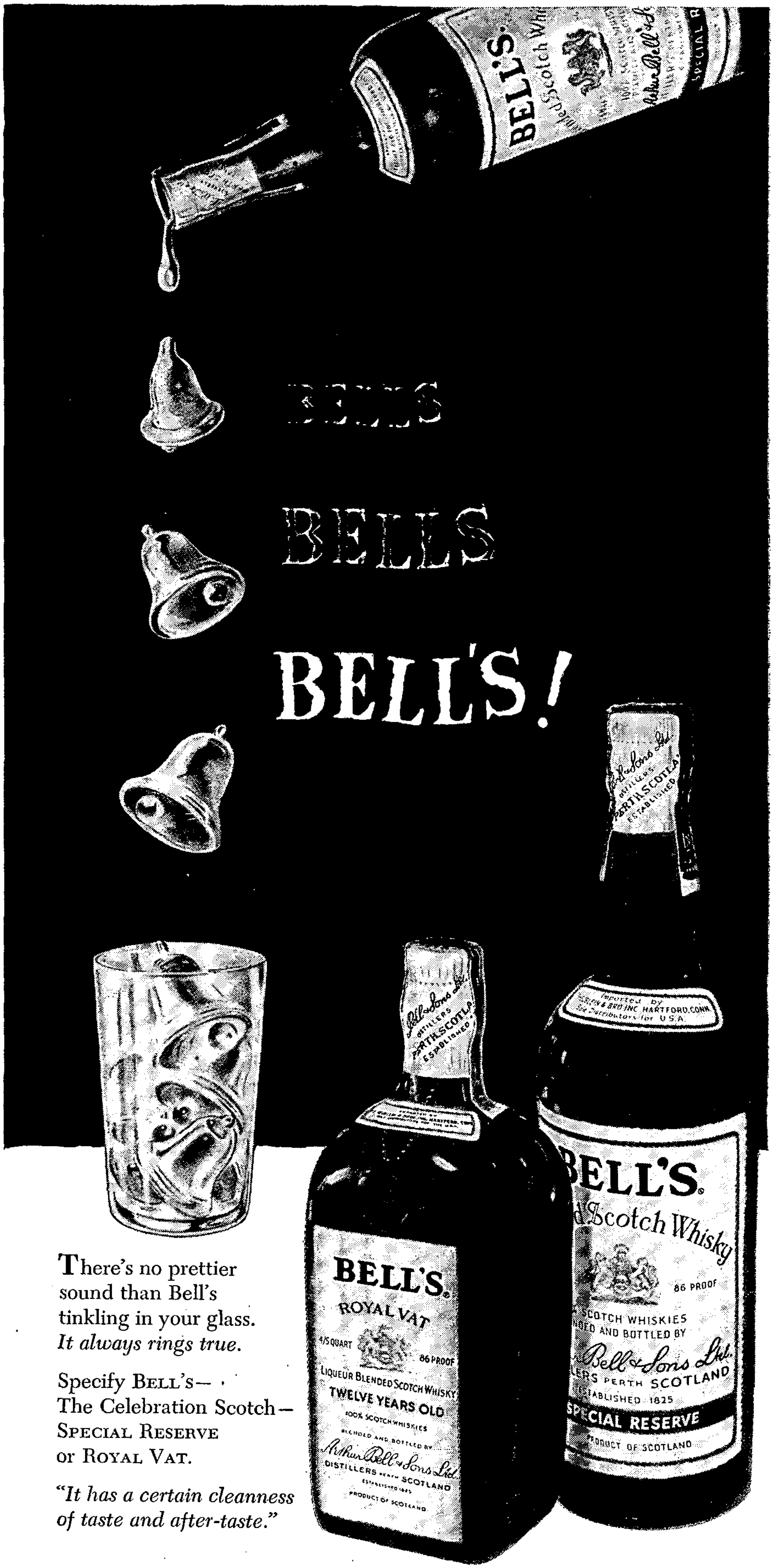
is not notably a graceful woman. In fact, all that can really be said about her is that she is a superb actress. The demands on her this time are less taxing than they were in "Come Back, Little Sheba," being only for humor and an occasional touch of pathos, and she produces both of these with a wonderful offhand mastery. I don't know how Miss Booth can take the tag line of a sorry old joke (The ingénue: "If you were my mother, I'd put poison in your coffee." Miss Booth: "If I *were* your mother, I'd drink it") and make it sound like the inspired retort of a brilliant woman, and I can't imagine how she can turn the sorrows of a boarding-house keeper threatened with the loss of a Shakespearean actor into a deep and touching thing, but she accomplishes these and innumerable other miracles in "By the Beautiful Sea." In part, her success is a combination of almost infallible technique and great personal charm, but the effect she gives of genuinely loving her audiences and anxiously hoping that they will love her back has a great deal to do with it, too. Superfluous modesty is a rare attribute in the theatre, and it may be that it is Miss Booth's undoubted possession of it that makes her about the most appealing woman on our stage. If I refrain here from nominating her for the drama's Genius-of-the-Week Club, it is only because I'm not at all sure that she'd get along with the rest of the crowd.

From all reports, a great deal was done to "By the Beautiful Sea" following its tryouts in Boston and Philadelphia, but the plot still remains such a complex and tiresome affair that the only constructive suggestion I can offer is that it should all somehow be compressed and disposed of in the first half hour of the evening, so that the spectators can dismiss it from their minds and concentrate on more rewarding things. The action takes place in Coney Island around 1908 (there are forty-eight stars on a large flag displayed in the second act, but only a remarkably captious man would bring that up), and it centers, as noted, on a romance between a landlady, who is also a sporadic performer in vaudeville, and a strolling player dedicated to the works of what a piercingly local joke calls the Bard of Arverne. The course of their love is troubled, first, by lack of money, which the heroine tries to raise by parachuting out of a balloon, and, second, by the hero's possession of a daughter whose disposition has been so curdled by the fact that her mother insists on dressing her up as a thirteen-year-old



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when she is actually seventeen that she opposes her father's second marriage with all her unpleasant little heart. Both these problems are solved by certain desperate expedients with which I have no intention of burdening you here.

The rest of the doings are largely atmospheric—songs and dances against interesting backgrounds and in picturesque, though singularly non-aphrodisiac, costumes—and I don't know what to tell you about them except that they are cheerful, competent, and characteristic. Omitting Miss Booth, in fact, I should say that the one really unusual feature of "By the Beautiful Sea" is its resolute avoidance of anything stimulating in the way of sex. The principal love affair is, of course, essentially comic; the subordinate one, between the daughter and a singing waiter, is so subordinate as to be practically imperceptible; a colored singer named Mae Barnes, though admirable, is stout and jocular; and the ladies of the chorus not only are frequently got up to look like the male lead in "Charley's Aunt" but seem to have a hearty masculinity of spirit as well. I'm sure this antiseptic air is a virtuous thing. Whether it will charm any large portion of the dissolute public is something else again.

Of those who support the star, I admired Miss Barnes, who stopped the show twice on opening night, with her rendering of ballads called "Hang Up" and "Happy Habit;" Wilbur Evans, who played the Shakespearean suitor with pleasant authority and sang his songs extremely well; Carol Leigh, who looked very winsome as the exasperating daughter; a small colored boy named Robert Jennings, who delighted himself and the audience just about equally; and Cameron Prud'homme, who was agile and attractive as the singing waiter. Mr. Schwartz's score, though hardly up to some he has done in the past, is generally effective, and Miss Barnes' numbers and two others, called "Alone Too Long" and "More Love Than Your Love," will probably survive to haunt you in your home. Jo Mielziner's settings and the dances staged by Helen Tamiris are high in quality, if perhaps a little familiar in design.

"ANNIVERSARY WALTZ," by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields, is the kind of comedy that gives rise in me to an agreeable suspicion that I may quite easily be Molière. Except for this discreditable and egocentric notion, however, and my pleasure at seeing

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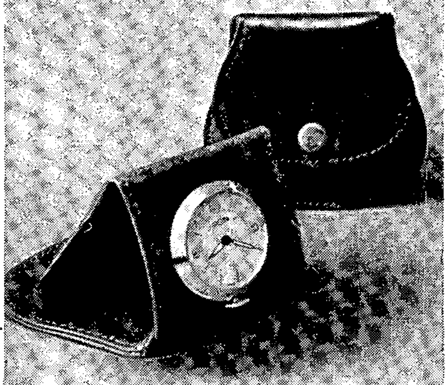

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someone kick in the fronts of two television sets, my emotions at the opening at the Broadhurst were mainly hostile. I thought it was a dull and tasteless little piece—written without any appreciable style or humor, dealing with people whom I would take spectacular pains to avoid in actual life, and acted, at least in the leading roles, with very little quality beyond simple bounce. In view of the circumstances that the authors have performed acceptably enough in the past, that Kitty Carlisle and Macdonald Carey, the actors principally involved, are personable and apparently intelligent operatives, and that Moss Hart, who directed the offering, is highly experienced in practically every form of theatrical endeavor, it is hard to account for the almost total lack of entertainment in their collaboration. During one intermission, I found myself helplessly adjacent to a lady who seemed to be part of a gathering assembled by Miss Elsa Maxwell for the occasion. "Oh, I think it has so much chic," she was saying gaily to her companion. "It's so sophisticated." I have seldom heard my own feeling about anything expressed so forcibly in reverse. In my opinion, which is a good one, "Anniversary Waltz" has the approximate chic of high life in a comic strip, and I recall seeing few less sophisticated plays in my life.

The fancy that goaded Mr. Chodorov and Mr. Fields to their typewriters focusses on a pair who have been married for fifteen years and are still powerfully attracted to one another physically, a phenomenon that they discuss with some abandon for about twenty minutes at the opening of the play. This moist, rapturous state of affairs, however, comes to an end when, at the conclusion of a dinner celebrating their anniversary, the husband is moved to inform his wife's parents that the marriage was consummated a good year before it became legal. While this revelation is disconcerting to the old folks, it is just catnip to a couple of children of the union, who are products of progressive education and go on about freedom of expression and premarital relationships in a manner that ceased to amuse me about the fourth time it turned up in a sketch in a revue, which would be, I should say, around 1936. Anyway, everybody is in a rather complicated emotional state when the daughter of the house suddenly turns up on a television program and gives the great unseen audience the lowdown on the whole situation. At this, Daddy busts up his second set (he ruined the first one

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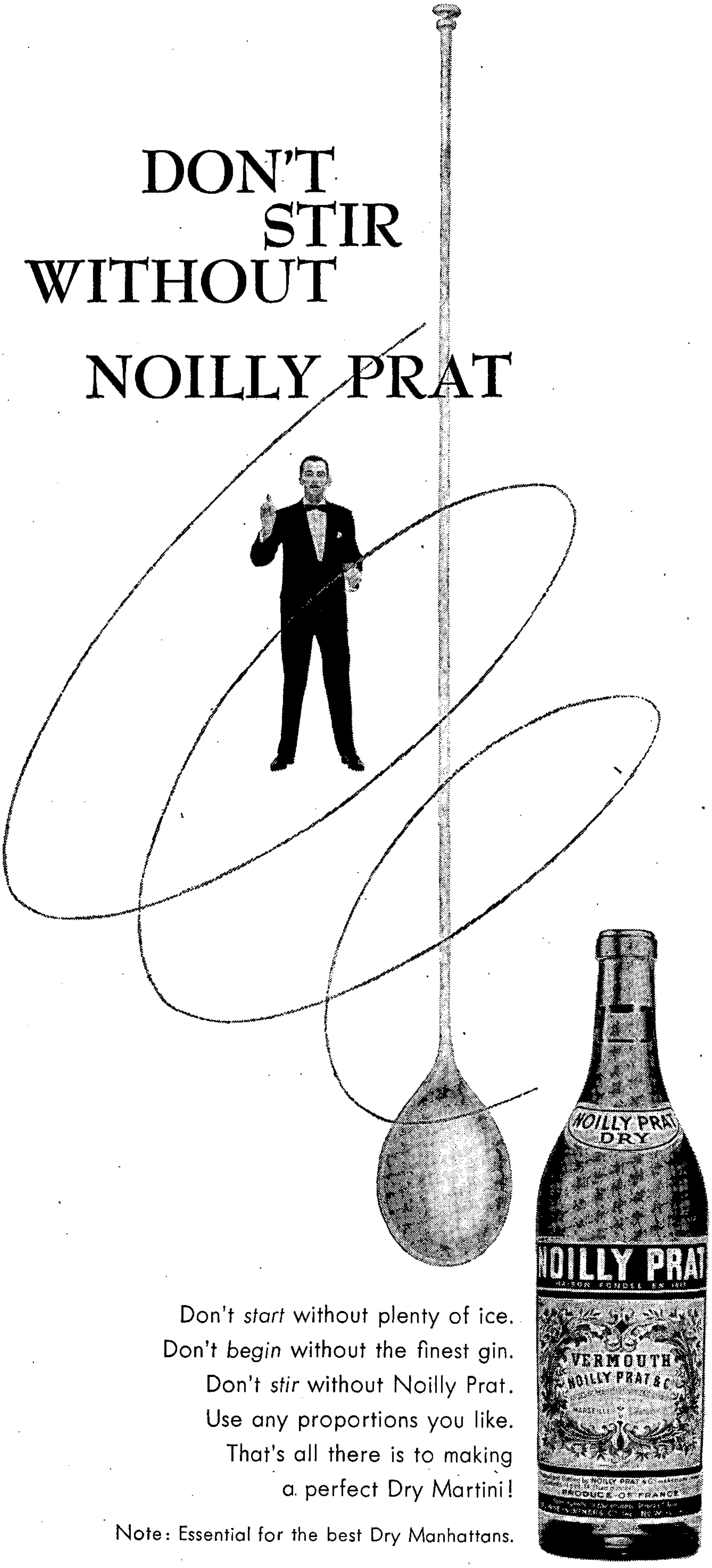
WITHOUT
NOILLY PRAT



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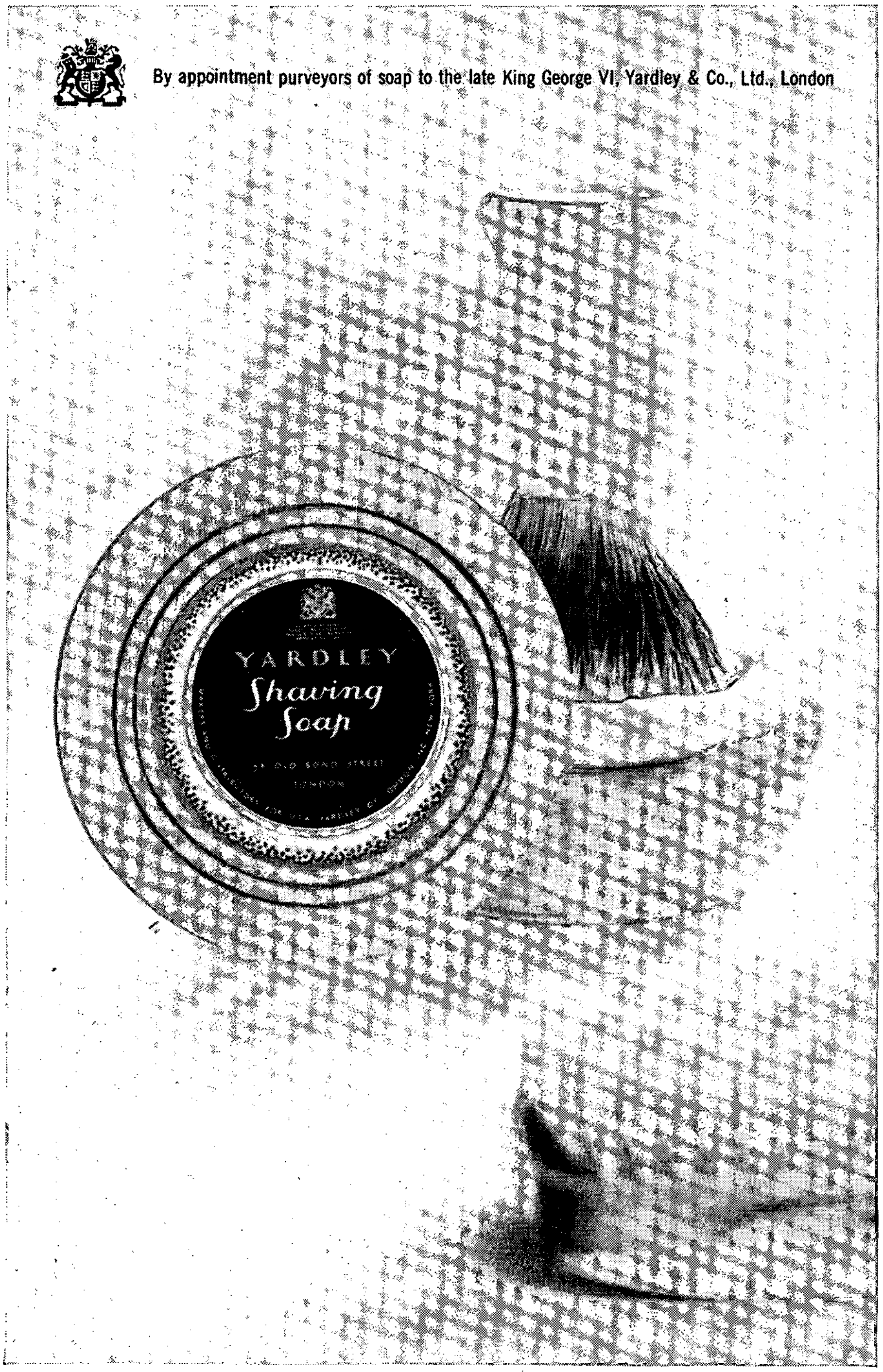
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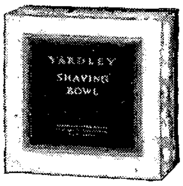

simply because he didn't like television), and it takes quite a spasm of ingenious vulgarity on the authors' part to get everything straightened out in the end. This is the baldest possible synopsis of the plot (a gay divorcée, a rather stuffy business partner, a comic maid, a handyman, and two repairmen are also tangled up in the proceedings), but I think it covers the essentials. Of the jokes, I can only say that any deliberate humorous enterprise that goes on for upward of two hours is almost mathematically bound to stumble on humor from time to time, but that the percentage in this case strikes me as sensationally low.

Miss Carlisle, who is making her first non-musical appearance in this play, is, of course, always an ornament to the stage, and in the straight emotional sequences her charm and presence are enough to carry her through. Light comedy, however, doesn't seem to be precisely her forte, and when she is faced with it, her uncertainty expresses itself in a series of fairly abrupt and meaningless gestures and vocal tricks, including a good deal of mechanical laughter. Mr. Carey, who is also something of a stranger to the drama (his only other assignment on Broadway occurred thirteen years ago, in Mr. Hart's "Lady in the Dark"), has a surer feeling for this kind of thing, but he, too, often appears to be acting against the comic purpose of the lines, such as it is. As for the others, I thought that Mary Lee Dearring and Warren Berlinger, as the two children, succeeded in making precocity much less tedious than it usually is, and that Phyllis Povah, Howard Smith, Jean Carson, Andrew Duggan, and Pauline Myers did well enough with their strictly stereotyped roles. I can't say much about Mr. Hart's direction except that the problems presented by the script must have been formidable indeed, or more of Frederick Fox's set than that it has a bright, clean resemblance to a hundred others I have seen.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

Beverly Hyer and Diane Hill have a chance of being queen of the Maypole. We didn't have time to vote yesterday. We are getting the costumes ready. We are going to invite our mothers and fathers to see the ceremony. We also made flowers for the ceremony. We will try to vote next week for queen. Beverly Hyer and Diane Hill have their fingers crossed.

DIANE HILL, BEVERLY HYER,
Troop scribes

—*"Brownie Scout News" in the North Conway (N.H.) Reporter.*

Their fingers crossed and their pencils at the ready.

THE RACE TRACK

Fit Horses Are Fast Horses

IT is hard to say, in retrospect, just exactly what the Experimental Free Handicap at Jamaica last weekend proved, beyond the fact that horses run better the second time out than they do the first. This is something everybody's known for years, so it really wasn't astonishing that Errard King, who finished third in a warmup race the previous Saturday, won the Experimental from Fisherman, who hadn't been out since last season. Errard King also beat Quick Lunch and eight other three-year-olds, and ran the six furlongs in 1:10⅗, a record for the Experimental. Curiously, however, he was only third choice in the betting (he paid $10.50!), for almost everybody wanted tickets on Duc de Fer—no doubt because Arcaro was riding him—or on Fisherman, who was the favorite. It's easy to explain the excitement over Fisherman. There's always a certain amount of glamour about any Whitney horse, and besides, Fisherman is a showy little fellow. What really sold him, though, was a fast workout early in the week. In all candor, it must be reported that Fisherman had enough bad luck in the Experimental to beat a couple of favorites; he got away slowly and was in close quarters for half a mile while Errard King was running Duc de Fer off his feet. Anyway, considered just as entertainment, the Experimental was a good show. There was a crowd of more than fifty thousand people, and they wagered $600,825 on the race. A peripatetic outside man I know, watching the straight pool, which totalled close to $400,000, remarked wryly, "That's more than they bet the whole meeting at Las Vegas when I was a steward out there last summer."

ALL of this brings us around to speculation as to what's going to happen at Jamaica on Saturday in the Gotham Stakes, which is at a mile and a sixteenth and is going to be the first real test for the three-year-olds hereabouts. Errard King is so obviously a sprinter that it wouldn't surprise me in the least if Fisherman were the favorite again—that is, unless Correlation, who won the Florida Derby, or Palm Tree, who made his first start of the season last Thursday and was not too badly beaten, has an especially good workout between now and post time. But I can't offer any selections. Too bad that Ring King, who's easily top of the heap at Laurel (he won the Chesapeake Stakes in a romp down there last weekend), won't be in either the Gotham or the Wood Memorial at Jamaica a week from Saturday. As a matter of fact, Ring King isn't in the Kentucky Derby, either. Oh, well . . .

I MUST confess that so far I can't say much about any of the three-year-old fillies I've seen under colors. Probably the best of the lot was Incidentally, but she tired noticeably and finished third in the Prioress Stakes—won by Trisong, a 25–1 chance at Jamaica last week. Nor are the two-year-old fillies any great shakes, except, of course, Red Letter Day, who won the first pop out of the gate the other afternoon. A filly named Guppie (she's a half sister to Fisherman, and she looks like him too) also won the same day. She paid—hold on to your hats, boys—a $46.10 mutuel.

Puttering around the barns at Belmont Park one morning recently, I did come across a racer I can cheer about—James Cox Brady's Artismo, a fine, big fellow. Last summer, I thought Artismo was one of the top two-year-olds, and I still think he was. I was pretty disappointed when he finished second to Porterhouse in the Futurity. Shortly after that, he was retired because of knee trouble, and he was kept under treatment last autumn and part of the winter. Apparently he's all right again, thanks to the care and handling of Bobby Dotter, who used to be a first-class race rider and is now one of the better young trainers. It's difficult to give you more than a suggestion of Artismo's quality (to say he's the handsomest son of Goya wouldn't be as high praise as his looks deserve), but I expect you'll be able to judge for yourself before the end of the Belmont meeting. Artismo has a stablemate, Best Years, whom you'll see in the reasonably near future. He's a nice colt, too, and well fancied. But if there was a future book on the Belmont Stakes, I have a notion I'd take a ticket on Artismo.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

WET APRIL SEEN
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—*Pittsburgh Press.*

Some seer at work, probably.

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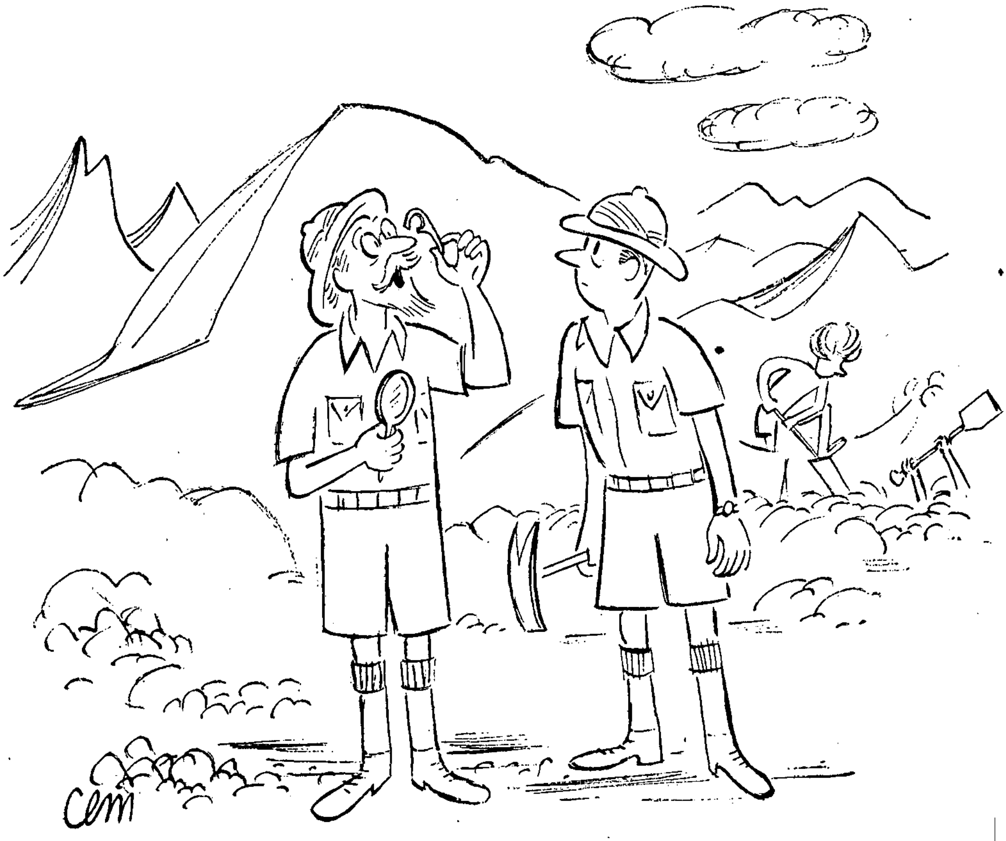
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

APRIL 8

INDO-CHINA has become the most pressing of all problems here, exceeding in urgency even the question of what to do with our rapidly multiplying megatons. As the President pointed out in his clarifying remarks a few evenings ago, Malenkov and his colleagues appear to be human at least to the extent of not relishing the idea of being personally vaporized; in Washington—as in London, and perhaps even in Moscow—it is felt that a global anti-vaporization policy has to be worked out, but, rightly or wrongly, it is also felt here that time is not absolutely of the essence. Indeed, there is something to be said in favor of a leisurely, reflective approach to the thermonuclear problem. It is hard to find anyone who advocates such an approach to Indo-China. The bomb deepens the world's quandary but does not confront it with a steadily deepening crisis, as Indo-China does. There are varying estimates of how much time we can afford to spend in deciding what we are and are not prepared to do there, but agreement is general that by April 26th, when the Geneva conference opens, Mr. Dulles must be armed not only with a policy but with a mandate.

No doubt exists as to what sort of mandate Mr. Dulles thinks he ought to be given. He plainly believes that we should not flinch at doing anything that is needed to prevent a Communist victory in the Associated States; if increased American support fails to better the French and Vietnamese position, or if it betters it but still does not overcome the French desire to withdraw, then we ought to commit our own forces to the conflict. He would favor doing this even if we have to do it alone—even, that is, if he fails, as he almost surely will, in his current effort to persuade European and Asiatic powers to join us in "united action." And although he has recently given the impression in his speeches, press conferences, and Congressional testimony that American intervention, if it comes, will be a response to further Chinese intervention, it is patent that in his mind it is not the action or inaction of the Chinese Communists that really matters but the success of Communist armies of any national or ethnic composition. In making these public statements, he has been trying to restrain the Chinese from giving further aid to the rebel forces by causing them to associate his earlier words about "massive retaliation" with their policy in Indo-China. It all makes an interesting essay in diplomacy, and it may prove to be an instructive test of the theory that aggressive powers respect firmness. The statements, though, are to be read not as an expression of the true substance of American policy but as the expression of Mr. Dulles's hope that he can frighten the Peking government into abandoning its Vietminh allies, or at least giving them no more assistance than they are being given now. (It is said in the State Department that whatever hope Mr. Dulles has for the success of this attempt at intimidation rests largely upon a recent speech by Chen Yun, a Peking bureaucrat, who suggested that China's government might soon find itself faced with a choice between cutting off its aid to General Ho's armies and precipitating a bigger war, and that the first alternative might be more desirable than the second.) But Mr. Dulles's intense concern with Indo-China would not, it seems, be conspicuously lessened if Peking did heed his warnings and refrain from stepping up its aid to the Vietminh, for the French are manifestly unable—and now apparently unwilling, as well—to deal decisively with the strictly native Communist forces; it is not the threat of Chinese intervention that makes the French eager for an early settlement but their profound distaste for continuing a stalemated war in Oriental swamps and jungles. Regardless of where the opposing troops happen to hail from, the French would like to bring the whole disagreeable business to an end.

Mr. Dulles, in common with almost everyone else who has given serious thought to the matter, believes that no compromise settlement is even theoretically possible in Indo-China. The facts of geography and politics are all against it. The war has been a strategist's nightmare, in which each side surrounds the other and the battle lines are everywhere and nowhere; no hope exists for establishing even the most nebulous line of demarcation. This being so, a settlement that allowed the Communists anything would result in their eventually getting everything, and this, in Mr. Dulles's opinion, would be a calamity of the very first order—a disaster greater than the Communist conquest of all Korea would have been—and the commitment of American ground forces and the sacrifice of American lives to prevent it would be fully justified. Realizing that public opinion has not up to now shared this view of the matter—in fact, the view



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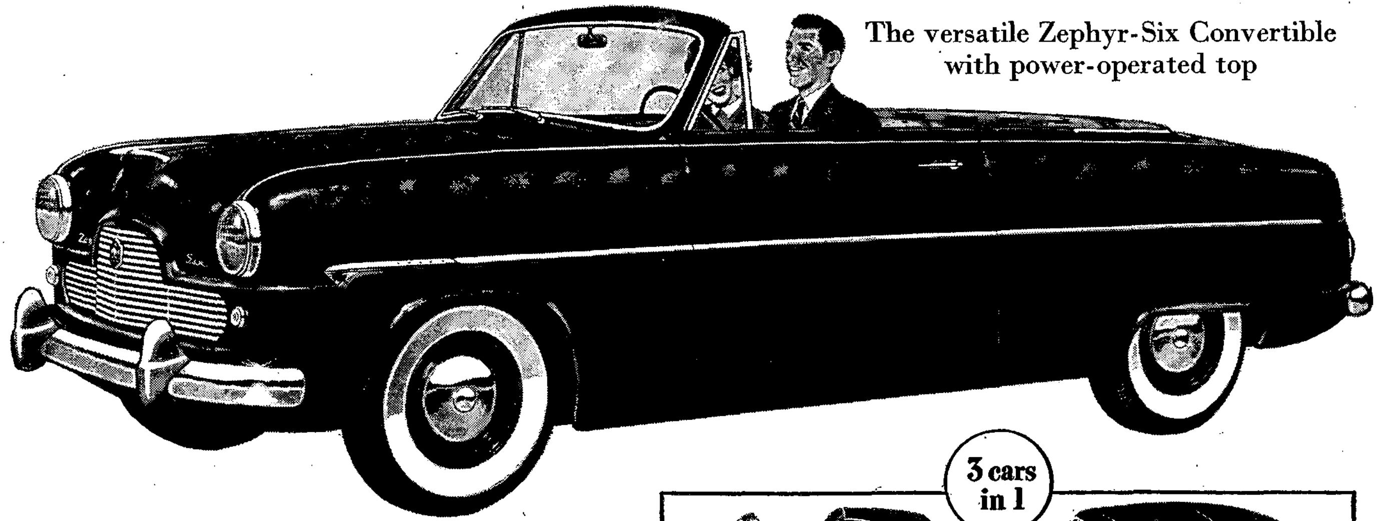

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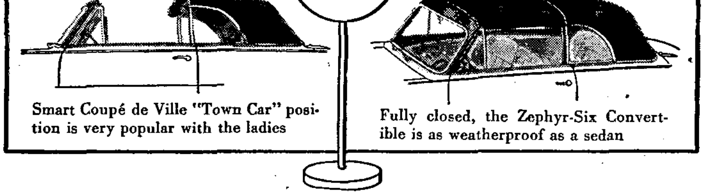

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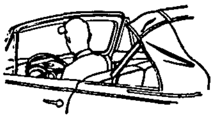

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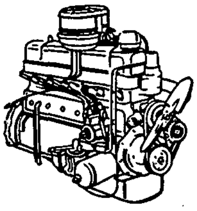

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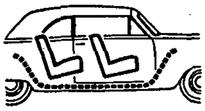

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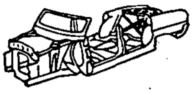

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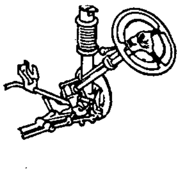

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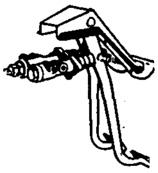

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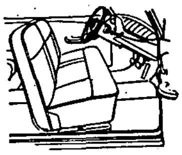

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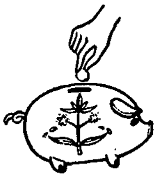

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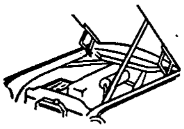

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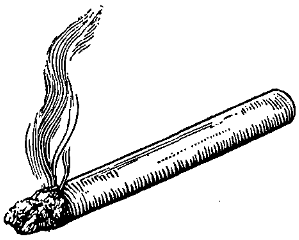

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seems to be of fairly recent origin in Mr. Dulles's own mind, and is certainly so in the mind of the President, who as late as February 10th told a news conference that he could scarcely imagine a tragedy greater than American intervention—the Secretary in the past couple of weeks has been conducting what must undoubtedly be one of the boldest campaigns of political suasion ever undertaken by an American statesman. Congressmen, political leaders of all shadings of opinion, newspapermen, and radio and television personalities have been rounded up in droves and escorted to lectures and briefings on what the State Department regards as the American stake in Indo-China. The sombre word-portraits of the diplomats show Communist influence radiating in a semicircle from Indo-China to Burma, Malaya, and Thailand, and then across the South China Sea to the islands of Indonesia. They show Soviet Russia and Communist China economically and militarily strengthened by the strategic raw materials available to them in that region, and the United States and other anti-Communist powers correspondingly weakened by the loss of those materials. They show Nehru's India impressed more deeply than ever by Communist power and no longer offering any sort of resistance to Communist infiltration, and they concurrently show Pakistan, the Philippine Republic, South Korea, Formosa, and Japan disheartened and discouraged by an American failure to succor a threatened Asiatic people. Even Australia, Mr. Dulles's lieutenants argue, would find its security threatened by a Vietminh victory. Hearing this analysis, one gets the impression that they have grave doubts whether the United States could survive the establishment of Communist power in Indo-China.

How successful Mr. Dulles has been in conveying his own alarm to others here was made plain in the discussion of Indo-China on the floor of the Senate two days ago. Of the several men who spoke, only Senator Dirksen, of Illinois, took an unequivocal stand against American intervention. The majority leader, Senator Knowland, of California, supported Mr. Dulles but urged that we should employ our own troops in Indo-China only after we have received assurances from the nations we are now consulting that their troops will march with ours—rather an odd stand for Senator Knowland to be taking, since he formerly held, along with General MacArthur, that allies are more trouble than they're worth. Sena-

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tor Kennedy, of Massachusetts, thought that the only way to win the war, even with American participation, would be by forcing the French to grant complete freedom and sovereignty to Laos, Cambodia, and Vietnam. But no one who took the floor, except Senator Dirksen, disputed the Secretary of State's appraisals. The debate revealed that an extraordinary shift of opinion has occurred in the last few weeks; a month or so ago, no member of the Senate would have even entered into a discussion of Indo-China without asserting his unalterable opposition to direct American involvement. In spite of the trend in Mr. Dulles's favor, however, it is still far from certain that he will get the clear mandate that he wants and will need if he is to persuade the French to reject any proposals for negotiation that may be made at Geneva. (It has yet to be established, of course, that the Chinese or Russians will bring any settlement plans to the conference. Past performance suggests that they may have nothing to offer except a demand for outright surrender or something tantamount to it. Still, the only safe assumption, the administration feels, is that they will be shrewd enough to advance some proposal that would not—in appearance, at least—entail a complete loss of face for the French.) For one thing, only a small minority of congressmen has thus far taken part in the discussion of American policy, and that minority, naturally, was heavily weighted by those who have the clearest sense of urgency. For another, there has been as yet no true sounding of the views of the public. It will take another week or ten days at the minimum for the first waves of public reaction to break on Washington.

Unless some sharp change of feeling has taken place unnoticed in the country at large, the public reaction will be a long way from enthusiastic. The

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Korean war was the most unpopular war we have ever fought. Its purpose was understood by fewer people than that of any other war in our history, and not all those who did understand it approved of it. There was almost universal relief and thanksgiving when it ended, even though it ended short of what is normally accounted to be military victory. And despite the cogency of Mr. Dulles's pleadings for support, intervention in Indo-China would be harder to justify to the people as a whole than the intervention in Korea was. Korea was a republic—or at least a state that presumably had aspirations to become a republic—which the United States and the United Nations had helped to establish. It had been garrisoned with American troops, who clearly had a direct concern in its survival and independence. Its proximity to Japan gave a certain graphic plausibility to its importance in American strategy. Nothing of this sort can be said about Indo-China. It is much farther than Korea from the American mainland and from all areas of American responsibility. The appeal of independence does not exist there, since Indo-China is not in fact independent; although its civil affairs were belatedly put into the hands of native retainers of the French, it remains to all intents and purposes a colony, and therefore a responsibility, of France, which appears determined to shed the responsibility but is nevertheless unwilling to free the colony. These and other objections are certain to be raised as the debate continues, and they will be echoed in Washington. No matter how astutely Mr. Dulles and his staff go about the job of seeking support for their view, they will find it difficult, and probably increasingly difficult, to win the kind of support they are going to need.

So far, to be sure, no one has challenged Mr. Dulles's appraisal of the consequences of a Vietminh victory in Southeast Asia, and no one—even among those congressmen who will certainly resist our going to war there—has suggested that the situation is any less serious than he says it is. There are, however, a few people who believe that Mr. Dulles's remedy would not be quite as effective as he seems to think. They contend that although the Secretary is perfectly correct in saying that a Communist victory in the Associated States would enhance Communist prestige throughout Asia, he is mistaken in his implied, if not stated, conviction that a defeat of the Vietminh at the hands of a coalition dominated by West-

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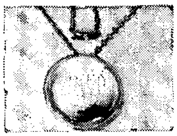

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ern powers would greatly weaken Communism or reinforce anti-Communism. In most of Asia, they point out, the Vietminh already have public opinion and a good share of official opinion on their side. Sympathy for the rebels would only be increased and intensified if American troops took the field against them; indeed, this move might actually reinforce them militarily by causing some fence sitters in Indo-China itself to jump off the fence onto the Communist side. And even if we should achieve a decisive military defeat of the Vietminh—an achievement, incidentally, that may very well be outside our present powers—they would be honored for what most of their fellow-Asiatics would persist in regarding as a heroic struggle against colonialism. While American intervention would contribute nothing toward the destruction of Communist influence in Asia, these people feel, it would contribute handsomely toward the destruction of American influence. American influence in Asia is thought by many to be so low at present that at the next decline it will drop out of sight altogether.

Moreover, in this view of the problem, so different from Mr. Dulles's, the most compelling argument against intervention is its probable effect on our European strategy. Nothing we could do, it is held, would contribute more to the destruction of our plans and hopes for European unity than prodding the French into staying on in a hopeless cause. According to this line of reasoning, the reluctance of the French to bring the European Defense Community into being is a consequence of French weakness, and French weakness is a consequence of the war in Indo-China. Freed of the burdens of that war, France would also be freed of its besetting fear of German power, which would appear less menacing to a French Army that was no longer called upon to consign the cream of its officer corps to certain death in Indo-China. (In France itself there are some advocates of European unity who think the Communists will want to avoid negotiation at Geneva simply because they regard the war as an excellent device for stalling E.D.C. Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, the highly respected French publicist, recently appealed to Americans, on Edward R. Murrow's television program, to promote E.D.C. by urging the Quai d'Orsay to speed its plans for withdrawal from Indo-China.) It is also held that peace in Indo-China would end the present paralysis in French political life by de-

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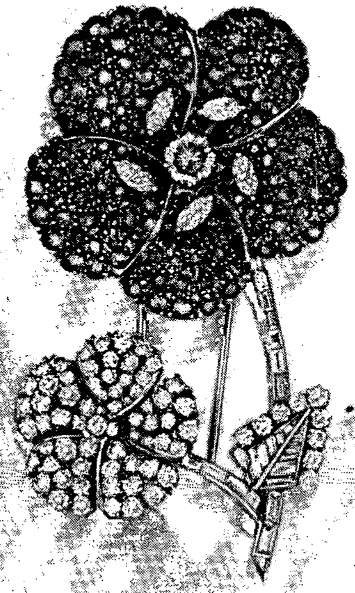
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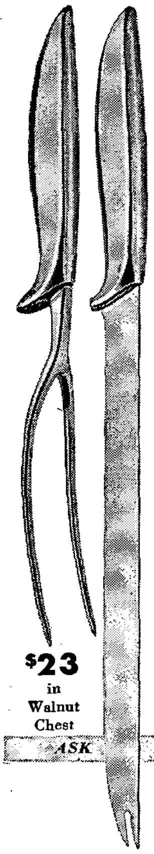
priving both the Communists and the Gaullists of the issue they have had the most success in exploiting. As Pierre Mendès-France, the Radical Socialist deputy from the Eure, wrote the other day, "The continuation of the Indo-China war, with the human and material sacrifices it entails, does much less to bar the road to Communism in Asia than to open it in France." Those people here who think that M. Mendès-France is speaking what is essentially the truth point out that even if his view is wrong, it is so prevalent among the French that either he or someone who thinks as he does is likely to become Premier at an early date, and then the war would be called off whether or not the United States was engaged in it; that is to say, we might find ourselves fighting in the defense of a French colony without even the French as allies.

Mr. Dulles, who is an experienced diplomat and is served by an able staff of advisers, has unquestionably considered the case against intervention and found it less impressive than the case in its favor. He has not made any detailed public refutation of the arguments advanced by those who oppose intervention on other than purely isolationist grounds, but he must surely have refuted them to his private satisfaction. In the last week or so, it has frequently been remarked here that Mr. Dulles's and the President's conviction of the need for action must be even deeper than their public statements would indicate, for in risking American involvement in another Asiatic war they may be depriving the administration they head of its greatest single political asset—the fact that under its leadership an armistice was negotiated in Korea. In every Congressional district in the country, Republican aspirants have been looking forward to the opportunity of taunting their Democratic opponents with the accusation that a Democratic administration led us into war in Asia and with the boast that a Republican administration led us out. With the Eighty-third Congress drawing to an undistinguished close, there are not many other boasts a candidate can make. But if November finds American troops engaged in combat in such remote and uncongenial places as Caobang, Fansipan, and Baolac, the political going will not be any too easy for Republicans. Beyond that, another war would end whatever frail hopes remain of keeping expenditures below the level set up by the Truman administration, of balancing the federal budget, and of reducing the national debt. Consequently, it is felt here



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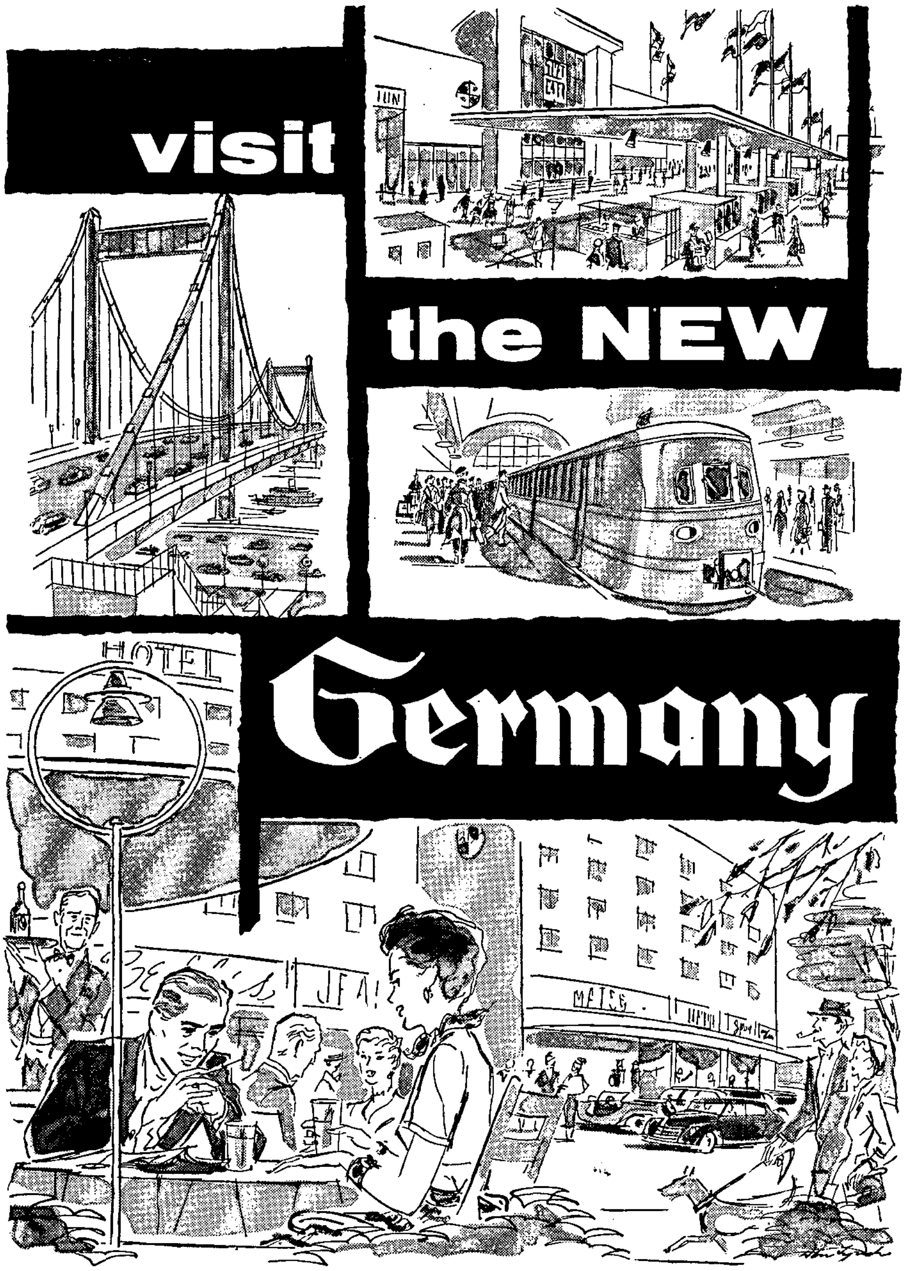
that whether or not the course Mr. Dulles is advocating, with full support from the President, is the course of the highest wisdom, it is one that reveals disinterestedness, a high sense of responsibility, and a good measure of political courage.

ONE clear accomplishment of the debates on Indo-China and the hydrogen bomb has been to put an end to the debate on the so-called "new look" in military strategy. As one elucidation of policy has followed another since Secretary Dulles sprang the phrase "massive retaliation" on January 12th, it has become increasingly evident that what we have is merely a new verbal packaging of the strategy we have followed over the last seven or eight years. The Eisenhower administration may not find it possible to save the situation in Indo-China, but its reaction to that situation is very much of a piece with the Truman administration's reaction to Korea. Yesterday, in a speech before a Republican women's gathering here, Secretary Dulles explained that all he had meant by "massive retaliation" was "retaliation in kind." He also said we would never use thermonuclear weapons until they had been used against us. He did not explain why, if the policy is to be tit for tat, it was necessary to suggest that it would invariably be "massive," a term that the world took to mean atomic. The answer seems to be that it was not necessary at all but that the psychological-warfare commanders thought it was a pretty good idea. In any case, if we are merely to retaliate in kind, then we are merely following precedents established long before the Truman administration. And, as Dean Acheson pointed out in a magazine article a while back, if "re-



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taliation"—massive or feeble or simply in kind—is our policy, then it is a contradiction in terms to say that our policy gives us the "initiative;" retaliation is not initiative but a response to someone else's initiative. About all that seems to be left of the "new look" now is a budget that strengthens the Air Force at the expense of the ground forces. But if the worst happens in Indo-China, where atomic bombs would be as useless as crossbows, the ground forces will have to be restored to their former strength—and then some.—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

WHAT MAGAZINE OF THE HOME D'YA READ?

They tell the story that when he was at the height of his fame, Paderewski was asked by one of New York's social great to play for the assembled guests after a dinner she was planning. The pianist agreed and she asked what his fee would be. "Fifteen hundred dollars," he responded. The great lady frowned, said, "That will be quite satisfactory. Incidentally, may I request that you not mingle with my guests?" Paderewski smiled. "But certainly, madame. And in that case I shall charge you only a thousand!"—*Mary Alkus in the Ladies' Home Journal.*

Kreisler played like an angel, amused that I, of all people, had met his price. His contempt for snobs is equaled only by mine. An American woman, whose undistinguished French title was traceable in a direct line to her father's money, once invited Kreisler to a party and added casually, "Of course, you'll bring your violin."

"In that case, my fee will be 50,000 francs," Kreisler replied.

"In that case, I'll have to ask you not to mingle with my guests," the woman said.

Kreisler bowed. "In that case, my fee will be only 10,000 francs."—*Elsa Maxwell in the Woman's Home Companion.*

•

On Sept. 29, 1513, a tall, handsome man with reddish blond hair and beard waded into the waters of the Pacific Ocean on the coast of Panama. He wore a plumed helmet and a cuirass and carried a standard of the Virgin in his right hand and a naked sword in his left. Vasco Núñez de Balboa, discoverer of the Pacific, was adding that ocean and all lands contiguous thereto to the realms of the Spanish crown. He shouted: "Long live the most high and mighty Sovereigns, Don Fernando and Dona Juana, Kings of Castile and of Leon and of Aragon, et cetera, in whose name and for the royal Crown of Castile I take and assume royal possession corporal and present of these austral seas and lands and coasts and islands with everything annexed to them or which might pertain to them in whatever manner or by whatever reason or title might or could exist, ancient or modern, in times past, present or to come, without gainsay whatever!"—*Orville Prescott in the Times.*

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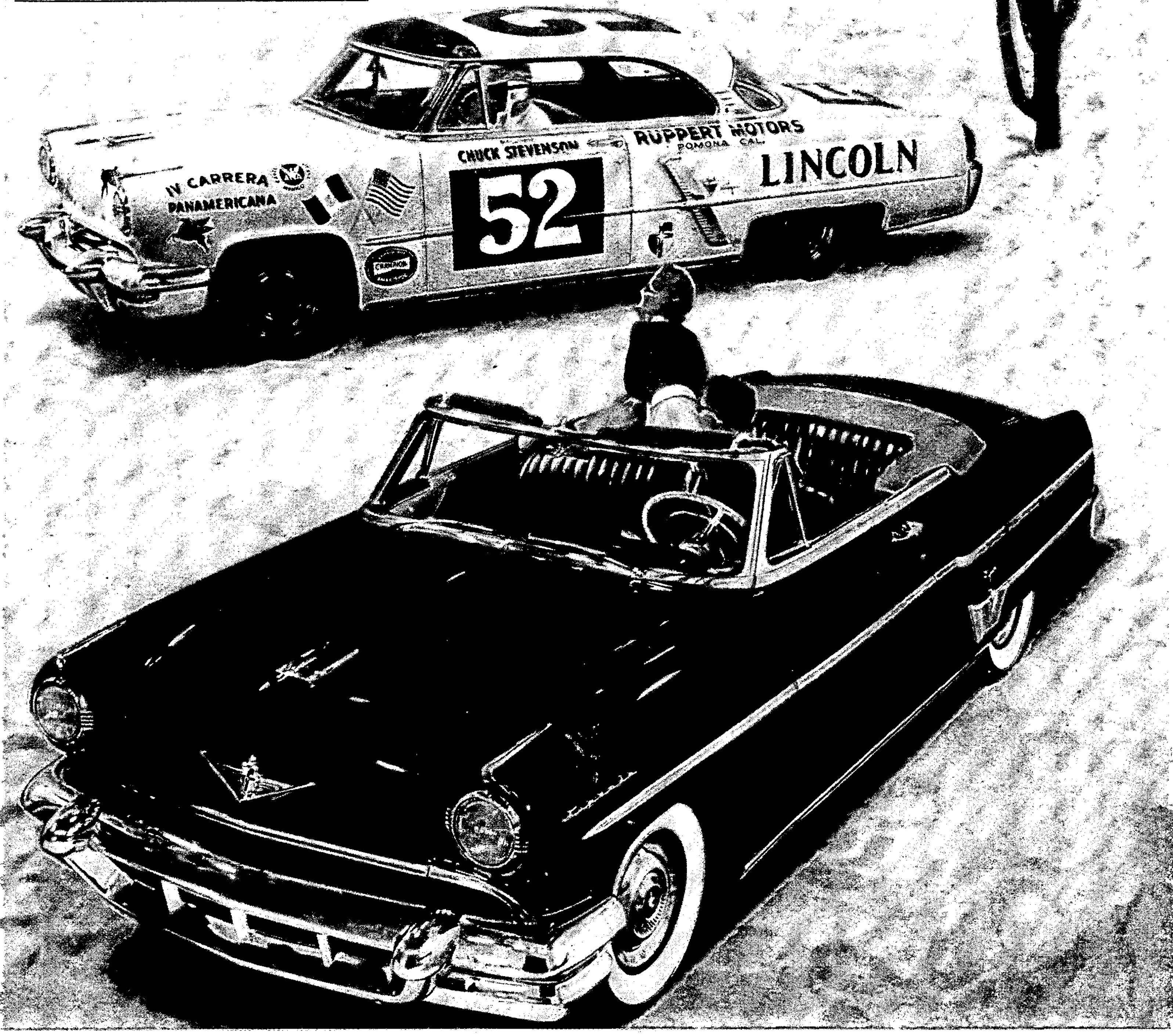

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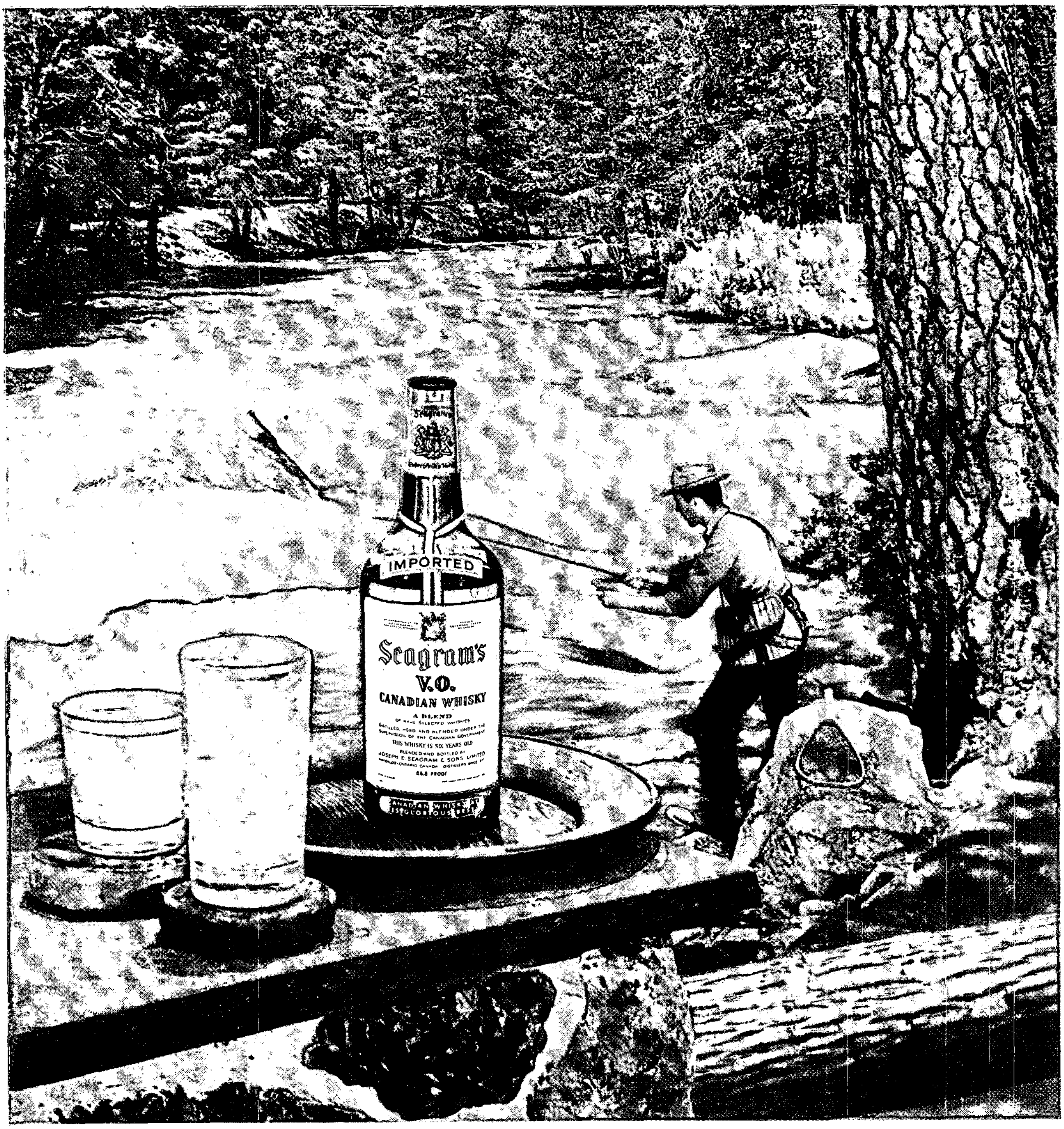
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THE SAFECRACKERS

THERE are some people who manage to get along in the world simply by leaving everyone they deal with totally confounded. Mr. Fletcher was one of these. In 1946, he was ship's agent on a United States Army transport engaged in carrying troops to scattered military installations in the Pacific. His job and mine—I had the misfortune to be one of his assistants—were under Civil Service, and the duties of our office were similar, in many respects, to those of the purser on a commercial vessel.

Our ship was top-heavy. It rolled with the slightest wave. One blowy day in November, during a voyage from San Francisco to Japan, the ship was behaving characteristically, and Mr. Fletcher, who had been stepping gingerly about our office all afternoon like a queasy chicken, suddenly asked me to go aft and fetch the boatswain to lash the office safe to the bulkhead. "It's getting rougher," Mr. Fletcher said. "Those bolts that hold the safe to the deck are working loose."

As I started out, he told O'Shea, the other assistant agent, to go with me. Both O'Shea and I had plenty of work to do, but we were glad to get out of the office and away from Mr. Fletcher for a while. Nothing constructive was ever accomplished while Mr. Fletcher was nearby. He contrived to know when you had worked your way almost to the end of a long column of figures; that was the moment he would pick to burst into the office shouting some inconsequential news. He never seemed to tell one of his long, dull stories unless O'Shea and I were snowed under with work. Whenever we had devised a system for getting some task done efficiently, we could always count on Mr. Fletcher to insist that it be done some other way. So now we decided to send the boatswain to the office, and then stop off in the dining room for a cup of coffee. We calculated that by the time we had dawdled there a few minutes, Mr. Fletcher would have left the office. There were a lot of nurses and officers' wives aboard, and Mr. Fletcher felt it his duty to look after the comfort and entertainment of the prettier ones. We knew he was planning to have a cocktail party later that day, and we figured he would be off rounding out his guest list.

"He's acting a little strange today," O'Shea said when we had dispatched the boatswain and were sipping our coffee. "Have you noticed?"

"No," I said. "How do you mean?"

"I think he's worried about something," said O'Shea. "Why should he have the boatswain put extra lashings on that safe? Even Fletcher knows that nothing but a torpedo will move it."

"It just makes him feel good to give orders to someone," I said.

"Yes, but why would he send both of us for the boatswain, and pass up a chance to use the squawk box?" O'Shea asked.

The "squawk box" was the boxlike outlet of the ship's intercommunication system, and O'Shea was right. Mr. Fletcher had never failed to use it, shattering the nerves of crew and passengers, when he saw a chance.

We finished our coffee and went back to the office, but instead of finding Mr. Fletcher gone, we found him kneeling in front of the safe. The boatswain had performed his task; the safe was swathed in coils of rope, and looked like something with a hangover. Mr. Fletcher was frowning at a small card he held in his left hand, near the dial, while with his right he turned the safe's lock. Mr. Fletcher, I knew, had long since memorized the combination, and it had not been changed. When he saw O'Shea and me, he nervously put the card in his wallet.

For a while, he didn't say anything, but eventually he told us what the trouble was. He couldn't get the safe open. The lock had been stuck since the previous day, and he had been trying the lock at intervals ever since. Sending for the boatswain, I judged, had been just a device to get us out of the way, so that he could try once more without letting us know there was a crisis brewing. It was likely to be a serious one. Among other things, the safe contained over twenty-five thousand dollars in cash, a number of secret documents belonging to the War Depart-

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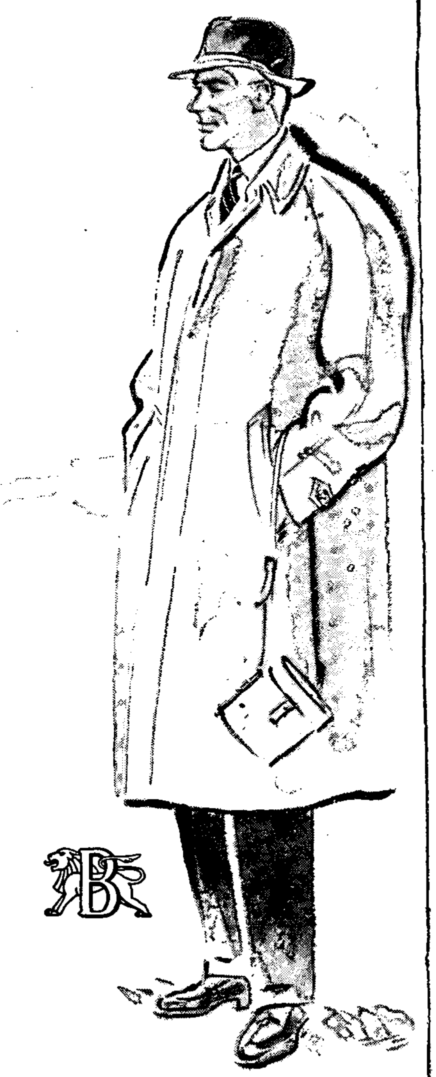

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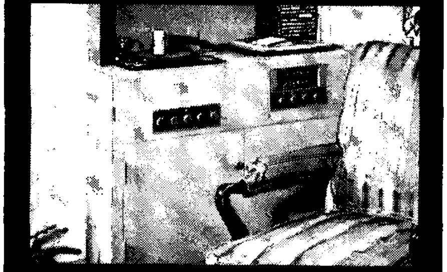

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ment, the ship's manifest, and all the payroll records.

"You try it," Mr. Fletcher said to me. "Here's the combination."

He got out his wallet and offered me the card, but I wouldn't take it. I didn't know the combination and wasn't supposed to. "Go ahead," he urged. "Maybe someone else's touch will do the trick."

I refused again, but he insisted, so I consented to see what I could do. I dialled the numbers slowly and then tried to turn the handle. Nothing happened. O'Shea tried his touch. Still nothing happened. There is a theory held by ships' pursers that safes are like people—that some of them are good sailors and some of them are not. We decided now that the safe was suffering from a sort of seasickness caused by the depraved rolling of the ship.

O'Shea and I were appalled at the mountain of extra work that lay ahead of us if we couldn't get it open. The mere idea of computing the records again was bad enough, but far worse was the thought of all the red tape that would entwine us when we tried to discharge the cargo without a manifest.

Mr. Fletcher sank into a chair and exclaimed miserably, "Of all the luck!"

He sounded so genuinely distressed that I began to feel a sprinkling of sympathy for him. While all the work would undoubtedly fall on O'Shea and me, all the explaining would have to be done by him, and he really couldn't be blamed for a safe that had suddenly and inexplicably taken it upon itself not to open.

"We just *have* to get that thing open!" he said. "All the liquor I've *got* is in there!"

Mr. Fletcher prided himself on being a man of action. Wasting no time lamenting, he went to the intercom and switched on all outlets. "Now hear this! Now hear this!" he said urgently. "Is there a safecracker on the ship? We need a safecracker. This is no joke. The safe in the office is stuck and cannot be opened with the combination. The crew cannot be paid until the safe is opened. If there is a safecracker aboard, we will appreciate having him come to the office to try his hand at opening the safe. Thank you."

O'Shea and I looked at each other in paralyzed confusion, wondering what would happen. We did not have to wonder long. Within seconds, it seemed, the passageway outside the office was jammed with soldiers clamor-

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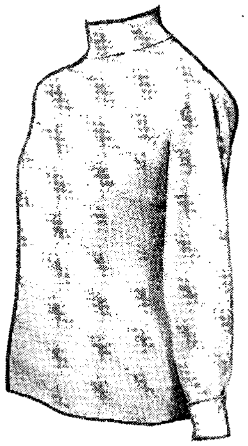

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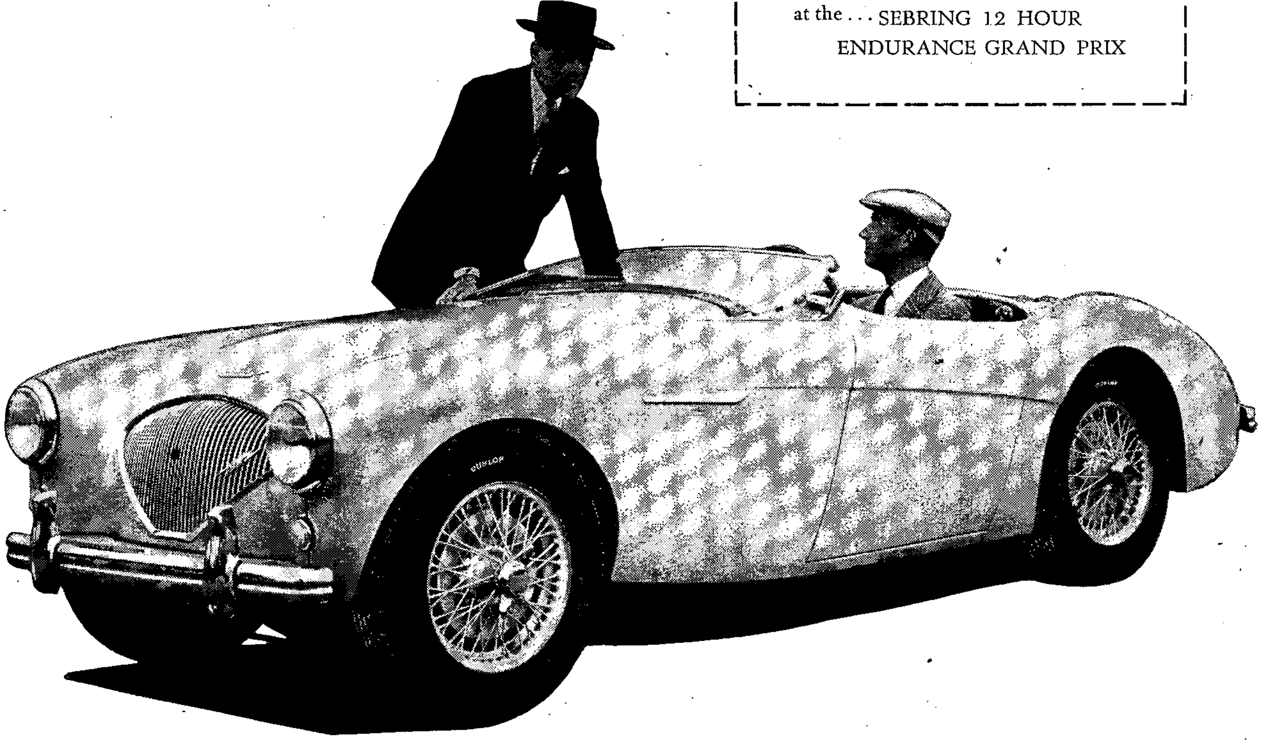

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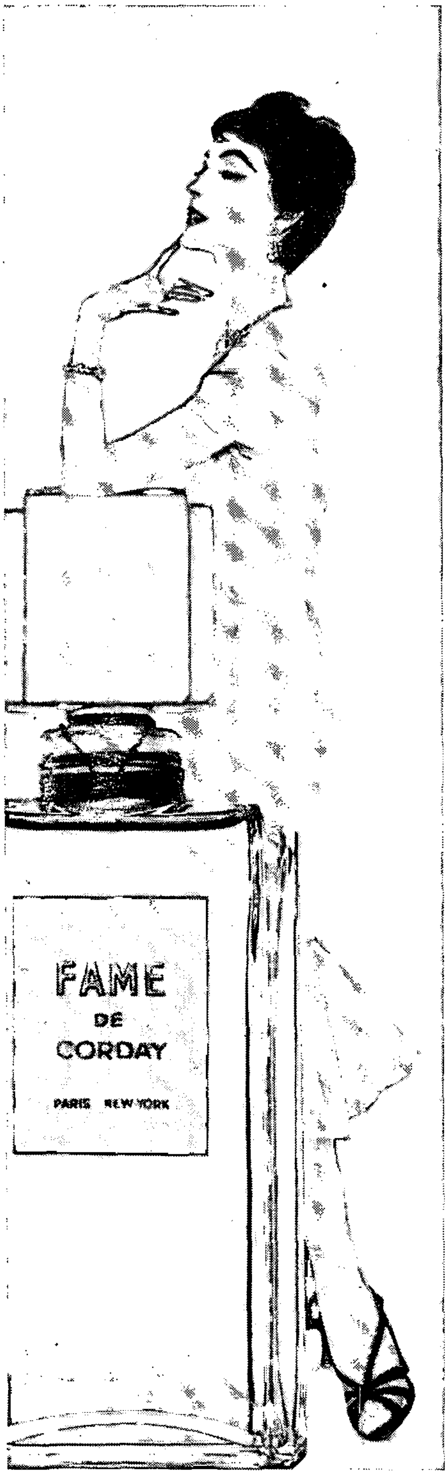

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ing to prove that they could open a safe. The announcement must have broken up every crap game on the ship.

We let in only two at a time. It soon became apparent that very few of them had ever actually tried to open a safe before, with or without a combination. They had seen it done in the movies, though, and in comic books. There was much talk of sandpapering fingertips, and I have no doubt that if we had had any sandpaper handy, most of them would have used it. Some were content to dial the combination and rattle the handle; others seemed persuaded that the combination had "slipped," as they put it, and that if they tried a few numbers on either side of the prescribed ones, they would eventually hit upon the right sequence.

There was only one boy who raised our hopes even slightly. Unlike the others, he had not rushed down of his own accord. His friends had insisted on bringing him. He was hanging back at the end of the line when rumors of his background, passed along by the others, reached us. It was said that he had spent some time in a reform school, where he'd been sent for opening a whole lot of safes, so we sent one of the other soldiers to invite him to come to the office at once. (He told me about his exploit later. The safes were stored in a loft near his home, and he and his friends, having nothing better to occupy their time, decided to try to open them, and actually succeeded.) But the skill that got him into the reform school was of no avail to him now. He, too, dialled the combination several times and then admitted defeat.

About that time, the captain walked in. He was one of the homeliest men I have ever seen, but his lack of beauty was more than compensated for by his great height and immense dignity. "Mr. Fletcher," he said with determined patience, "what is going on down here?"

"Something's happened to the safe, Captain," Mr. Fletcher answered. "We can't get it open."

"What are all these troops doing here?"

"They're trying to help, sir," said Mr. Fletcher.

"The *troops* are trying to open the safe?" said the captain.

"Yes, sir."

The captain gazed closely at Mr. Fletcher, and then turned and looked at the soldiers in the passageway. "How do they plan to do it?" he asked. "By a frontal attack or a siege?"

"We couldn't get it open, so I called

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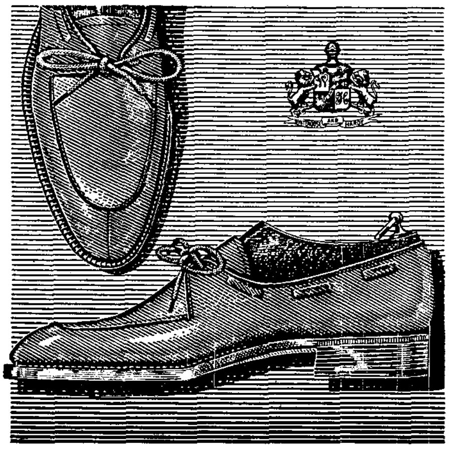

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for a safecracker," Mr. Fletcher said.

"Yes," said the captain. "I *heard* you. Well, I've always known the problem of juvenile delinquency was acute, but I had no idea it had reached the proportions of an epidemic. How many of them have tried to open the safe so far?"

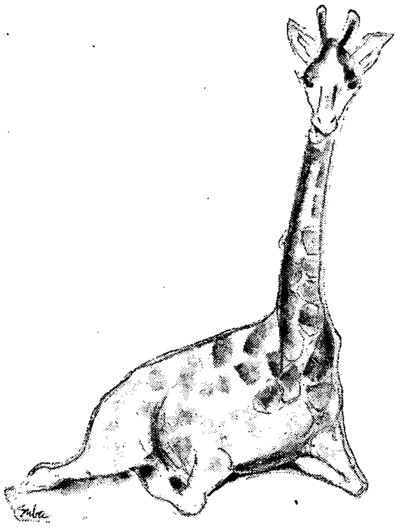
He looked at each of us, and we looked at one another, and presently someone—I think it was O'Shea—guessed that the number was somewhere close to fifty.

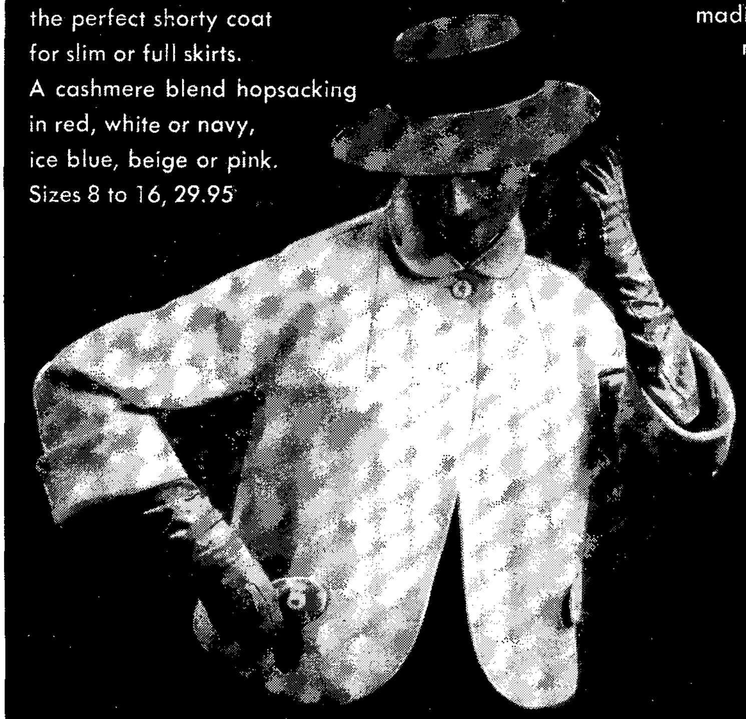
"Have you given the combination to all of them?" asked the captain.

"No, no!" Mr. Fletcher said. "Quite a few of them try to open it *without* the combination."

The captain spent some time expressing his opinion of Mr. Fletcher, while O'Shea and I cleared the office and passageway of a good segment of the United States Army. And then, for about an hour after the captain left, the three of us sat exchanging feeble suggestions for coping with the safe, which was, of course, still impregnable.

ON one side of the office was a cashier's barred window opening on the passageway outside, where the crew lined up to get paid, and there now appeared at this window the head and shoulders of one of the crew. He didn't say anything. He just stood there and looked at us, and we looked back at him. His name was Kelly. He was one of the men who kept the ship's refrigerators in working order. I hardly knew him, because he never came to the office except on payday. I remembered him only because he always presented such a contrast to the other crew members. He looked unhealthy. He wasn't just small; he seemed shrunken, and he had a deeply lined face. He had apparently had red hair once, but the top of his head





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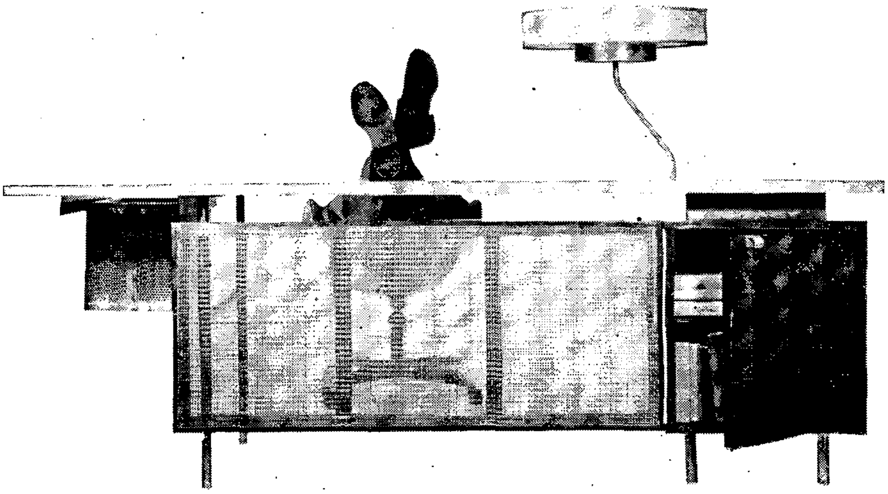

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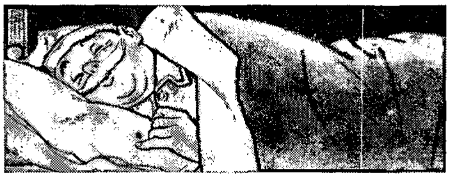

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was now bald and what remained of his hair on the sides of it was a pinkish gray.

For a while, Kelly's eyes darted from one to the other of us, then shifted quickly to the safe and away again. His glance finally came to rest on me, and with a tiny upward jerk of his head he asked, "You got the safe open yet?"

"No, we haven't," I answered. "Can you open it?"

His eyes darted about the office again. "Maybe," he said.

"Would you like to try it?" I asked. "Come on in and see what you can do."

But Kelly didn't come. He turned and looked along the passageway. Then he looked at me again and gave that peculiar little upward jerk of the head. "Tell me something," he said. "Just how important is it to get that safe open?"

We all three started to talk at once, and then O'Shea and I let Mr. Fletcher finish. He assured Kelly that it was very important to get the safe open, and told him to the penny how much cash was in it.

"If you can't find anyone to open it by tonight, let me know," said Kelly. He walked away.

"I'll bet that fellow's a real safecracker," Mr. Fletcher said.

"Maybe," I said. "He could be a locksmith, you know."

"Well, what do you *think* he is?" O'Shea asked me.

"A safecracker," I admitted.

"Then how did he get on the ship?" Mr. Fletcher blurted excitedly. "Can a man get a civil-service job if he has a criminal record? Why, he must have sworn to a false statement!" He looked at the safe. "There's twenty-five thousand dollars in that thing, you know."

"Yes," O'Shea said. "And *he* knows it."

"Look," I said. "Kelly's been on this ship for at least two years. If he'd wanted to get into that safe, he'd have done it long before this. You called for a safecracker, and now you've got a safecracker. Why don't you use him?"

"I didn't expect a *criminal!*" said Mr. Fletcher. "Just a man who—well—"

"A man with a hobby," O'Shea said.

A few more soldiers—movie-trained cracksmen, all—drifted in and out, and Mr. Fletcher, in his desperation, took the risk of letting them try the safe, though he didn't show any of them the combination. Finally, toward evening, he seemed resigned to failure. He murmured something about calling off his cocktail party, and then, suddenly, he leaped from his chair, plainly struck by

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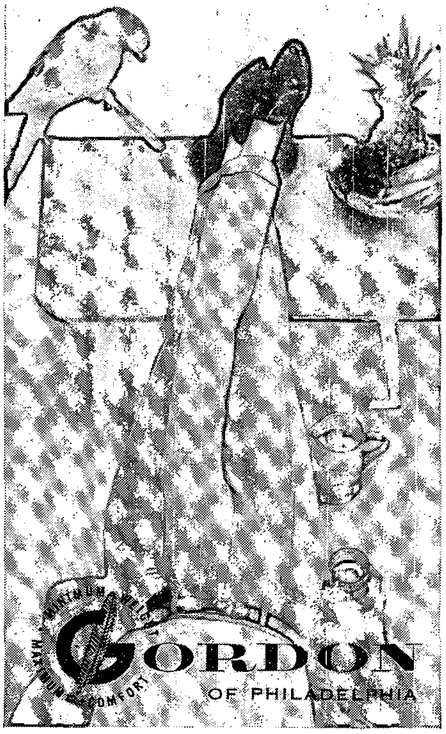

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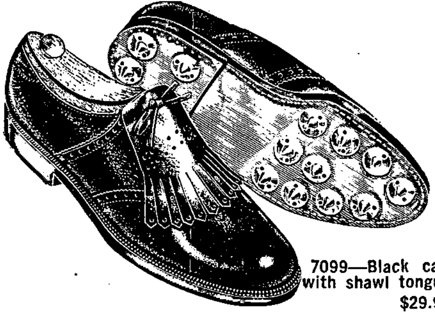

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inspiration. "Let's call Kelly!" he exclaimed, and headed for the squawk box.

"Wait a minute!" I said. "Are you going to call him over that thing?"

"Sure," he said. "Why not?"

"I'd better go talk to him personally," I said. "I have an idea he wants to be inconspicuous."

After a brief search, I found Kelly having a cup of coffee in the crew's mess. He asked me if we'd exhausted all other means of getting the safe open, and I told him what efforts had been made. He listened carefully, and now and then, with only the barest change of expression, made chuckling noises down inside his throat. When he had finished his coffee, he stood up and, with another small jerk of the head, indicated that I was to follow him.

First, we went to his fo'c'sle, where he got a machinist's hammer. Then we made our way to the ship's hospital. Kelly stopped at the door and said to me, "I need a stethoscope. Ask the doc if you can borrow one for a while."

He waited while I went in and found one of the doctors, who, surprisingly, gave me a stethoscope without question.

When we got to the office, Mr. Fletcher greeted Kelly cordially and offered him the card with the combination on it. Kelly shook his head. "I don't want it," he said. He nodded in my direction and said, "Give it to him."

Mr. Fletcher handed me the card, and Kelly said to me, "You help me."

Feeling quite like an apprentice criminal, I went to the safe with Kelly. He put the ear tubes of the stethoscope in his ears, squatted in front of the safe, and put the main tube—the part a doctor puts against your chest—to the door of the safe near the dial. He turned the dial slowly with his free hand and listened. In a moment, he turned to me and said, "O.K., dial the first number of the combination."

I dialled and he listened.

"Dial the next number," he said.

I dialled, and after we had gone through the rest of the combination, he gave a perfunctory try at the handle, saying at the same time, "O.K., let's do it again."

This time, when I came to the second number, Kelly said, "Wiggle the dial."

I wiggled. Kelly frowned.

"Not so much," he said. "O.K., put it right on the number."

"O.K., it's on," I said.

He took the stethoscope away from the safe and hammered on the spot where it had been. Then he put the stethoscope back and wiggled the dial

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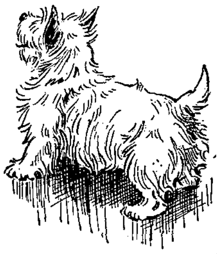

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himself. "O.K.," he said. "Dial the rest of the combination."

I dialled. Kelly turned the handle and pulled. The door opened: I would say the job had taken him about three minutes. He handed the stethoscope to me and said, "That second tumbler was stuck. It wouldn't fall into place." And without another word he walked out of the office.

Nobody even tried to thank him. As he went, a solemn thought struck me, and to judge by O'Shea's reflective face it apparently struck him, too. Glad as we were to have the safe open, its combination was now public domain and we were faced with the highly disturbing prospect of guarding twenty-five thousand dollars in cash, as well as various secret documents, the loss of which could send us all to prison.

For the rest of the trip, O'Shea and I barricaded ourselves in the office during the day, and one or the other of us slept there—after a fashion—at night. Mr. Fletcher didn't object to our taking these and whatever incidental precautions occurred to us, but he didn't volunteer to help or take his turn, either. As a matter of fact, he spent as much of his time as possible in his own quarters, to which he had moved his liquor five minutes after Kelly walked out of the office. I suppose he felt that was about all the guard duty he could take on.

—ROBERT DUNAVON

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Mérida* (*Mexico*) *Diario*]

To serve at the breakfast table an english, sport dish for those tourist who braved a rainy weather last night at open Julio Molina Stadium, to roll out a red carpet for some of those high-ranking players who do not either speak or understand spanish, is the single, exclusive purpose leading this writer to account in a Big Show tongue for Cuba's debut at Yucatan ball park.

Therefore, it is only fair to stress the big-leaguers left in our fans the tasty flavour of a rich, baseball delicatessen. Time in and time out during the six stanzas of a watery game our visitors lived up to the aureola sports writers lit up upon their caps. Noble, the husky backstopper who achieved top honours at the home-run derby in the cuban champion; Klein, a blue ribbon performer; Jorgensen, a spider that grabs everything around its cobweb; Usher, Beard, they all proved, as chances showed up, their class and skill, their sportsmanship, their firm, steady determination not to let down Yucatan fans.

For the cuban players, an equal praise. Fire-ball Jiquí Moreno enacted throughout the game the gentleman of the mound who throws his very soul in every pitch to lead his eight cavaliers to victory. Deep, amazingly deep in the right corner Oscar

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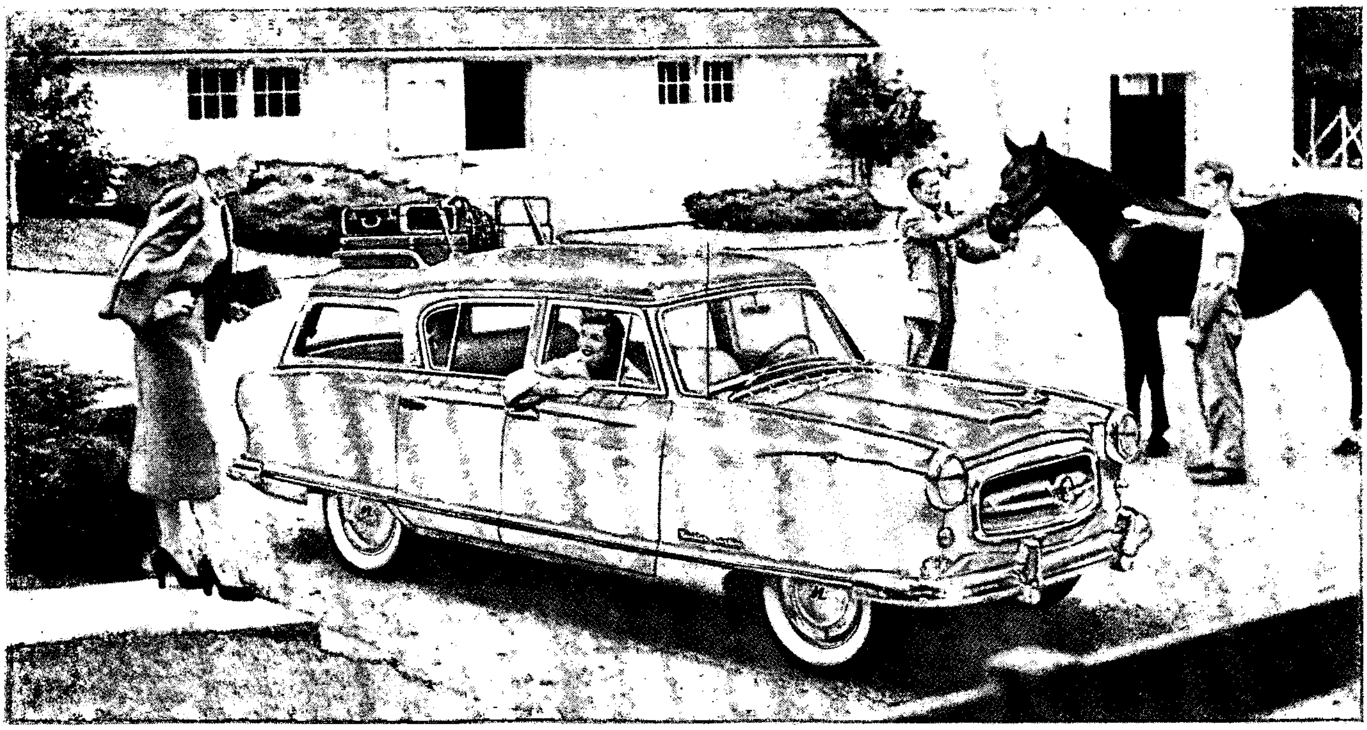

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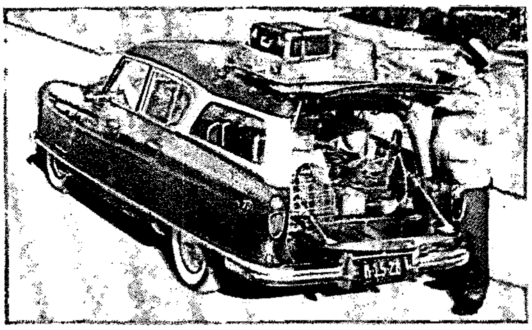

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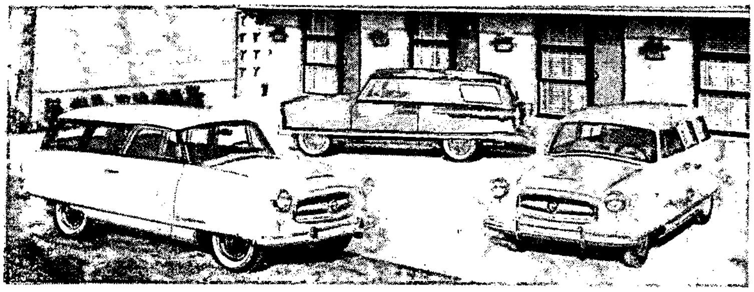

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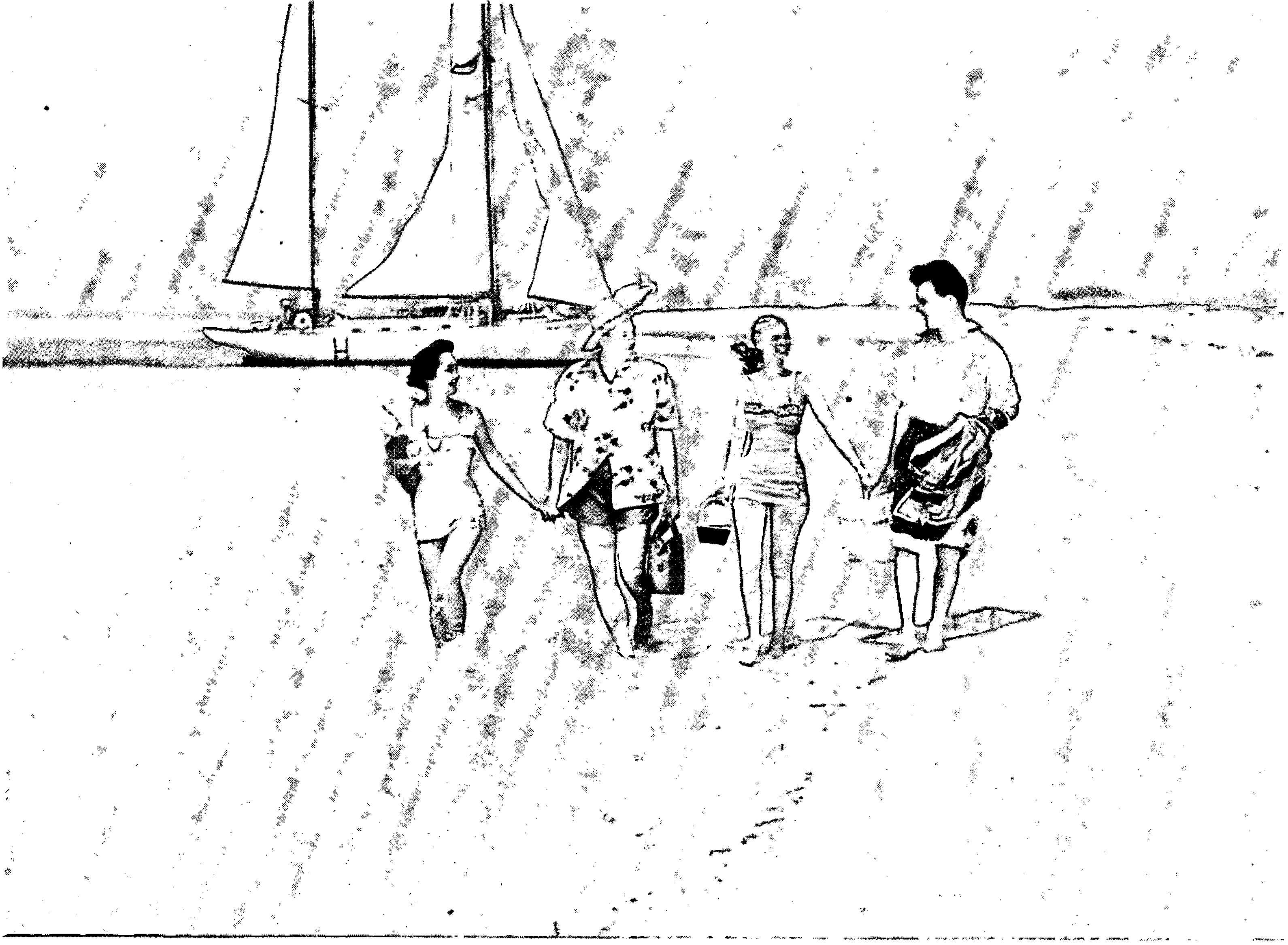

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Sierra came through with a miraculous catch that had the crowd clapping for quite a while. What a fine manager Reggie Otero is, even though his club still lacks—we are bound to remind you, reader, that they are players hastily assembled from Marianao, Cienfuegos and Havana—a team-work they will surely display in the ensuing games.

An unexpected, soft drive whacked by Montañez's weapon had—no doubt about it—a vital rôle in that 2–2 deadlock at the bottom of the sixth when the chipi-chipi (local slang for a drizzle) gave a turn for the worst and poured down itself in a real shower fashion.

That heart-breaking rain truly washed out the fiesta. We all were so keen on having the game reasumed! But, let us be fair, the halting command holds wisdom by all means, in spite of the good wishes from a juicy bunch of the crowd who doggedly claimed for a play-ball! Wet, soaked to the bones our fans rushed for the gates. However, a great, local flavour went along with them on their way home—it was a "yucateco," Hervé Montañez, he who brought about the impasse.

Truth to speak, we did not get our money worth on baseball merchandise last night. The 6–1, Cuba triumph over a colorless Mérida did fail to feed a 12,000, Julio Molina crowd longing for a hot game.

In the presence of a pitiable performance by Liga Peninsular best men, an acid sadness spoiled debut's canned sweet. Out there, under a decked sky, our professional champions were no stars, but a bunch of juniors from a High-School loop.

Bitterness mount when considering they had a de-luxe hurler on the mound, a René Peluca Gutiérrez in a glorious night. Silenced by the great pitcher's blazing balls, big-leaguers and big guns went down almost unwept, unnoticed and unsung. There was a stanza in which the young, lanky and promising fireballer had a towering Noble and a dreadful Klein fruitlessly fanning while two runners aged on board.

It was Peluca's showing the lonely thrill of the event. When manager Fortes yielded to some devil's advise and yanked him out in the eight on behalf of cuban veteran Oliverio Ortiz, the game started downhill and Mérida toppled, because Gutiérrez alone, with a hand from Mr. Nobody, was the single character upholding our champion's prestige. His was a real-life drama—a drama of one pitcher stranded in the middle of a ball park.

Without a thinking engineer, without team-work, breathing in a sandlot atmosphere, Mérida players managed to avert an impending whitewashing just when the crowd was about to kneel down and humbly ask for a miracle. God proved Himself merciful in the seventh, Sugar King's Daniel Moreión lashed out a three-bagger and Alá did the trick with an infield hit that will have a place in the record book just to mention a soap wiping out one blemish more.

No foe to conquer, no battle to fight. The fast-tiring big-leaguers did not have to sweat it out, did not have to go through any hardship after Peluca's departure to ice the game by raising to a comfortable six to one the two to nothing lead they were boasting some time around the sixth.

—S. de L.

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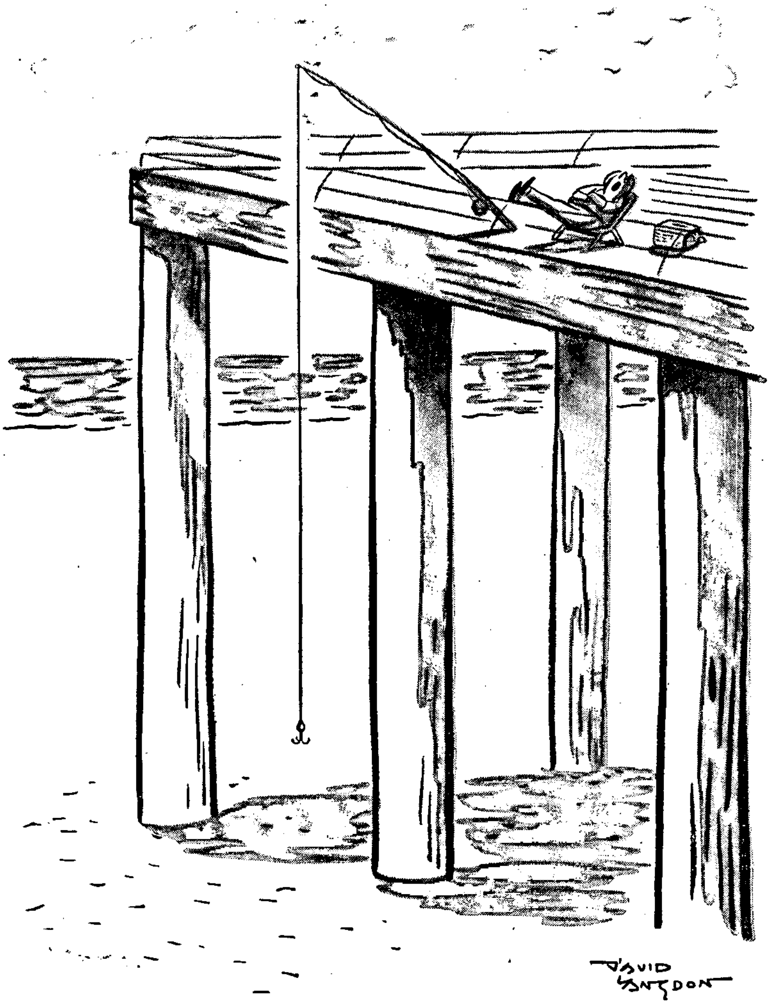
A REPORTER AT LARGE

EVERY PLACE, THEY TEAR THE HOUSE DOWN

THE neighborhood that centers on Ninth Avenue between Thirtieth Street and Forty-second, a part of what was Hell's Kitchen in more picturesque times, has become an anachronism and is being systematically annihilated. It consists largely of squalid five-story cold-water walkup tenement buildings that provided their tenants with a minimum of comfort even when they were put up fifty to seventy-five years ago, and have been allowed to remain in a perilous state of disrepair for so long that they now also provide their landlords with a minimum of rent. As might be expected in such a neighborhood, the population has a high proportion of elderly people, many of them foreign-born, who have lived there—or in similar surroundings—ever since they came to New York and would feel out of place in any other environment. Their children have tended to migrate to more antiseptic localities, where they can find the central heating and the dining alcoves that they have learned to admire. Into whatever space has been left by this dispersal has poured New York's most recent big immigrant group, the Puerto Ricans. Young or middle-aged, for the most part, they have crammed into the neighborhood to the full extent of its capacity to house them, and even, in the case of many of its buildings, to a much fuller one. But despite the neighborhood's poverty and dilapidation—or maybe because of them—it is one of the few left in Manhattan where the city's eternal congestion, untidiness, and noise still have a colorful side. Ninth Avenue is considerably more stimulating than the efficient, tense, briefcase-infested avenues to the east. On practically every block, two or three fruit-and-vegetable markets display their goods on the sidewalk, and the urban eye, weary of two-dimensional vistas of coruscating glass and sooty brick or limestone, brightens at the undisciplined shapes and innocent colors of avocados, tomatoes, grapefruit, artichokes, and heads of lettuce. A southbound one-way express thoroughfare, Ninth Avenue is heavily travelled by diesel trucks and buses, which make it neither quiet nor fragrant, but there are compensating sounds and smells—the liquid tones of an Italian housewife denouncing her butcher, for example, and the rich, warm, mouth-watering current of air from an open bakery door. Perhaps because of the inadequacy of their homes, the residents of the neighborhood let their domestic lives spill into the street. Dress is much less cautious on Ninth Avenue than it is in most parts of town, gestures are freer, and the people take more notice of one another.



The principal scourge of the neighborhood is the Port of New York Authority. Over the years, the Authority has appropriated more and more of the neighborhood's acreage. First, in 1935, it installed the neat, geometrical gullies that carry traffic into and out of the Lincoln Tunnel and, next, in 1949, it erected the squat brick mass of the Bus Terminal. Then on December 17, 1952, it took title to ninety-four of the remaining buildings, constituting about a fifth of what is left of the neighborhood. They are coming down to make way for an intricate network of new approaches that will be needed in 1957, the date scheduled for the opening of the Lincoln Tunnel's third tube, which is now being bored. Fifty-four of these buildings are tenements, which together housed more than eight hundred families. The rest are commercial buildings—lofts, truck terminals, gas stations, and the like. Ever since the Authority took over the ninety-four buildings, it has had an office in the neighborhood, partly to carry on the routine business of being a landlord but primarily to move the residential tenants into new quarters as rapidly as possible. Curious to learn how an inexorably public-spirited corporation like the Port Authority handles the private citizens who happen to be in its way, I spent a day in the neighborhood a while ago in the company of T. Douglas Tuomey, Jr., a brisk young lawyer who is in charge of the Authority office and its nine- or ten-man staff.

THE office occupies the two bottom floors of one of the condemned buildings, at 407 West Thirty-seventh Street. The ground floor was an electrical repair shop—the first store in the center of the neighborhood to be vacated, which is why the Authority chose it. From the street, the office looks like a typical catch-as-catch-can side-street real-estate concern. There is the same fat gold lettering on a dusty plate-glass window, through which

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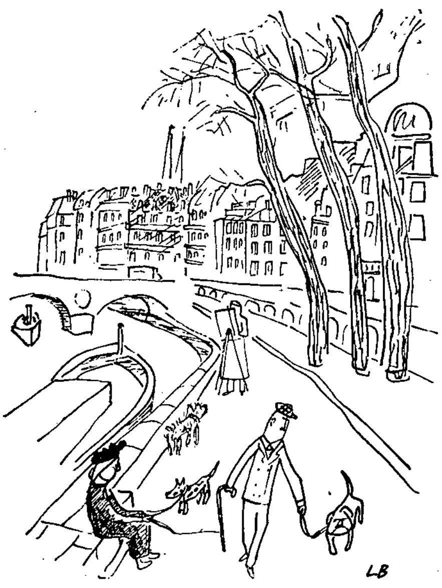
can be seen the same battered furniture, the same cluttered desk tops, and the same supernaturally knowing-looking men, all smoking hard. On the morning I was there, its one eccentricity was its window decoration. Instead of the conventional rubber plants, this consisted of three small, dirty-faced children, who were squashing the ends of their noses against the glass as they looked out on the street with an air of thoughtful enjoyment. "They're kids from down the block," Tuomey told me after I had gone inside and introduced myself. "Their father works nights and their mother puts them out on the street all morning so he can sleep. We let them hang out in here as long as they behave themselves." The two older children—a boy and a girl—removed their noses from the windowpane and began experimentally pinching the youngest one, who wailed. Tuomey turned toward the window. "Hey!" he said. "What did I tell you two about beating up on Joey?" They stopped.

Tuomey is a dark, chunky man with a resolutely breezy manner. He suggested that before he took me on a tour of the area, we should go upstairs, where he would show me some maps outlining the Authority's plans and explain how the Authority went about getting rid of tenants. Upstairs turned out to be the kitchen of a vacated railroad flat—a room with an extensive view of a back yard blanketed with orange peels and beer cans. "This is our conference room," Tuomey said, and waved a hand toward a kitchen table, with four or five straight chairs around it, that was standing in the middle of the linoleum-covered floor. He pointed toward the front of the house. "In there, in what used to be the living room, is the accounting department," he went on. "And the two bedrooms in between we use for storage." He looked around with an air of distaste. "What a way to live!" he said. "No windows in the bedrooms. Baths, if any, in the kitchen sink. No hot water unless you get yourself one of those things." He nodded toward a decrepit gas hot-water heater in one corner of the conference room. "No heat without one of those." He nodded toward a kerosene stove in another corner. "And, at that, this was one of the better buildings in the neighborhood. There's a toilet in every apartment, instead of one out in the hall for two or maybe four apartments, and with this railroad layout you can sometimes coax a mouthful of fresh air into the bedrooms if you leave all the windows open in the kitchen and living room and the wind is right. I can't feel too upset about chasing people out of dumps like this."

While talking, Tuomey had spread out on the table a number of maps and aerial photographs that diagrammed what the *Authority* is up to. From the Hudson, the new tube will run under Thirty-eighth Street to the plaza that serves the present eastbound tube. South from this plaza, which extends from Thirty-eighth Street to Thirty-ninth Street midway between Ninth and Tenth Avenues, the Authority will carve out a curved sunken roadway that will swing around under Dyer Avenue and be bridged by all the cross streets down to Thirty-third Street. At that point, it, in turn, will bridge the Pennsylvania Railroad yard to Thirty-first Street, and then continue on down to Thirtieth. In all, the roadway will cut a swath about a hundred feet wide at its narrowest through the middle of all the blocks from Thirty-ninth to Thirtieth. The only relatively valuable properties that have had to be condemned to make way for it are a stylish new six-story, sixty-family elevator apartment house, at 445 West Thirty-fourth, and a Children's Aid Society settlement house and playground, on the north side of Thirty-eighth. The settlement house has already been demolished, and the playground, the only one in the vicinity, has been closed. They will be missed; in view of the steadily diminishing population, the Children's Aid Society has not felt it worth while to go to the expense of setting up shop elsewhere close at hand.

Tuomey told me that despite the shortage of low-rent housing, a large percentage of the eight hundred and thirty-two families affected had already moved, and that not one of the tenants, so far, has had to be physically evicted. "A big part of the job has been just ordinary public relations," he went on. "The court order giving us title to the properties was handed down by Supreme Court Justice Morris Eder on December 17, 1952. Merry Christmas! Actually, it wasn't quite as dismal a holiday greeting as it sounds, because for two months before that our people had been calling on the tenants, explaining what was going to happen and how we proposed to try to help them out. At the start, it was a little rough. The first week I was here, an eighteen-year-old boy spit at me in the street. It takes a good deal of patience to put up with that sort of thing. Still, we managed to get past the belligerent phase without bloodshed. Since then, there hasn't been any trouble. A big percentage of the people around here are foreign-born, of course—maybe sixty per cent Italian, plus a good many Greeks and Puerto Ricans and a scattering of other nationalities. We tried to make sure that among the members of our staff there was somebody who was familiar with all the prevalent foreign languages, so that everything could be made perfectly clear. I can get by in Spanish myself, two or three of our guys speak Italian, and we have people who can manage Greek and French and Yiddish and Polish and German, too. There were some feeble efforts at the beginning to make us out to be oppressors of the working class, or capitalist swine, or something, but we went around to a few meetings of neighborhood organizations and explained what our problem was, and since we seemed to make sense, and not one of us had a top hat or a vest with dollar signs on it, that sort of agitation didn't make much headway. What's more, people could see that there wasn't any use putting up a fuss, because there was the Bus Terminal right in front of their noses. Six hundred families had been moved away to make room for *that.*"

As a form of persuasion in relocating residential tenants, the Authority has been offering them two alternatives. If a tenant finds a new place for himself, the Authority gives him up to two hundred dollars in cash to cover his moving and resettling expenses. If he can't, or won't, find another place to go, the Authority, with the help of several hundred real-estate brokers around town, finds one for him, in which case the tenant receives no cash but the Authority



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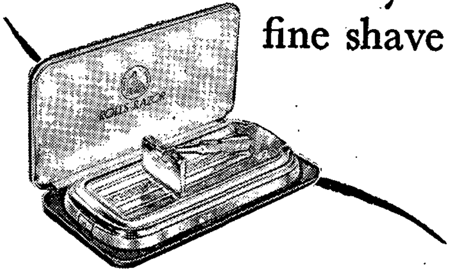

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pays his moving bill and the brokers' fees, and redecorates his new home. A tenant who doesn't find quarters for himself costs the Authority almost twice as much as the one who does. Still, the offer of cash has proved so tempting that more than a third of the families have taken care of themselves. Commercial tenants are given no cash for moving and no help in hunting new premises. They simply receive what the Authority calls "fixture awards," which are payments designed to compensate for the cost of installations like Venetian blinds, floor coverings, and electrical wiring, which can't profitably be moved. Altogether, the cost of the relocation program, not counting the cost of the real estate, is estimated at something like three hundred thousand dollars—a scarcely noticeable sum compared to the hundred million dollars the third tube is expected to cost in all.

"The fascinating thing about this job is what you find out about a neighborhood when you go over it tenant by tenant," Tuomey said. "You never know what people are like until you go into their homes. We've had religious fanatics, and Langley Collyer types who save all their garbage, and just about every other kind of freak or crank you can imagine. One old lady in her seventies was perfectly willing to move as long as we didn't find her an apartment with steam heat. She didn't want to be a sissy. We had a fellow living in a twenty-dollar-a-month apartment who went across the river to Jersey and bought a house for twenty thousand dollars—in bills. One family we relocated consisted of what must be the youngest mother in the city and her husband and baby. She's fourteen—married at thirteen—and her husband is eighteen. Then there was an Italian family with a teen-age daughter who was in love with a boy who came from a different part of Italy. Her parents were so set against her marrying a 'foreigner' that they took our two hundred dollars, pooled them with their savings to buy steamship tickets, and moved clear back to the old country. There were several ladies who entertained gentlemen callers for a living. One of them collected the two hundred dollars and moved out peacefully enough one day. Two weeks later, we found she'd broken the lock we put on the door and was still using the place for professional purposes, furniture or no furniture. However, this isn't showing you the neighborhood. Come on. I'll take you for a walk." We went downstairs, past the knowing-looking men, who were smoking as hard as

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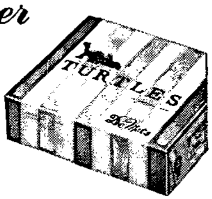

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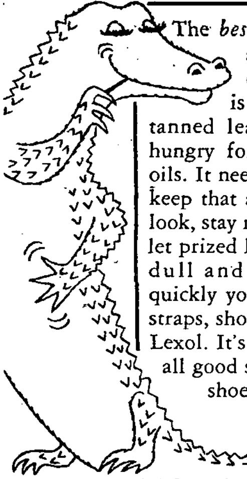

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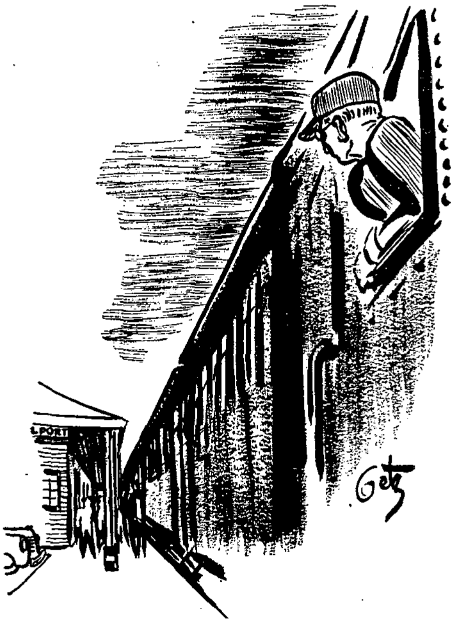
month job, with a dropped living room, a tiled bath, and plaster ceilings that were already showing cracks. "The people who lived in this building were an entirely different problem from our other customers, naturally," Tuomey said. "This kind of housing isn't nearly as hard to find as the low-price stuff, but we had to do practically all the finding, because a two-hundred-dollar cash payment didn't mean anything to these people. It cost them more than that just to get packed for moving. Yes, sir, this place has really been costing us. For six months now, there's been exactly one tenant in the whole building, and we've had to maintain light and heat and elevator service and garbage collection and a resident superintendent and heaven knows what else just for him. We've offered him dozens of other places, but he doesn't like them. He'll leave sooner or later, of course. It's no fun living all alone in a big building like this and listening to the walls creaking at night and the mice running around. He'll give up. But it can't be too soon for me. Now let's look at a normal building."

We went out onto the street and started back up Ninth Avenue. Before long, we passed a house where, Tuomey said, an old Irishwoman named Minnie had lived, and he told me something about her. "Minnie's seventy-six," he said. "She's very small and fragile and vague and sweet. She'd been living in the same three-room apartment for thirty-five years. On relief now, of course. Paid thirteen dollars a week rent. Well, a woman cousin of hers found her a new place in the same neighborhood with her—on West



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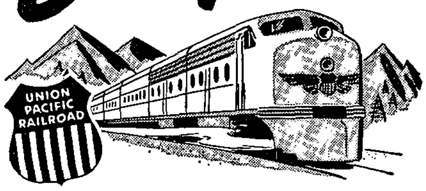

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Twenty-first, I think. She moved, very vaguely and sweetly, and we thought we were done with her. About two weeks later, in she comes to the office, escorted by a cop. It seems that she had been so scared by the new neighborhood—half a mile away—that for two weeks she hadn't left the apartment. Then her groceries began to give out, and she went on a shopping expedition. The only place she knew to shop was around here, so here she came. She shopped, and when she was all finished, she didn't have the faintest idea where she lived. So she went up to the cop on the corner and asked him. He brought her to us. We didn't know where she lived, either. Her cousin had found her the place, and we keep records only of the places we find ourselves. Well, first the cop tried calling her cousin, but she was out at work and Minnie didn't have the faintest idea where she worked. Then he searched her bag and found nothing at all except a bankbook. So he called the bank, but they didn't know anything. Then he tried the Telephone Company and Con Edison, but they didn't know anything, either. By this time, he'd spent more than an hour on the case, and he figured he'd better get back to his beat for a while. So he left, and Minnie sat in the office, gossiping and chattering away as if nothing was wrong at all. After two or three more hours, the cop came back, grimly determined to crack the case if it took all night. He turned her shopping bag upside down on a desk, and the last thing to fall out was an empty paper bag with a smudged address written on it in pencil. He asked Minnie if it was her address, and she said she didn't have the faintest idea. So he tried calling two or three telephones in the building at that address, but no one answered. At last, he called a precinct station house that happens to be right around the corner from the address, and one of the men on duty there ran over to see if her name was on the mailbox. It was. So the cop heaved a great sigh, helped Minnie gather up her belongings, took her by the elbow, and walked her out."

TUOMEY's "normal building" turned out to be a five-story cold-water walkup. A good many of its windows had already been broken by vandals, even though its last tenant had moved out only two or three days before. Like most buildings of its kind, it was only twenty-five feet wide, yet there were apartments on each side of a central hallway and stair well. This building

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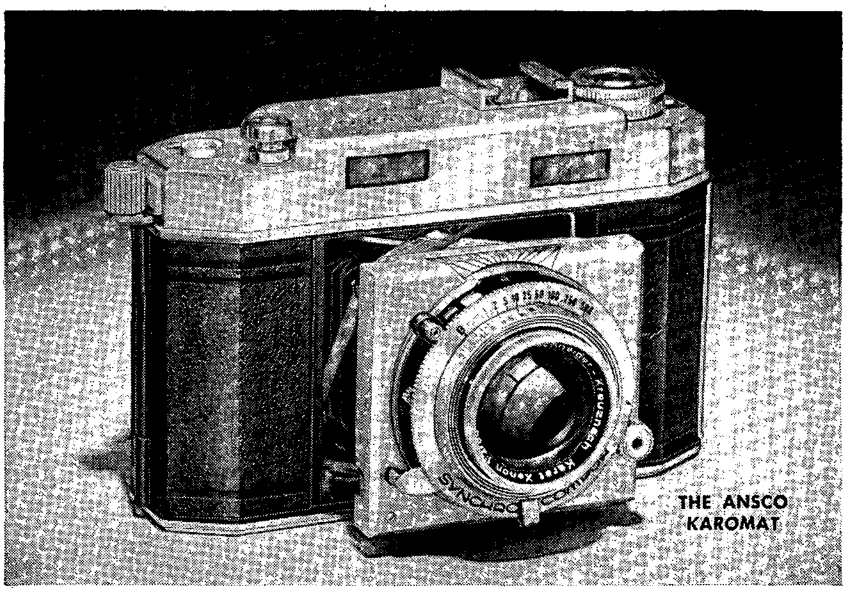
didn't even offer the meagre amount of cross ventilation provided by railroad flats, since it had four apartments on each floor, laid out in such a way that the windowless inside rooms could never be touched by a direct breath of fresh air. For each four apartments, there were two hall toilets. The first thing I noticed in the hall as we entered was several heaps of charred lumber and damp ashes. Tuomey told me that the night after the last tenant moved out, some local youths had decided it would be an entertaining place in which to sample a couple of gallons of California muscatel. To keep themselves warm, they had lit a fire on the soft-pine floor in one of the second-story apartments. The fire had spread, and had required the efforts of several fire companies before it was extinguished. The young men who lit it had meanwhile disappeared, leaving behind an empty gallon jug and a half-full one.

Tuomey said that rents in this house had ranged from seventeen to twenty-five dollars a month, in inverse ratio to the number of flights one had to climb to reach the apartments. "There's a good deal of snobbishness around here over the question of how many floors up you live," he went on. "The fourth-floor people look down on the fifth-floor people, if you'll excuse the expression, and the third-floor people look down on the fourth, and so on. That's only natural in walkups, I suppose. One thing we've had to make absolutely sure of in finding new quarters for people is never to ask them to move to a higher floor than they've been living on. They always want a lower one, of course, except for the ground-floor people. Basements are no good." He opened a door that led to the kitchen of an apartment marked "1-FE"—the first-floor apartment front, on the east side of the building. "The janitor used this one for storage," he said. I looked in, and recoiled immediately. Covering the entire floor was a waist-high, soggy, evil-smelling mass of garbage, newspapers, rags, pieces of furniture, and old scrap iron. Fleas were hopping around in it, and I was far from astonished when Tuomey said that the house was infested with rats. I remarked that the janitor must have been quite a character. "She was indeed," he replied. "As you can see, she didn't even bother to throw the garbage she collected out the window, like the average janitor. She kept it right in the house. She lived in the back apartment, here, and it isn't much better." He opened the door of



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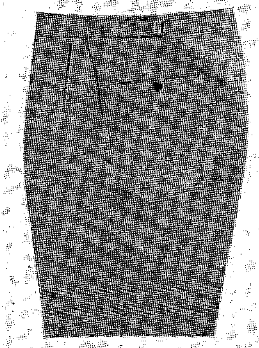

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"1-RE," revealing a floor on which refuse was piled only ankle-deep. Across the hall, 1-RW had been left in fairly good order by its inhabitants, and it seemed a more inviting one to look around in. It consisted, I found, of three rooms. The largest of these, perhaps nine by twelve, was a living room, which faced the back yard. Adjoining the living room was a bedroom, with no window at all, and beyond this was the kitchen, with a small window opening on a nine-inch air shaft. "You know how many people lived in this one?" Tuomey asked. "Four families—Puerto Ricans. I never did get an exact count, but there must have been more than twenty of them. They used the bed in shifts, and there was always a tremendous cast-iron pot simmering on the stove, and smelling awful. I think that was the only cooking they did. They kept the pot boiling on the stove, and when it got a little low, someone went to the store, bought any old thing at all, came home, and threw whatever it was into the pot. I'm not sure they'd even take it out of the bag."

We went through the house, apartment by apartment; each had precisely the same layout as 1-RW. A fire had broken out in the living room of 2-RE in November, 1952, and since the landlord refused to repair the damage, the family that occupied the apartment had had to get along in just the bedroom and kitchen. Some of the apartments had been left extremely clean, and some were almost as filthy as the janitor's. In 3-RE, dozens of nuts, bolts, and washers were strewn about the floor. In 4-FW, the floors of all three rooms were covered with buttons. An old lady who worked in the garment district had lived there, Tuomey said. 4-FE was the apartment that had been vacated last. Its tenant had been an ancient Italian on home relief, and, according to my guide, when the old man wasn't in his apartment, which he referred to as his church, drinking goat's milk, smoking cigars, and praying to various colored photographs he had clipped from rotogravure sections and tacked on his walls, he spent his time down in the street discussing baseball with a truck that was customarily parked there.

One of the more littered apartments was 5-FE, on the top floor, and what had been left behind was sufficiently identifiable to make a rough inventory possible. On the living-room floor, besides rags, papers, broken flowerpots, and the earth and roots that had been in the pots, were twenty-three and a half hard rolls, eleven slices of rye bread, an empty

we fooled him!

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King's Ransom bottle, two pairs of worn socks, a straw hat and a felt hat and a cap, an empty paint bucket, a broken hairbrush, an old lock from a door, two mousetraps, a trunk, a Manhattan telephone directory, and a road map of the southeastern part of the United States. In the bedroom were a broken glass coffee maker, some firewood, an empty ale bottle, a colored picture of the Statue of Liberty with the caption "Symbol of Freedom," from the Sunday *News* of June 29, 1952, a package of paper plates, a box of bread crumbs, and a copy of the 1939 *New York Red Book*, a legislative manual inscribed "With the Compliments of Phelps Phelps, Senator, 13th District." In the kitchen were an empty pint whiskey bottle, a book titled "Foreign Lands and Peoples," a number of pop bottles, some remains of dry groceries, a half-empty box of spackling compound, a worn pair of pants, a copy of the October, 1950, issue of *House Beautiful*, and several pieces of ruled notebook paper, which a child had apparently used for doing homework. I picked one sheet up. It read, "Factors that influence climate. 1. latitude closer you are to the equator the warmer it is. Miami is closer N.Y.C. Mexico is warmer than Miami. 2. Altitude is distance above sea livel the higher up you go the thinner the air becomes and the colder it is for every 300 ft. in air it is one degre colder this explains why Ginto, Ecuador. on the equator has a temprature like ours it is 10.000 ft. high."

"You'd think the only feeling people would have when they move out of a place like this would be unmitigated joy," Tuomey said as we walked care-

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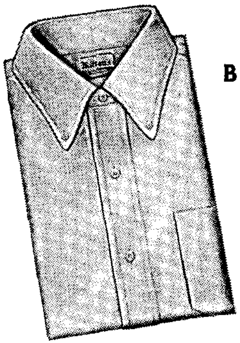

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fully down the center of the stairs to avoid both the obviously rotten banister and the obviously greasy wall. "And, of course, a lot of them are happy to move. But let me tell you about Rosa. Rosa is an old Italian lady—seventy-nine,. I think. A welfare case. She was living in a two-room, twenty-six-dollar-a-month apartment when I first met her. She'd been in that apartment for fifteen years, ever since her husband died. For twenty years before that, she'd lived with him in a bigger place, two blocks away. She knew nothing but this neighborhood. Rosa was a wonderful old lady—straight-backed, proud, vigorous, irascible, neat as a pin, and full of jokes. She had two dresses, both black, and I swear I couldn't tell one from the other, but one was her everyday dress and one was what she called her good dress. When the relocation started, she used to come to the office, and if we had a place for her to look at, she'd go back home first and change to her good dress. With the good one, she always wore a big brass brooch. Sometimes she'd come and sit in the office for a while and tell us about her husband—'a no-gooda bum' was her description of him—and about her daughter, who lived in the Village and whom she didn't think much of, either. She made it clear she didn't want to move anywhere near her daughter. As a matter of fact, she made it clear she wasn't going to move at all, although every once in a while, just to please us, she would look at some other apartment. Well, gradually the house she was in began to empty out, and she got scared of being alone in it. At last she agreed to move, and we found her a place right in the neighborhood, only a block or so away from her old house. Then, on moving day, she turned belligerent and wouldn't budge for hours. She finally did, of course, though under great protest. Well, I swear if you had seen Rosa the very next day you wouldn't have recognized her. From the hour she moved, she stopped holding her back straight and she stopped cursing at people and she stopped making jokes, and she started complaining about aches and pains she'd never had before. It's been five months now, and she hasn't yet unpacked her things. At first, she'd go back to the old house every few days and walk up to her old apartment and just sit there for hours on a box, looking vacantly around. Then the last family moved out and the place was locked up, and she started going every day to stand in front of it, or sit on the stoop, and wring her hands and mutter to

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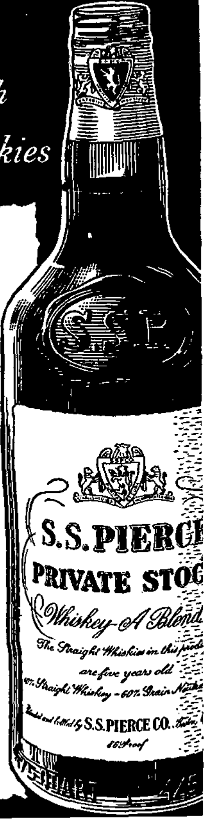

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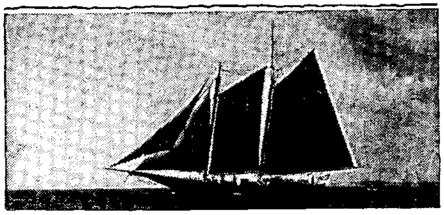

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herself. She's still at it. We're going to tear the place down soon, and I don't know what she'll do then. I think she'll die."

When we got back to Tuomey's office, we shook hands on the sidewalk, and Tuomey opened the door. Then he stopped and turned. "This is a good job I have, and I like it," he said. "But I'm sure glad there's only one Rosa. Sometimes I think that if there were many of her, I'd be crazy enough to wish this whole hundred-million-dollar tube had never been thought of."

—ROBERT RICE

•

PILGRIM

No one was more at ease on a good horse,
Or gave her ribaldries a freer course,
Or, though a trifle fat,
Was more worth looking at.

No one had tales to tell droller than hers;
She was y-wimpled well, and wore her spurs
Sharp as she did her tongue,
But not so loosely hung.

No one had ever been farther from home;
Even to Palestine, even to Rome.
Every recurrent spring
Sent her forth journeying.

But on this April day she meant to ride
Not quite so far away; she would decide
On some short pilgrimage
That would less time engage.

Little she thought to wend whither no bound
Or any journey's end yet has been found,
Ambling complacently
Through immortality.

—ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW

•

When guests for cocktails stay past the dinner hour, the hostess often has herself to blame. Invitations should specify exact hours party is to begin and end.

If guests linger, hostess can hint about a dinner date. She can start gathering up glasses, dumping ashtrays.

One mid-Manhattan caterer supplies tureens of hot soup with her canapes. When guests start settling down for the evening, the hostess starts ladling. The soup spells out clearly: "You were invited for cocktails and are staying through the first course of dinner."—*The World-Telegram & Sun.*

Better dump the ashtrays into the soup.

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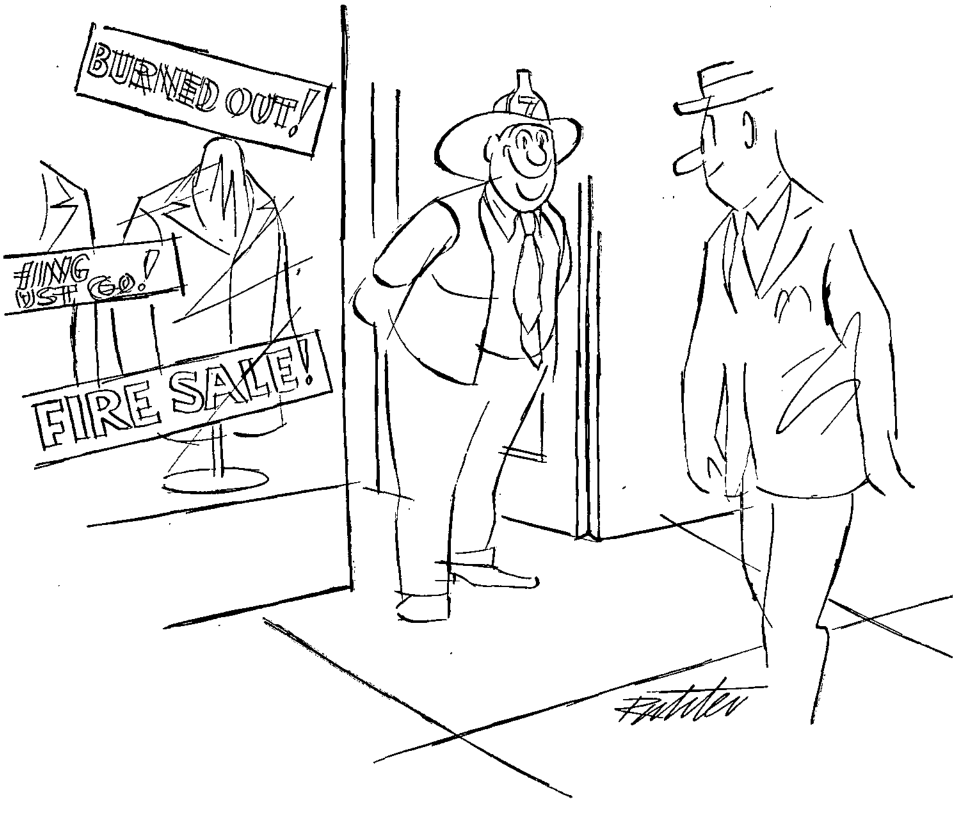
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT

Macy's Little Shops are presenting an imaginative collection of clothes made in Paris especially for them. Among the coats I can particularly commend are an Edwardian chesterfield of beige petit-point wool and a tubular raglan of a heavy black cotton barathea piqué, fastened from neck to hem with black bone buttons. The summer shirtwaist dresses include a two-piece one of brown, black, and white flowered cotton, with a turnover collar, pushup cuffed sleeves, and a knife-pleated skirt. Another two-piece job, of black, white, and French-blue flowered cotton, has a wide, open collar and elbow sleeves. A one-piece dress of hydrangea-blue Honan silk is all intricately pleated and tucked, and two horizontal bands of the silk weave in and out of slits in the skirt. The bodice is fastened with tiny self buttons. Tan matelassé cotton printed with a Victorian wallpaper design makes a suit with a straight skirt; a half pleat descends the center back, and there's a tightly fitted jacket with a standaway collar and short lapels. A round skirt of navy-and-white pin-striped denim, a mass of stitched diamonds from waist to knees, is the companion of a ribbed white cotton jersey tuck-in top. For dancing, there is a strapless princesse dress of navy and bright-blue denim. A deep V comes down from the bodice and ends just above the knees, and a bow bobs at the small of the back. The widely tucked skirt of a décolleté beige organza dress juts out in a deep inverted pleat at the back, and its waist-length fitted bolero is tucked all the way around. The proper effect is best achieved by putting several petticoats underneath this skirt. The prices of these clothes are $79.95 to $155; the sizes are 8 to 20. Women who can't wear the standard sizes can order a combination of sizes—a 12 top and a 14 skirt, for instance. This takes a month; the price is the same.

Marion Wright's urbane suits and coats, which are designed in her shop at 12 East 53rd Street, appear in sizes 10 to 18, but they are also made to measure. Either way, you wait two or three weeks. One slender coat of black silk barathea is made with a turnover collar and a shoulder cape. A slim, collarless one of cotton tweed with a royal-blue and black herringbone pattern has unpressed pleats and a wide yoke. Charcoal-and-black herringbone cotton is converted into a coat, or coat dress, with a bias standaway neck and three-quarter dolman sleeves, and rust-and-black striped cotton tweed is converted into a tulip coat with long, tapered sleeves. Cocktails and the theatre are the milieus for a brown, navy, or beige silk suit that is nipped in just a bit to suggest a waistline. The shoulder-tip décolletage of this one is flanked by a sailor collar. Broad, pointed lapels partly cover the sleeves. A suit of green-and-gold or brown-and-blue upholstery cotton into which a small pyramid pattern is woven has a full, gored skirt and a short bolero. A tailored suit of gray, black, and white herringbone cotton tweed is lined with a brilliant cotton. Its box jacket comes to the hipbones. Prices for the ready-to-wear clothes start at $59.95 and go up to $110. Custom prices start at $125.

The simple, undated clothes of Vera de Wahl, at 31 East 60th Street, are of her own invention, and they're made of her own hand-blocked or hand-printed materials. A fitted-bodiced, billowing-skirted dress with a low, rounded neckline is of white or colored cotton with a contrasting décor of leaves or grapes. A delightful print cotton shirtwaist dress with small black rings and roses scattered over it has a high, pointed collar, a long grosgrain necktie, and two inverted pleats at the sides of the skirt. For afternoon or dinner, there's a white cotton Empire dress printed with lacy black medallions. The neck is slashed into a deep V, and bands of black satin ribbon ending in bows in front encircle the waist and the bodice. The huge skirt of a white silk dress printed with scarlet poppies is stiffened with a new synthetic material called Pellon, which stays crisp and rustling on the hottest of nights. These clothes run from $65 to $130. There's also a collection of bathing suits, priced at from $35 to $45. The legs of a one-piece white cotton bloomer suit that's printed with bright-blue or pink leaves are slashed to show its blue or pink cotton lining, and a white cotton bathing dress with black streaks of lightning galloping over it is lined, bound, and tied at the shoulders with black piqué. Mrs. de Wahl's maternity jacket, which can double as a beach jacket, looks particularly good when it's done in her cocoa-and-black rings-and-roses print cotton. This has a deep, round neck,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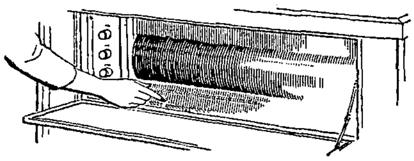

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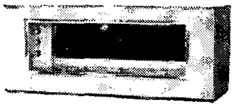

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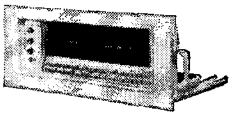

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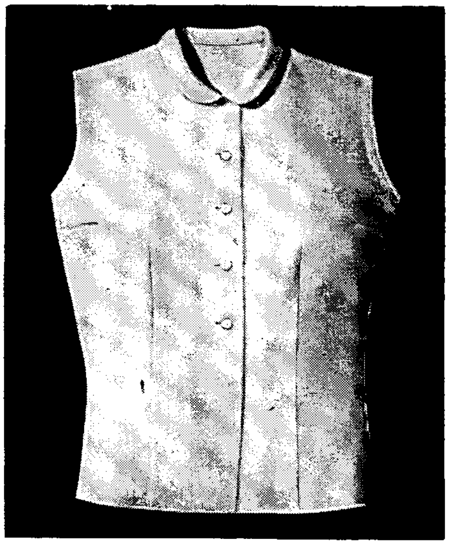

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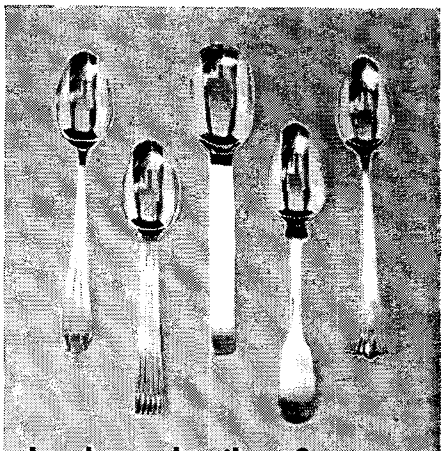
half-moon pockets, and buttons down the back. The price, $35, includes a snap-in gilet. The sizes range from 10 to 16. A week or so is necessary if your size is not in stock.

EVONNE, at 830A Lexington Avenue (64th), is a rather new establishment. It makes circular, gored, or straight skirts, the last with godets at the back of the knees, and offers an almost endless assortment of imported materials to choose from, such as pink, beige, or aqua silk burlap, white taffeta printed with yellow roses and dogwood, white silk organza blooming with red and yellow poppies and gray appleblossoms, white straw cloth embroidered with navy leaves, black net on which enormous linen polka dots are appliquéd, and reëmbroidered laces. The skirts are all equipped with a cummerbund or a tailored belt, and Pellon petticoats are attached to some of them. The skirts are from $45 to $89; cashmere or silk jersey tops to go with them are $29 and $39. A two-piece cocktail dress of dull olive-green crêpe printed with peacock-blue and emerald birds has a full skirt and a collarless, sleeveless tuck-in top whose neck and deep armholes are banded with colored rhinestones; $89. Gray, beige, or black Rodier wool jersey makes chemise dresses with round, childish collars, tab fastenings, and artful Empire seaming below the bosom, or else with keyhole inserts of matching taffeta around the neckline; $89 either way. Slim coats, long or three-quarter length, are of the same wool jersey lined with the same taffeta; $135. The telephone number, not yet in the book, is Templeton 8-7864.

THERE are cheerful two-piece cotton dresses from the Virgin Islands in the shop of Effie Jordan, at 798 Madison Avenue (68th). Frenchtown, of white printed with orange and peacock-blue fish and black and white houses, involves a low-necked, short-sleeved blouse and a box-pleated skirt. Comida involves a circular skirt, which is all pink and red squares containing white fish, turtles, and native fruits, and a very décolleté draped-bosom blouse of the same material. This blouse, in beige cotton with a print of flowers and ferns, is also mated with a skirt, of the same fabric, that's pleated over the hips. Prices start at $19.95 and rise to $25; sizes are from 10 to 16..

BENDEL's accessory shop, on the first floor, has a miniature drawstring pouch bag of pink, pale-blue, navy, red,



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white, or black straw encircled with spring flowers; $12.05, including the federal tax. A double-layer cocktail apron of transparent black, white, emerald, or pale-pink nylon net has violets or red geraniums between the layers; $14.95. Coronets of twisted black or navy grosgrain are decked with tiny nosegays; $9.95. Triangular fichus of white organza, caught at the corners with bouquets of snowdrops, are $4.95. A dog collar of white, pink, or beige organza studded with pearl buttons has an inconspicuous opening in front to tuck its companion organza handkerchief in when you want to wear it as a jabot; $9.95 all told. Capacious waterproof carryalls of checked rayon, fifteen inches wide and thirteen inches high, are $9.85, including the luxury tax. Matching umbrellas are $6.50. Both these items also appear in Margaret Rose plaid or a sprawling black-and-white print. Straight, side-slit skirts, made in Hong Kong of Tribute silk, are $19.95, and matching blouses, fastened with little frogs, are $15.95. The colors of both skirts and blouses are jade, hyacinth blue, Shocking pink, or canary.

THE children's hats by John-Fredericks, at Cerutti, 807 Madison Avenue (68th), are so fetching they're in danger of all being appropriated by the ladies of the family. A natural straw cloche is decorated with white raffia daisies; a leghorn poke bonnet is trimmed with red strawberries whose long green stems are twisted into a knot on the open crown; a cartwheel of oatmeal Italian straw has red cherries and green leaves crisscrossing on its brim. An enchanting party hat consists of a fringed white horsehair brim attached to a hyacinth-blue velvet bicycle clip strewn with rosebuds and tiny bowknots of natural straw. Prices are $4.95 to $7.95.

MERRY HULL's very short cotton gloves, many of them sewn by hand, are at Altman. Some pink, blue, or yellow ones have white palms and are faced inside the wristband with white batiste in a delicate pastel print. A number of the white pullons are adorned with pink or blue fourchettes. Some gloves with white palms and yellow or pink backs have a cotton tab and two diminutive pompons on the outside of the wrist. White "Sunday" gloves sport a tiny porthole on the inside of the wrist and are hemmed with a band of white linen embroidered with black scallops. Everything in the collection is $5 except the "Sunday" gloves, which are

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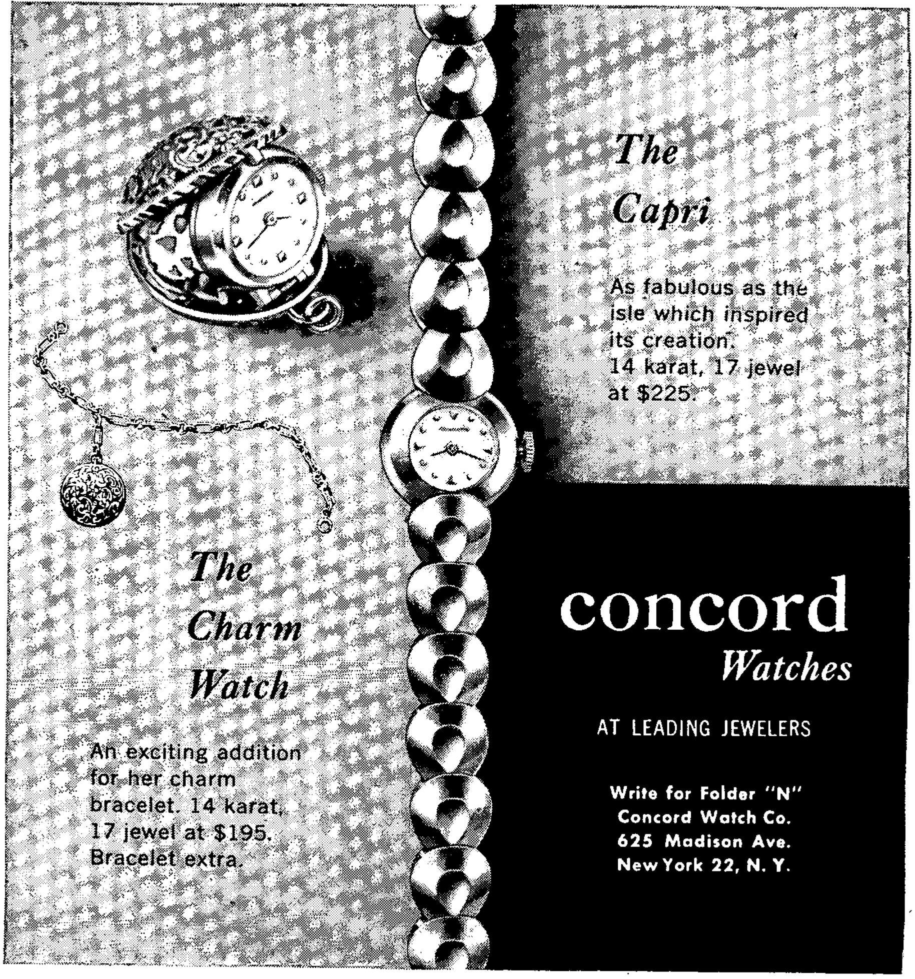
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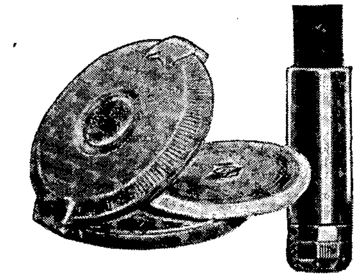

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by RICHARD HUDNUT

$5.50. . . . Jay Thorpe is showing eight-button-length gloves of opaque yellow, pale-pink, bright-pink, pale-blue, or bright-blue nylon; $3.50.

MICHAEL OF THE WALDORF now offers a luxurious body massage that soothes your nerves while it helps your skin recover from those rough March winds. An hour-long session is $6.

A WORD or two about Easter flowers: Ann Hagan, at 671 Second Avenue (36th), likes the idea of a fat cluster of garnet roses on a gilt cherub stickpin; $10.50. She also does a wide straw bandeau heaped with real pink and red geraniums or bachelor's-buttons as well as fake quince blossoms, forget-me-nots, and daisies, so your head is still wreathed even after the fresh flowers pass on; $15 and up. A planter's straw hat garlanded with the same real and fake assortment is $25, and a pair of stylish hatpins—one of white bead Easter lilies with a turquoise dragonfly hovering over it, the other of purple and blue bead pansies with an amethyst spider hovering over it—is $15. . . . Jay Anderson Flowers, at 1032 Park Avenue (86th), makes up truly posh nosegays. Choux of pink or red parrot-tulip petals streaked with green and surrounded by camellia leaves are $10, and so are carnation poufs mounted on black velvet streamers to dangle from the belt or wrist. A spray of blue hyacinths, blue laceflowers, and sprigs of pussy willow is $8. . . . Pleasance Flowers, at 31 East 74th Street, playfully attaches an Easter egg made of something that looks and glistens like snow to its corsages. The egg that is attached to two slipper orchids is completely hidden by chartreuse strawflowers. A large red rose, or a bunch of violets spattered with silvery glitter, is accompanied by a pink or violet egg entwined with fabric millefleurs. —M. M.

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TEE AND GREEN

Gentlemen in Georgia

FOR a tournament as well established as the Masters, which last week was run off, as always, on Georgia's startlingly lovely Augusta National Golf Club course, there was a notable number of first-time happenings. To give you some idea, for the first time in the tournament's twenty-one-year history, an amateur, Billy Joe Patton, of Morganton, North Carolina, led the field for the opening two rounds. Also, it was the first time no one was able to break 70 for two rounds, the first time a score of even par was enough to hold the lead at the end of two rounds, and the first time par, which is 72, went unbroken for a whole round—the second. Finally, because of the distressing weather, it was the first time anyone could recall seeing a lady in the gallery wearing not only her own raincoat but that of her dripping escort.

The tournament was scheduled to end on Sunday, when these notes were written, but Ben Hogan, who won it last year, and Sam Snead, who won it the year before, wound up in a 289 tie for the championship, necessitating a play-off. Patton finished third, with 290. As usual, Hogan drew the biggest crowds, but Patton certainly provoked the most discussion. He was clearly the best-liked player on the course—he might be referred to as the amateurs' amateur—and his by now nationally famous hole-in-one on the sixth hole of the final round was greeted by more rebel yells than have been heard since the second battle of Bull Run. Patton is a tall, broad-shouldered, bespectacled, thirty-one-year-old lumber executive, and he has a serious air that covers a considerable capacity for merriment. He allows himself almost no margin for error, going for the pin on occasions when most first-class golfers would be content merely to wind up on the green. For example, at the eighth hole, a five-hundred-and-twenty-yard affair, all uphill, he had the misfortune to push his drive deep into a clump of tall pines on his second round. Players less inclined to gamble would have chipped out of the woods to the fairway, but Patton spotted an opening in the trees, about fifty yards away and perhaps five yards in diameter, that was in line with the green, and hit a full shot through it. As a result, he had a putt for a birdie. Without doubt, Patton was the longest hitter in the field. In the round he played with Lloyd Mangrum, no mean hitter himself, he consistently outdrove him by from thirty to forty yards. And in Wednesday's long-driving contest, in which each player was allowed three tries, he took only one. He hit his ball three hundred and thirty-eight yards, and won. Strictly a weekend golfer, he nevertheless manages to play in two or three tournaments a year, but only when they don't interfere with his job. As he puts it, "I have a wife and three children. I got to work for a living."

IN tying with Snead at the end of play on Sunday, the Hawk—as Hogan is now being called by the golf writers—was doing rather less than his fans had expected of him. When he made one of his infrequent bad shots, or failed to sink an eight-foot putt, there were gallery murmurs to the effect that he had reached the end of the trail. When he slipped to a 73 in the second round, it was agreed that his age was showing. Apparently, his admirers expected him to equal or better his fantastic 274 of last year—a record that should last practically forever. This time, considering the sopping turf and the windy, rainy weather, his play through the green was as fine as anyone could ask, and in my opinion he'll go on winning tournaments as long as he cares to.

TO ordinary mortals, the greens at the Augusta National seem just about the last word in perfection, but the Greens Committee doesn't see it that way. A villainous grass called *Poa annua* invaded them last fall, making them slower and giving them a gray-green sheen that offended committee eyes, so when the course closes for the summer in May (it's too hot to play there after that, the members feel), the grass will be burned off all the greens and a complicated reseeding program begun. First, a mixture of South African Bermuda grass and a strain called Tifton 57 will be sown and nurtured through the hot months. Then, because this grass turns gray and lies dormant during the winter, rye grass will be sown over the Tifton 57 base. Come spring, the greens will revert to their pristine speed and the deep, lush color of yesteryear, and the committee can look the world in the eye again.

—P. W. W., JR.

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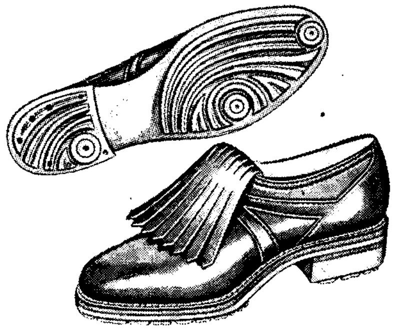

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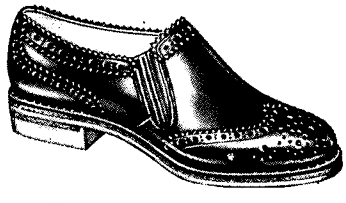

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Out of Thin Air

IN his last opera, "Capriccio," which received its first American performance at the Juilliard School of Music last week, Richard Strauss was concerned not so much with life as with aesthetics. What plot the work has—it is really more of a dissertation than a plot—involves a Parisian countess of the eighteenth century who can't seem to make up her mind whether she loves a musician or a poet, and the conflict her indecision revolves around is a matter not so much of personality as of art. This somewhat unlikely and rarefied situation entails a great deal of discussion, for the countess's two potential lovers press their respective suits exclusively in philosophical terms, and while the result is sometimes fairly amusing in a very sophisticated way, it runs rather thin when spread over an entire evening. The music Strauss has contributed to this curious spectacle is, however, incredibly deft and evocative, and at times quite beautiful. There is, indeed, something slightly arrogant in the way he has devoted the most complex orchestral writing and the most demanding sort of vocalism to such a tenuous subject. It seems a little as if he had set out to prove that he could make an opera out of anything at all. The fact that he succeeded is a tribute to his extraordinary virtuosity, and the quality of the score, which was written in 1942, goes a long way to disprove the widespread notion that his powers as a composer were on the wane after he wrote "Der Rosenkavalier," in 1910. The intricate flow of counterpoint and melody in "Capriccio" moves magically, and occasionally soars to magnificent climaxes in the best Straussian tradition. For all that, though, "Capriccio" is an overblown trifle rather than a great opera. Its human content is too meagre for its pretentious frame.

The opera calls for, as I have noted, the most polished singing and the most dashing orchestral technique to make its point. The young singers from the Juilliard School and the School's student orchestra performed it in a manner that was earnest and wholly creditable. But they were not quite up to the requirements of a really scintillating production, and I am afraid that "Capriccio" is the sort of thing that must scintillate if it is not to seem, at times, a bit boring. The very competent English translation by Maria Massey was, however, sung with notably clear enunciation, and most of the members of the cast—too numerous to mention here individually—went through their paces with admirable neatness and accuracy. Frederick Kiesler's scenic set was completely charming and excellently suited to the limited stage space of the Juilliard Concert Hall, and the action—what there was of it—was handled with taste and ingenuity.

THE revival of Jerome Kern's "Show Boat" at the New York City Center last Thursday evening was among the pleasanter operatic, or quasi-operatic, happenings of recent weeks. While the performance, by the regular New York City Opera company with a few additional singers, perhaps lacked the aggressive spit and polish customary on Broadway, it was a very spirited one nevertheless. The work is, of course, a masterpiece of its kind, and a much more genuine example of American musical theatre than most self-consciously American operas that I can recall. Its tunes remain entirely enchanting, and, as musical shows or light operas go, it has a very effective book—a far more effective one than, for example, that classic of the species, "Die Fledermaus." In listening to it, I found myself engaged with real affection in the fate of its likable characters, and its popular melodies—particularly "Ol' Man River" and "Make Believe"—seemed to have a kind of sincerity and grace that, I have no doubt, will entitle them to immortality. Among the members of a large cast, Laurel Hurley as Magnolia, Robert Rounseville as Gaylord Ravenal, Bill Smith as Joe, Helena Bliss as Julie, Diana Drake as Ellie, and Stanley Carlson as Captain Andy sang, acted, danced, and otherwise entertained with charm and gusto.

I DID not go downtown to hear the Kurt Weill adaptation of John Gay's "The Beggar's Opera," which was reviewed some weeks ago elsewhere in the magazine, so I have no idea how it compared with another version, definitely more faithful to the original, which I attended on Friday night in Brander Matthews Hall, at Columbia University. The latter version, a result of the

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to FRENCH Wines

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Note: Phonetic English can only approximate Parisian French!

Beaujolais	*Bow Joe lay*
Chablis	*Shah blee*
Chateau Yquem	*Shot-oh Ee-Kem*
Chateauneuf du Pape	*Shot-oh Neff du Pop*
Chambertin	*Sham bear tan*
Graves	*Grahv*
Haut Sauternes	***Oh So tairn***
Macon	*Mah kon*
Medoc	*May dock*
Montrachet	*Mawn Rah Shay*
Pommard	*Poe mahr*
Pontet-Canet	*Pon tay Kan nay*
Pouilly Fuissé	*Poo yee Fweesay*
Prince Blanc	*Prance Blahn*
Prince Noir	*Prance Nwahr*
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scholarly collaboration of the Columbia University Opera Workshop's stage director, Felix Brentano, with the musicologist, Manfred Bukofzer, who resuscitated Johann Christoph Pepusch's old score, was of considerable interest merely as a fairly accurate bit of antiquarianism. But it was more than that. Delightfully witty scenery and the sort of *mise en scène* that might be profitably studied by more famous and permanent opera companies made the evening a rewarding and hilariously amusing one. The quaint eighteenth-century songs, accompanied by violins, harpsichord, oboe, and other instruments, sounded, I am sure, much as they did when this old musical show was first performed, and the ribald comedy that went with them was as sly, carefree, and outrageous as eighteenth-century farce can be at its best. The singers were all adequate to such modest hurdles as the work provides, and their dramatic impersonations were as able as I, for one, could wish.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

POPULAR RECORDS

The Duke at Ease

"THE DUKE PLAYS ELLINGTON," a new Capitol recording, presents our man, lightly accompanied by bass and drums, in piano solos of eight of his own works, half of them published compositions and the others improvisations. They were recorded "long after midnight," as the album notes dreamily put it, during an impromptu session in the company's Hollywood studios, and they make an unusual addition to the vast catalogue of Ellington recordings, for the Duke, a musical dude from the toes up, is customarily heard in highly polished performances, with his whole band behind him. Not that there is anything sloppy about this job—far from it. Rather, there is a pleasant intimacy here, and, particularly in the improvisations, one gets a fascinating glimpse into a creative mind at work. I don't suppose for a second that the improvisations were made up entirely on the run, since musical ideas are constantly bubbling up in a composer's mind and some of them are almost complete in form before the composer gets near paper or a musical instrument. Nevertheless, the ones here sometimes seem to take shape suddenly and come alive with a rare expressiveness.

"Reflections in D," a richly harmonized piece with a broad melody, is the most clearly defined of the improvisations. Its assertive opening phrase as-

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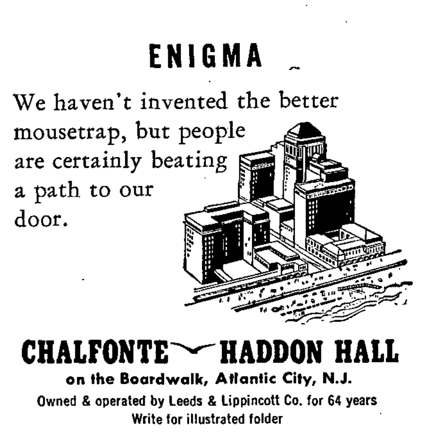
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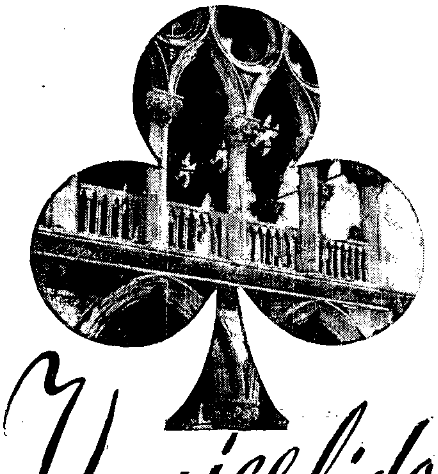
sures us that there is strength enough in this germ of an idea to spin out an entire composition, and I, for one, was absorbed as I listened to the Duke warming to his subject. Here and there a charming tentativeness creeps into the playing, as if the Duke wasn't quite sure just how things were going to end up. The other improvisations are "Who Knows?," "Janet," and "B Sharp Blues." (I guess "B Sharp Blues" makes a more piquant title than plain "C Blues.") The first, which probably got its title when the Capitol people asked Ellington what to put on the label, is especially interesting, because it is worked out around a long, descending, clipped, boppish phrase. I have heard other members of the Ellington orchestra toy with bop notions, but this is the first time I know of that the Duke has shown any interest in the school, and it struck me that, with his sure technique as a popular composer and his close identification with the jazz scene, he might be better able than anyone else to develop bop into a commercial article. "Janet," built around a giddy and insubstantial musical phrase, demonstrates how a composer's mind tries to compensate for an unworthy idea. Ellington starts off briskly on a dubious project, fools around with it for a while, to no great purpose, then cuts it all short and, for contrast, launches into a slow, romantic bit. This, as it turns out, doesn't add up to much, either, so he drops it, repeats the jaunty opening theme, and lets matters rest. "B Sharp Blues" is a more conventional type of improvisation.

The four published compositions are "Prelude to a Kiss," "Passion Flower," "Things Ain't What They Used to Be," and "In a Sentimental Mood." Ellington is not noted as a solo pianist, and is by no means a virtuoso, but he is entertaining to listen to, just the same; for one thing, his sense of rhythm is immaculate. He is, of course, accustomed to playing within his own orchestra, and it is instructive here, where he is assisted by nothing more than a couple of rhythm instruments, to hear him merely block in the piano part, as if he were listening, in his mind, to a full orchestral arrangement. He thinks in terms of an orchestra, and anyone who is familiar with his work is likely to find himself mentally supplying the other instruments, too.

THE advent of the long-playing record has given a great deal of license to performers in the jazz field. Where they were formerly limited to



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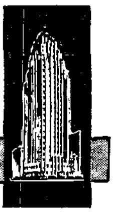

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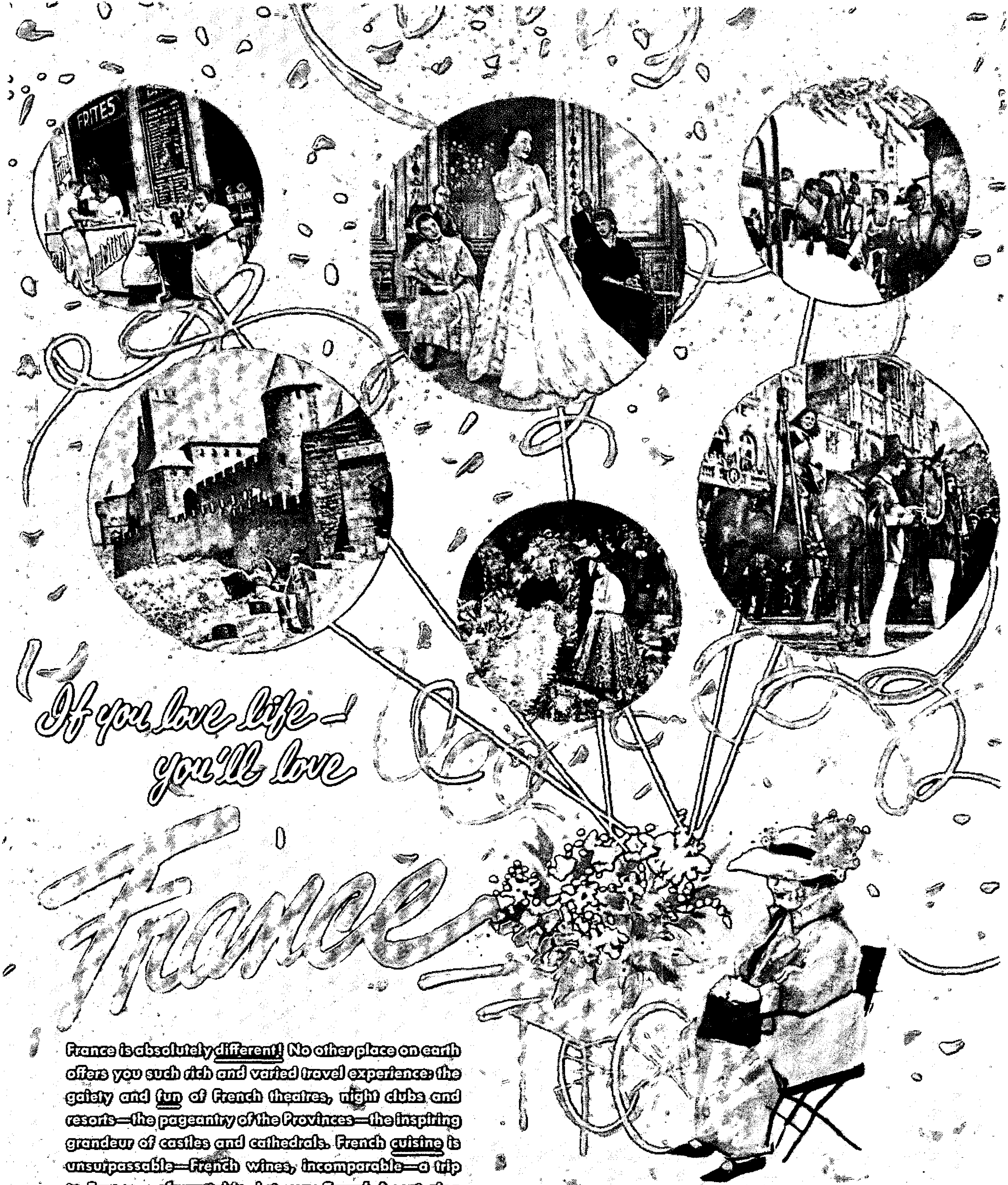

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JOHNNIE WALKER *Blended Scotch Whisky* the few minutes it takes to play a 78-r.p.m. record, they can now stretch their work to twenty minutes or more. In some ways, this freedom is useful, since it gives the musicians time to feel each other out and develop ideas, but it can also produce some terribly attenuated performances. One of the worst examples I have run across recently is on a new Columbia single, which, while excellently recorded and populated by an eleven-piece pickup band of able men, resolutely devotes the whole of one side to "The Huckle-Buck" and the whole of the other to "Robbin's Nest." There is much good work on both sides by such splendid musicians as Buck Clayton, on trumpet; Urbie Green, on trombone; and Sir Charles Thompson, on piano; but the compositions are milked dry long before they come to an end. I also thought that the pieces were bad choices in the first place. "Robbin's Nest," a breezy instrumental in the swing idiom, makes an effective ensemble number, but it doesn't lend itself very well to this kind of treatment. Pretty much the same can be said of "The Huckle-Buck;" it swings out nicely in the ensemble passages but often bogs down in the sixty-three choruses it has to traverse here. Clayton offers generous samplings of his superb muted playing on both sides. Thompson, an extremely versatile pianist and the author of "Robbin's Nest," does his work admirably but holds himself back, contributing a sketchy, big-band piano line, for the most part very much in the manner of Count Basie.

TWO more enjoyable jam sessions turn up on another new Columbia long-playing record, this one offering Eddie Condon's jazz combination, augmented toward the end by a couple of visiting musicians, on one side, and a West Coast jazz band, the Rampart Street Paraders, on the other. The West Coast bunch includes a commanding trumpet player named Clyde Hurley, the celebrated clarinettist Matty Matlock, and several other good musicians, but I thought that Condon's gambol was more satisfactory on the whole. After a performance of "Beale Street Blues," which I wasn't particularly taken with, the band slips into a medley of ballads ("Emaline," "Don't Worry 'Bout Me," and "I Can't Give You Anything but Love") that sets off the soloists—cornettist Wild Bill Davison, trombonist Cutty Cutshall, and clarinettist Edmond Hall, the last of whom does the best work here. Next, the boys settle down with "Riverboat Shuffle,"

(*Advertisement*)

THE
Minneapolis Star *and* Tribune
COLUMN

by **CEDRIC ADAMS**
MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

A LINGERING KISS HAS a new meaning. Or maybe you don't want it to have any added significance. Experts on such matters are saying that it'll cure the hiccoughs. Theory is that most cases of hiccoughs are mental in their origin and all it takes is a diverting of the mind. How can you lose even though the trick fails? . . . Expect such household items as catsup, mustard and salad dressing to come in the aerosol-bomb type of container. Can you imagine your kids fighting in the kitchen with that kind of equipment? . . . You'll see more station wagons this year. All major car manufacturers have planned for stepped-up production of these models. Some 318,000 were produced last year and there are 40 makes on the market right now . . . Sign in a beauty parlor: "We can give you a new look even if you have old parts" . . . Now I know how you women spend the time you've saved with all your household appliances. A comb company forwards the startling statistic that the average woman combs her hair 2,500 times a year or about 6.84 times a day.

★

WONDER WHY SO MANY cars retain radiator ornaments? They seem to be nothing but relics of the day when all cars were filled with water up front . . . Look for a trend toward much slimmer electric razors in the next month or so . . . Somebody wonders if the voting age is lowered to 18, will the hamburger and pop stands close on election day . . . Robert F. Black is president of the White Motor company, in case you care . . . Crack of the week: Table scraps can be converted into many things—including divorces.

★

LET THAT WARM spring breeze waft in, as it did today, and I get the urge to—you didn't guess it—get out and sing. During the summer, I like to sit under the stars in one of our beautiful parks, munch a chocolate ice cream cone, and let loose with the old-time ditties. Not solo, mind you, but along with some 90,000 of my fellow Minneapolitans, during the summer-long series of band concerts and community sings sponsored by the Minneapolis Tribune, the Minneapolis Park board and the Minneapolis Musicians association. A spirited competition it develops into, too, as the various park neighborhoods vie for the Tribune's handsome community sing trophies. The sing program is just one example of the diverse, neighborly activities—ranging from bowling meets to pheasant dinners for hospitalized veterans—sponsored by the favorite newspapers of the great Upper Midwest region. Of course that would be the **Minneapolis Star and Tribune** (combined daily circulation: more than 485,000) and the **Minneapolis Sunday Tribune** (circulation: now more than 620,000).

★

MOTHERS OF TOTS will find solace in this note from Pete Roalman of the Parker Pen company of Janesville, Wis. Pete writes: "Every day we get frantic calls and wires from mothers of young children who have swallowed some ink. Our head chemist tells me that he always suggests that parents of children who have swallowed ink give them a glass of milk and forget it. If the parents still sound too worried, he suggests having the stomach pumped; but it isn't necessary. Ink will really do more good than harm. It even makes a good mouthwash, he says. In ink there's an antiseptic that will inhibit mold growth, there's iron to give ink permanency, but not much else that will affect anybody one way or the other" . . . Comforting, isn't it? All except that business about ink being a good mouthwash. That gives me just a bit of a shudder.

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concentrating on their work and turning in a close-knit, vigorous reading. The final number, which opens with a bit of "Jam Session Blues" and passes neatly into W. C. Handy's "Ole Miss," finds them driving hard, and ends spiritedly with each of the men taking a brief solo.

FOR better or worse, a new show album devoted to an exhaustive rendering of the Sigmund Romberg score for "The Girl in Pink Tights" has been put on the market by Columbia. There are one or two passable tunes, in the porous Romberg tradition, but the thing that saves this enterprise from utter futility is the voice of the show's star, Jeanmaire. Untrained and unabashed, this voice cuts through the spongy mass with a clean thrust. To hear Mlle. Jeanmaire meet a thoroughly foolish song called "Up in the Elevated Railway" head on is a shattering and unforgettable experience. Come to think of it, I guess I'm glad they brought the album out after all.

OF the new short singles, there are a couple that strike me as outstanding:

BLUE MOON and ULTRA DELUXE—Duke Ellington and his orchestra. Actually, the first side does not present the Duke's full orchestra but merely a small group of musicians from the band. With Ray Nance playing hot fiddle and Jimmy Grissom unleashing a caterwauling vocal, they do an oddly comic interpretation of a Rodgers and Hart standard. The second side, given a forthright performance by the full orchestra, is a straight instrumental written by Mercer Ellington, the Duke's son. It calls to mind the Duke's "Never No Lament," which reappeared, equipped with lyrics, as "Don't Get Around Much Any More." (*Capitol*)

MIMOSAS and LE LOUP, LA BICHE, ET LE CHEVALIER—Lily Pons with the Norman Paris Trio. Miss Pons, given felicitous accompaniments by the trio, sings exquisitely two most attractive French songs, one an insinuating and graceful work and the other sprightly. (*Columbia*)

—D. W.

•

Everything points to it... Forsythia is budding; the rabbits are back; ducks and lambs gambol along Fifth Ave. Early-bird arrivals are searching apartments. Look at the Herald Tribune kitchen. Well, look at it: cooky tulips and jonquils are budding; rabbits hip-hopping; setting hens sitting; little cake lambs snuggling under coconut coats... everything points to it—Easter and spring. Tulips into candy pots, ice cream into cakes, cakes into roses. That Easter hat is a pudding. Pass the Easter egg buns. Everything points to it—the Easter parade is crossing the dining-room table.—*Clementine Paddleford in the Herald Tribune.*

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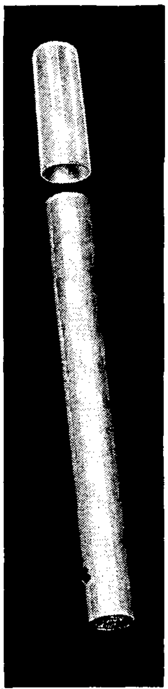

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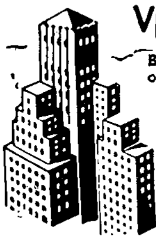

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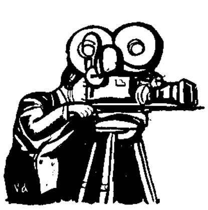

THE Fifth Avenue Cinema, down in the Village, has been all shined up and is now prepared to present, in an atmosphere of some elegance, the sort of pictures that are too limited in appeal to last very long in the larger movie houses. Its first offering is a French item called "Diary of a Country Priest," and it is a film worth seeing, even though it gets out of hand rather frequently in its attempts to depict mystical experiences. Written and directed by the painter Robert Bresson, who based his screenplay on a novel by Georges Bernanos, the picture is a grim account of a young cleric's tortured struggles to combat the world, the flesh, and the Devil. In the village where he labors for the Lord, he is rejected by everybody—even the children, who delight in mocking him. And, to add to his general woe, he is dying of cancer. But out of all his torments—mental and physical—he gains the strength to become a kind of saint. Obviously, this priest is not an easy man to understand, and M. Bresson is not too successful in explaining his motivations. However, he does have an amazingly perceptive camera, and he uses it to great effect in scrutinizing his people and their surroundings. The picture also has the benefit of some remarkable performances. Whether or not you are clear about the workings of the priest's mind, you are bound to sympathize with him as he is portrayed by Claude Laydu, and I think you'll admire the skill of Jean Riveyre as a gamy nobleman, of Nicole Ladmiral as the nobleman's twisted daughter, of Martine Lemaire as one of the priest's tiny scourges, and of André Guibert as a colleague of M. Laydu's.

Although "Diary of a Country Priest" has been compared with some of the works of Carl Dreyer, the Danish director, it hasn't, I'm afraid, anything like the impact of, say, Dreyer's "Day of Wrath." But one of these days M. Bresson may latch onto a theme just a little less cloudy, and then we ought to really have something.

THE English movie version of "The Pickwick Papers" boasts that it is the first full-length treatment of the subject. It is indeed full-length. It runs for almost two hours, and unless you are absolutely fanatical in your enthusiasm for Mr. Pickwick, it's possible that you'll be pretty weary when all the fun is over. Still, the film certainly has an authentic air, and the actors, in their physical appearance, do no violence to our conception of the way Mr. Pickwick and his friends looked. Perhaps the piece becomes somewhat overly beamish here and there, but for the most part it's reasonably diverting, particularly when Mr. Jingle is hoodwinking the members of the Pickwick Club. The Pickwick of the picture is James Hayter, and Nigel Patrick is the Jingle. Both are fine fellows, and so are such other participants as James Donald, Alexander Gauge, Lionel Murton, and Harry Fowler. The ladies involved with the clubmen are Hermione Gingold, Kathleen Harrison, Hermione Baddeley, and Joyce Grenfell. They are all right, too.

"ROSE MARIE," the Friml-Harbach-Hammerstein musical about the Royal Mounties and the trappers and the Indians, which was hot stuff back in the twenties, is with us once again, and it has in no way improved with age and CinemaScope. Howard Keel, Ann Blyth, Fernando Lamas, and Bert Lahr figure in the thing, and "Indian Love Call" gets a real workout in Stereophonic sound.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

[From the Pasadena Star News]

Since McCarthy is still a member of the subcommittee, he would have the right to sit behind the long desk with the other members when the hearing starts.

If they decide he can't cross-examine—that they'll do all the questioning—he might just as well sit out in the audience until his time to testify came.

But if he is allowed to quiz the Army people testifying against him, there is no predicting either the outcome of the hearing or the direction it will take. He's a tough, relentless questioner and could, if he wished, drag in side issues. He says Army people should be allowed to question him too.

The four principals in the case are McCarthy and Cohn on one side and the Army, represented by its secretary, Robert T. Stevens, and its assistant legal counsel, John G. Adams, on the other.

The hydra, with no eyes and nothing that could be called a developed brain, can capture the highly organized waterflea which has both a compound eye and a brain, according to an article in *Natural History*.

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BOOKS

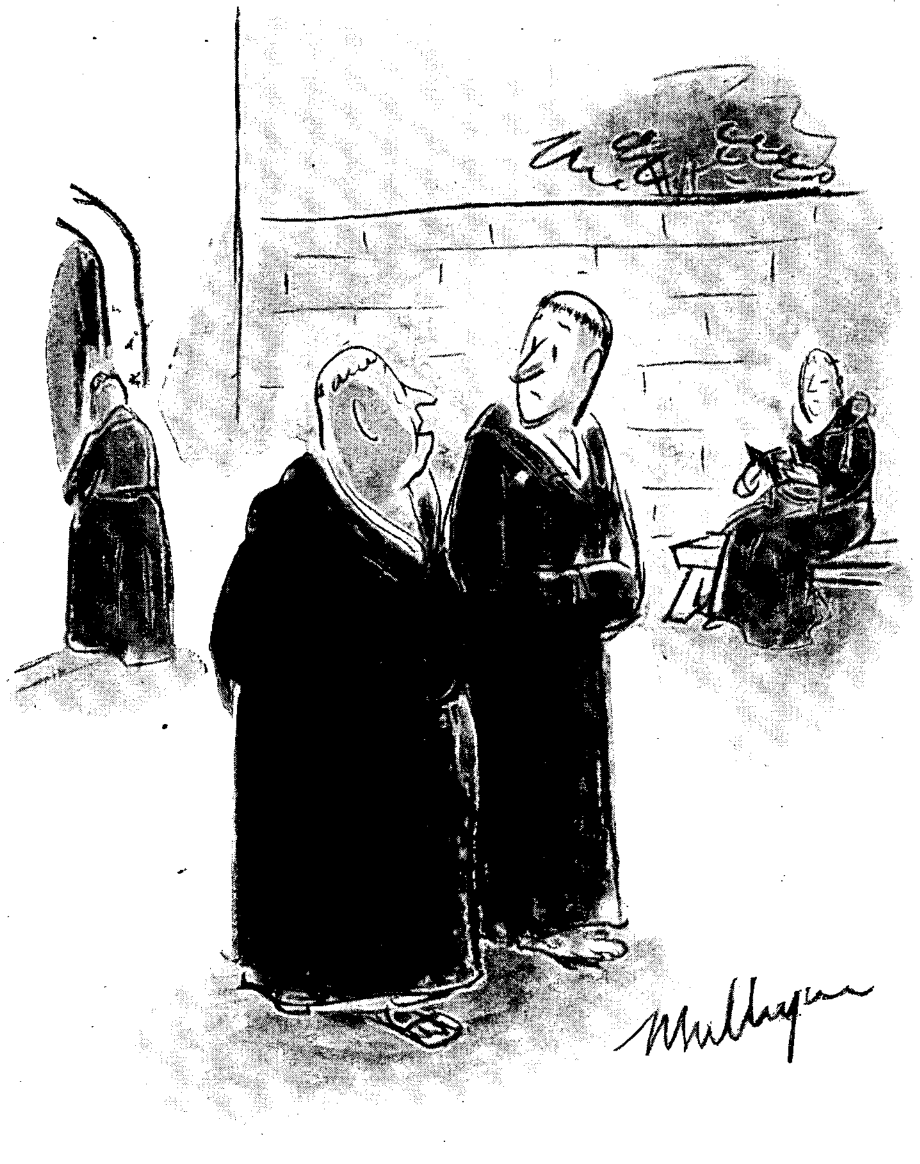
Rung Ho, Maugham Sahib!

EVEN before I got my copy of Somerset Maugham's "Choice of Kipling's Best" (Doubleday), sixteen short stories with a truculent introductory essay by the Octogenarian of the Year, I had composed a lead designed to show myself that I had grown up. "Rudyard Kipling, born in 1865, was a minor writer but a major disaster for the British Empire" was what I meant to write, and it would have been amply justified. "Born in India and thence removed at the age of five, he fancied his birth gave him a Special Insight"—and here I intended to put in something about how Henry Luce felt the same way about China. "Returning at the age of seventeen with too much ego in his cosmos, Kipling created in the seven succeeding years a stereotype of India that made any subsequent rational approach to the problem of the subject peoples politically unprofitable for the ambitious British statesman." The ego-in-the-cosmos gag is from Kipling's "Bertran and Bimi," a story not included by Mr. Maugham in his selection. It is about an orangutan who becomes jealous of his owner's wife and tears her into small pieces, after which the owner chokes the orangutan to death. Once you have been well peppered with Kipling, he is likely to work toward the surface at any time, like ancient buckshot.

But when I gazed upon the dust jacket of Maugham's book, I fell again under the spell. For thereon stood an elephant, and by the elephant a most elegant native officer of the sahib-worshipping (Kipling fondly believed) Warrior Races, perhaps Rissaldar Hira Singh himself, straight out of "The Man Who Was," the most unforgettable throw-together of claptrap ever constructed. "Rung Ho, Hira Singh!" I quoted from memory (which means "Go in and win," according to Kipling). I then ascertained that Maugham Singh had made "The Man Who Was" one of his choices. Failing that, O My Beloved, I should have straightway put out the "Consensus of Handicappers' Choice of Kipling's Right-from-the-Feedbox Best," including "The Man Who Was." A current best-seller, by the way, is called "The Man Who Never Was," which shows how widely that Kipling buckshot can spread.

Hira Singh, I remembered, was the star of the Lushkar Light Horse polo team, all of them post-game guests of the White Hussars, who were as conscientious about choosing their wines as about charging the enemy. There was another guest that night—Dirkovitch, the touring Cossack officer, who had seen rather more help-yourself fighting than most men of his years. Before charging into the teeth of Maugham's introduction, I skipped two-score pages and popped into the mess of the White Hussars for a couple of toasts.

Little Mildred, the junior subaltern, six feet four and big in proportion, with four thousand (at $4.86) a year and a title, was answering "The Queen, God bless Her!" as I reëntered after an absence of thirty-five years, and "the big spurs clanked as the big men heaved themselves up," the way they had been doing throughout the interim. "No one but an officer can tell what the toast means, and the bulk have more sentiment than comprehension," I read, and the old lump was in my throat again—a whole series of lumps, in fact, although I was no more an officer of the White Hussars than young Kipling was when he wrote it. Well, right after that Hira Singh thrusts forward the hilt of his sabre in fealty and makes a speech about how he will stand by his playmates against the Russians. But it is in the vernacular, and Dirkovitch doesn't under-



"How I envy you, Brother Timothy. My call didn't come till after many years wasted on the pleasures of the flesh and the so-called joys of this world."

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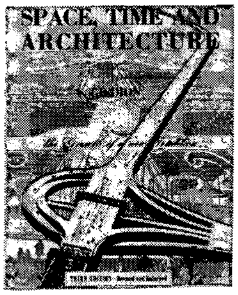

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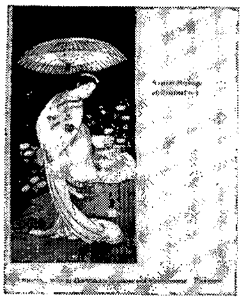

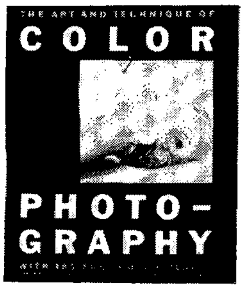

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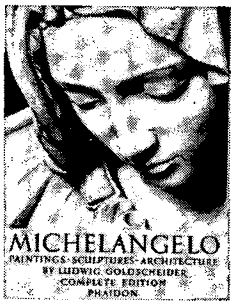

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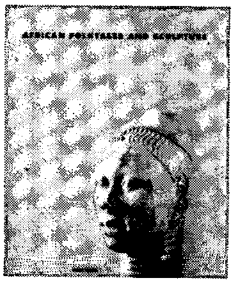

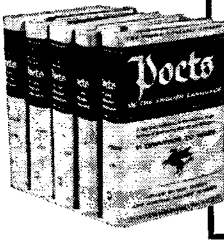

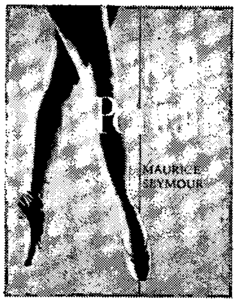

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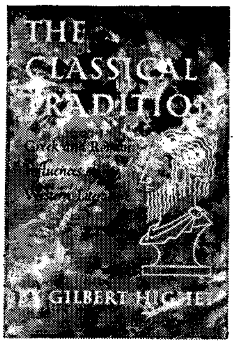

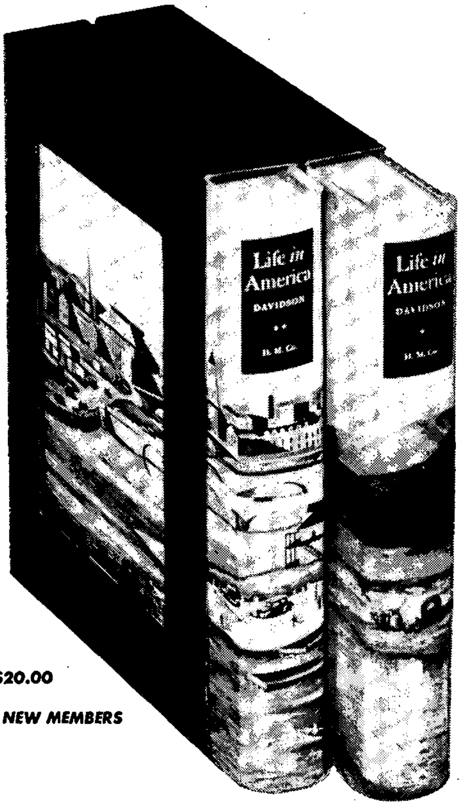

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stand. Also, he is drunk, and has fallen under the table, as White Hussars never do. (He may have wound up as a taxi-driver in Paris after the Revolution; I think I saw him once in the Rue Lepic.) And then the corporal of the guard brings in the ragged wretch who has been caught stealing carbines and is going to turn out to be Lieutenant Limmason of the White Hussars, who was captured in the Crimean War and never exchanged, because he had insulted a Russian colonel.

"It is a horrible thing to hear a man cry," I read, although I think I could have recited it without looking. "A woman can sob from the top of her palate, or her lips, or anywhere else, but a man must cry from his diaphragm, and it rends him to pieces." True or false? I had never stopped to think.

Then the captain of the visiting Lushkars "did a deed for which he ought to have been given the Victoria Cross—distinguished gallantry in a fight against overwhelming curiosity. He picked up his team with his eyes as the hostess picks up the ladies at an opportune moment, and pausing only by the Colonel's chair to say, 'This isn't *our* affair, you know, sir,' led them into the verandah and the gardens. Hira Singh was the last to go." But the indelicate Dirkovitch stays on, immobilized.

The ragged wretch reaches out his long-taloned hands to a trick piece of plate, a seven-branched candelabrum that, properly manipulated, turns into a wheel-spoke arrangement I have never been able to visualize. It has stood in the mess for ages, and nobody but a White Hussar would know the trick. "He found the spring, pressed it, and laughed weakly." So did I. Like Limmason, I was home again.

My mother presented me with a ten-volume leatherette-bound edition of Kipling on my eleventh birthday, which was early in the First World War. Reading as I ate ice cream—I couldn't wait until my birthday guests departed before broaching the sacred books—I decided that he was our greatest story writer. (By "our" I meant all sahib-people, among whom I never doubted he included Americans.) From that faith I was not to waver until I was nearly sixteen.

Kipling captured me completely—I think because he was a small boy in a man's leatherette binding. Maugham says that "his great and varied gifts found their most brilliant expression" in the "Jungle Books," although " 'Kim' is his masterpiece." The heroes of both works are pre-adolescent males, and so are all Kipling's other protagonists, even when they are six feet four and big in proportion. His style has descended to us through the speeches of Winston Churchill, who was saturated with Kipling when he was a young journalist and contracted an incurable grandiloquence. Women, in Kipling's world, are a noxious influence, except when, as in the story called "William the Conqueror," they resemble men very closely. (William *is* a woman, and a jolly good sort, too.) The adults whom he equates with studious boys are cowards and twisters; for example, the English-speaking Bengalis contrasted with the Warrior Races, or newspaper-reading soldiers contrasted with the good old-fashioned illiterate variety. (This, I suppose, was a carry-over from Kipling's schooldays. He despised himself for not having been a muscle wallah.) War is Rugby as it looks to a boy who never made the team. Above all, there are wonderful things everywhere for a boy to see on the way to school, from a mongoose fighting a cobra to a well-shot dead man: "The deserter of the Aurangabadis pitched forward, rolled down a red rock, and lay very still, with his face in a clump of blue gentians, while a big raven flapped out of the pine wood to make investigation." Frank E. Campbell couldn't have arranged the blighter more tastefully.

I went over the hill from the White Hussars when I was still a freshman at college. Kipling was already outmoded, but I had not suspected it while I was writing for our high-school literary magazine. Chekhov had changed the enlightened English 1 instructor's notion of what a short story should be, and Sherwood Anderson was about to complete the revolution. I discarded my ten-volume Kipling as I did the neat business suit, with two pairs of ankle-length trousers, bought under my father's supervision before I left home. I wouldn't have been found dead with either of them. Before I read Mr. Maugham's introduction to "Choice of Kipling's Best," it had never occurred to me that I had made a mistake. When I tackled that, though, I discovered that by a coincidence no less remarkable than Lieutenant Limmason's return to the mess of the White Hussars, Maugham had reproduced, almost word for word, my unpublished juvenile estimate of his contemporary. Maugham was born in 1874, and he must have caught the full blast of Kipling's explosion into eminence in the late eighties, while he was still a fairly small male himself.

"Rudyard Kipling," says Mr. Maugham, "is the only writer of short stories our country has produced who can stand comparison with Guy de Maupassant and Chekhov. He is our greatest story writer. I can't believe he will ever be equalled. I am sure he can never be excelled." I felt like the deserter of the Aurangabadis, or like Lord Jim when he learned that the ship he had abandoned remained afloat.

Maugham expresses a few reservations; it never seems to have occurred to Kipling, for example, he says, that the school he attended was "third rate and the boys a rotten lot." And Kipling certainly didn't know a lady when he saw one; Mrs. Hauksbee, who was his projection of a woman of fashion, gave herself away by talking of the sound of the brakes in the underground. A woman of fashion never could have heard them; she would have ridden only in hansom cabs. For that matter, Maugham says, Anglo-Indians in general overimpressed Kipling: "They were ordinary middle-class people. . . . It is surprising that Kipling, with his quick mind and wonderful powers of observation, with his wide reading, should have taken these people at their face value." But toward the theory that even a story writer needs more brains than a decorticated cat, Mr. Maugham is merciless. "No one is obliged to read stories and if you don't like them unless there is something in them more than a story, there is nothing to do about it. . . . He was a very talented man, but not a profound thinker."

Besides "The Man Who Was," Maugham includes in his "Choice" five English and eleven Indian stories. Of the first group, no less than four deal with the supernatural. These have the general quality of scenes played behind cheesecloth at a school Christmas pageant. The most familiar is "The Finest Story in the World," which it isn't by a very long chalk. This is the tale of the London bank clerk who tantalizes his writer friend with glimpses of previous incarnations as a Greek galley slave and a Viking oarsman but blacks out on his previous existences when he meets a girl. The point of highest ingenuity is reached when he scrawls some of the symbols the slaves used to scratch on the oars of their galleys. The narrator takes them to a museum curator, and they are Greek, although the bank clerk has never learned Greek. In " 'Wireless,' " another of Mr. Maugham's choices, the vehicle of prenatal experi-

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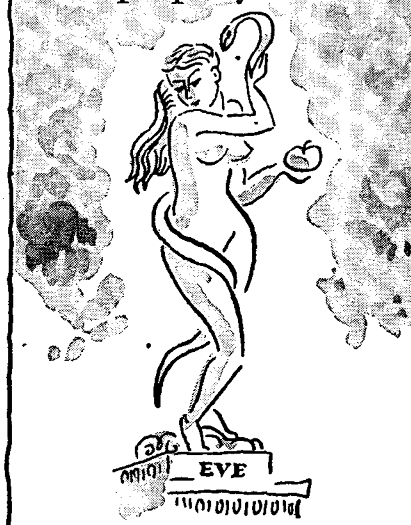

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ence is a druggist, writing "The Eve of Saint Agnes" in honor of his own girl, who happens to be named Fanny Brand. But the druggist has never read Keats. This is the kind of gimmick a writer may use repeatedly over a span of years. Two examples seem too many for one collection. In "The Brushwood Boy," two of the least interesting characters in the annals of dreams dream of each other in an identical setting of pink marzipan and whimsey, although they have never met. Then they meet, and after that there is nothing to do but go to sleep again. The fourth story is about a beautiful blind woman given to buying toys for children's ghosts, who hide from earthier eyes. Even to one who imbibed Kipling with his mother's ice cream these confections seem vanilla.

There is also a Jungle Story, "Mowgli's Brothers," with talking animals who expound the Law of the Jungle, and "Tods' Amendment," in which a small boy (R. K., incog.) repairs adults' errors and incidentally shows up native Indian politicians, a group for whom Kipling had an unquenchable hate. In all Kipling's boy stories, the hero is either a young smart-aleck or a pathetic victim. Both Mowgli and Tods are smart-alecks, and I wish that Maugham had left at least one of them out in favor of "The Drums of the Fore and Aft" or "Wee Willie Winkie," over which I had shed many tears in a happier era. "The Miracle of Purun Bhagat" is another swatch of animal-faking and pompous speech, for both of which Maugham, if he is to be taken seriously, apparently has a weakness. "Out, now, and lend me thy neck, Brother, for I have but two feet," says the Holy Man as he mounts the stag who has come to warn him of a landslide. From there to the wire, he is Paul Revere, and they get to the village in time to warn the Hill People.

Two more choices, "William the Conqueror" and "The Tomb of His Ancestors," are not much of an improvement, but the second one does contain some pretty fair Kiplingese. The European characters talk like this:

> "Look!" he said to the Major. "No need to ask the young 'un's breed. He's a *pukka* Chinn. Might be his father in the Fifties over again."
>
> "Hope he'll shoot as straight," said the Major.

And the natives like this:

> "Now can I die. But first I will live and show the Sahib how to kill tigers."

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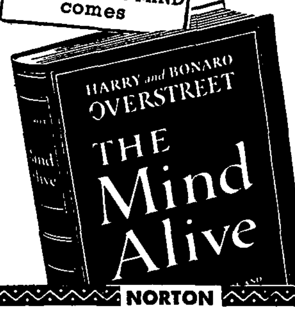

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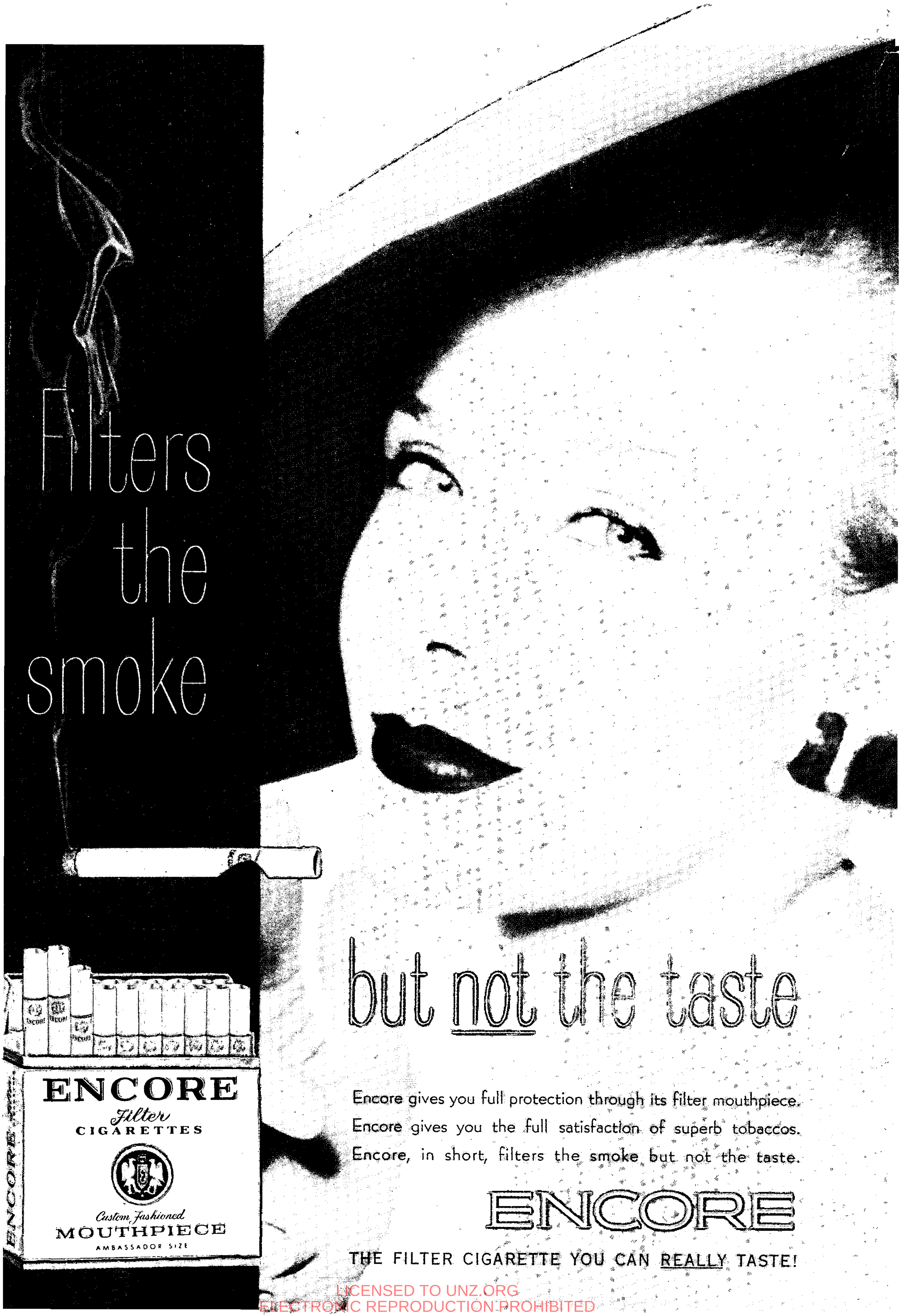
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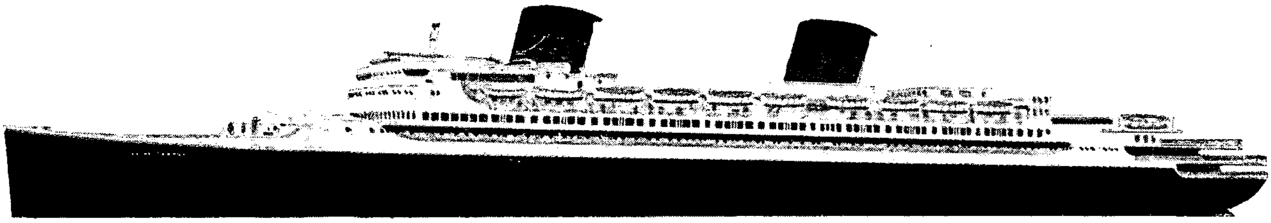

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carnation of his father, aborts a revolt of the wild but lovable Bhils, "the most *pukka shikarries* in all India." After this, the chaplain gives the ringleaders a good flogging with a riding whip, and for added punishment the young 'un has them all vaccinated by a cowardly, grovelling Hindu pharmacist. All Kipling Indians who can read and write English crawl on their bellies. In "William the Conqueror," there is another Hindu pharmacist. The sahibs truss him up to keep him from deserting the cholera-relief train. Even in a tale laid in London, such as "The Finest Story in the World," Kipling injects a corrupt and cowardly educated Indian, for purposes exclusively of insult.

But it was "On Greenhow Hill," which I used to think noble and pathetic, that broke my heart, and not in the manner in which it was wont to break it long ago. "Soldiers Three" was the most dog-eared of all my Kipling before I went over the hill from the White Hussars, and I retained a touching faith that Stanley Ortheris, Terence Mulvaney, and Jock Learoyd were real soldiers. Viewed now in retrospect, they are merely dialect comedians in red suits, and it is a bowdlerized dialect at that. "Love-o'-Women," Maugham's second nomination from the soldier tales, is a melodramatic recitation in spurious brogue:

> " 'I'm dyin', Aigypt—dyin',' he sez. [This was not written for laughs, bear in mind.] Widout word or warning she opened her arms full stretch and 'Here!' she sez. (Oh, fwhat a golden mericle av a voice ut was!) 'Die here!' she sez."

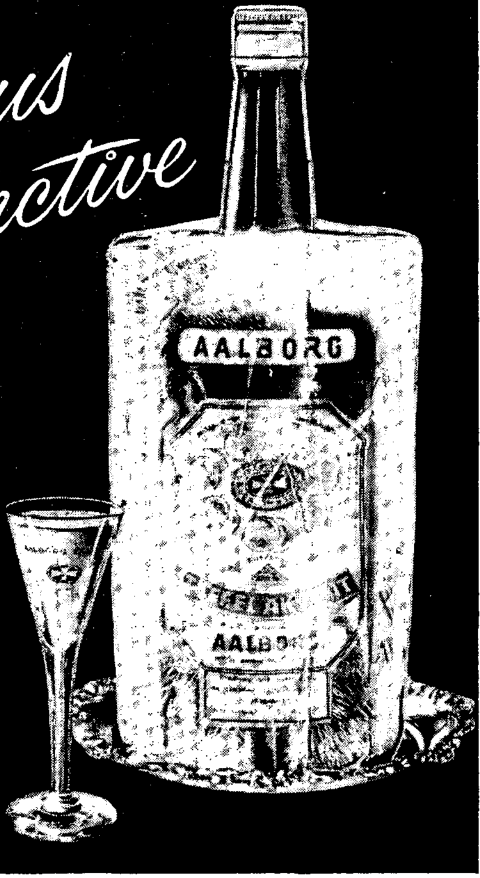
And yet these stories, like "The Man Who Was," have a raucous music-hall glory about them. The way "On Greenhow Hill" begins, for instance:

> "Ohé, Ahmed Din! Shafiz Ullah ahoo! Bahadur Khan, where are you? Come out of the tents, as I have done, and fight against the English. Don't kill your own kin! Come out to me!"
>
> "Wot's all that?" [asks Ortheris].

But I knew. It was the deserter of the Aurangabadis crawling around the camp to snipe. And I knew that Ortheris was going to kill him—not then, but on the last page:

> "See that beggar . . . got 'im." . . .
>
> "That's a clean shot, little man," said Mulvaney.

Kipling seldom wrote a good story, but he often wrote parts of bad ones well. In "At the End of the Passage," included by Mr. Maugham, he almost went the distance. This is the story of four minor Anglo-Indian officials,



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one a doctor, who meet every Sunday in the bungalow of an assistant railroad engineer to play whist and drink warm beer or Scotch with tepid soda. In the dreadful heat, the men pluck on one another's nerves. The room is darkened until it is barely possible to see the cards and the players' faces; outside "there was neither sky, sun nor horizon—nothing but a brown purple haze of heat. It was as though the earth were dying of apoplexy." Kipling can make you feel hotter than a steam bath. The men exchange bitter shoptalk and insults, which become progressively less playful. Hummil, the host, is particularly outrageous, but the others perceive that he is ill. Two of the visitors depart after the unavoidably bad dinner of tough fowl; the doctor remains. Hummil confesses he has been so harried by a nightmare that he daren't sleep. The doctor gives him a sedative; next morning he feels better. But a week later, when Hummil's friends return, he is dead. The doctor takes a picture of the dead man's eyes, and after developing the negative destroys it. He has taken the first recorded photograph of a hallucination. At first glance, this Grand Guignol ending seems to spoil a grand story, but it is so extraneous to what has gone before that it needn't. All you have to do is tear out the last page.

There is also, inevitably, "Without Benefit of Clergy," the one about the Englishman who has a child by a Moslem girl he has bought from her mother. Maugham says, "If I had to choose for an anthology the best short story Kipling ever wrote, this I believe is the one I would choose." He calls it "a beautiful and pathetic tale." It is beautiful, all right, but almost too beautiful. One more chocolate sprinkle on the meringue, and the whole structure would collapse into the "Indian Love Lyrics" of Laurence Hope.

My own choice for One Best Bet would be "The Man Who Would Be King," the only story of the lot that seems to me better now than it did when I first read it. It is a very long short story about two conquistadors born too late and into the wrong nation. Here Kipling's thick lenses were not misted by sentiment, as I fear they were when he gazed on Little Mildreds or *pukka* Chinns. The narrator is a young newspaperman—in fact, Kipling. The conquistadors, Peachey Carnehan and Daniel Dravot, are the kind of small-time hustlers with whom young newspapermen are familiar. The story is a joy from the narrator's first encounter

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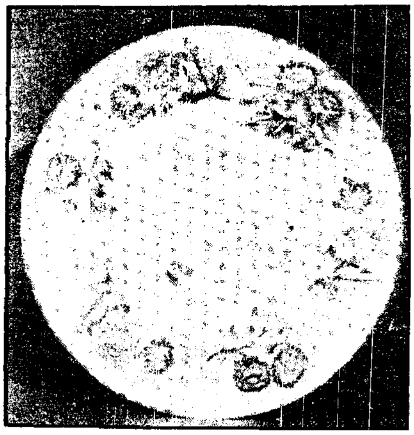

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with Peachey, bound on an errand of blackmail into a Native State, to when, two years and many pages later, he rolls out on a table in a newspaper office the dried head of his senior partner in the conquest of Kafiristan. All Carnehan has brought back from the adventure is the head and a crown of heavy gold set with raw turquoises. But these disappear after his admission to the asylum, where he dies.

Kipling was a one-story writer, on the evidence of these sixteen exhibits, and I can't think of any Mr. Maugham has omitted that would change the score by more than a fraction, although I would prefer more selections from the blood-and-thunder department, such as "The Mark of the Beast" and "The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes."

It is possible, of course, that Maugham Sahib has been having us on.

—A. J. Liebling

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Not by the Door, by James B. Hall (Random House). In this first novel, Mr. Hall displays a talent that is bright, alive, and working, although its expression is still clumsy and often outrageously careless. He seems to have no trouble at all in performing the unusual feat of lifting his commonplace people and their commonplace world to a level that makes them worth reading about, and he gives us this admirably clear and constant vision in spite of the fact that he slurs his words, sentences, and paragraphs in a manner that indicates either a complete indifference to the language or a hopeless insensitivity to it. He tells of an empty, vaguely well-intentioned, almost infantile young man, Howard Marcham, who is an Episcopal minister and who arrives, with his pretty, petty-hearted wife, to enter upon his first post, in Millston, a small Ohio town. The story of the Marchams' disastrous career in Millston also reveals the town and its inhabitants, and proves that its author possesses a thoughtful and relentlessly individual eye—an eye more chilly than cold but true to what it sees, as far as it can see.

The Gipsy in the Parlour, by Margery Sharp (Little, Brown). A decidedly forced tale about a family of dark, gigantic brothers who live, together with their blond gigantic wives, on a prosperous farm in Devonshire. The plot follows the long and curious, but also tedious, court-

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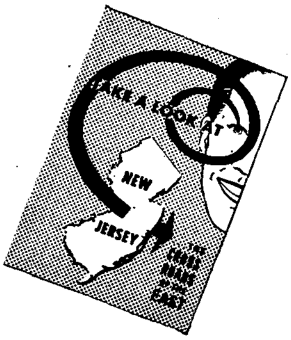

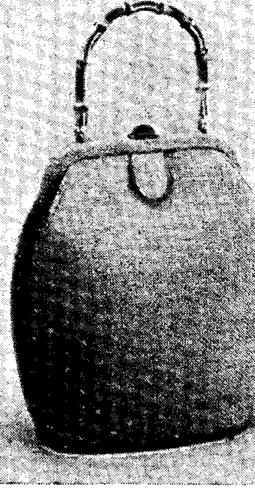

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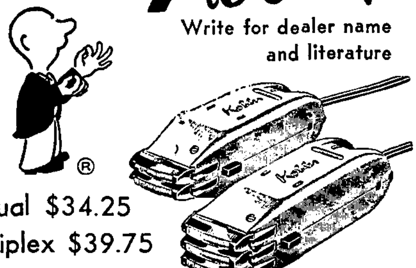

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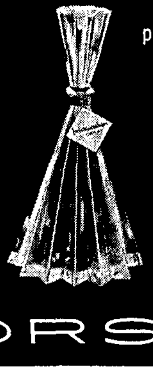

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ship of the youngest brother, who is betrothed to a small, dark, and sly-witted milliner in a nearby town. A visiting child niece from London tells the story, mixing sentimental nostalgia and earthy humor to achieve a tone that is, at its best, banal. The time is the eighteen-seventies. A Literary Guild selection.

THE GLORIOUS MORNINGS, by Paul Hyde Bonner (Scribner). Twelve good-humored short stories about hunting and fishing in many parts of the world, written with an air of ease and comfort that makes them pleasant, dreamy reading.

GENERAL

A RAKE AND HIS TIMES, by John H. Wilson (Farrar, Straus & Young). Another instructive romp through Restoration England by the author of "Nell Gwyn: Royal Mistress," this time in the company of George Villiers, the Second Duke of Buckingham. Pimp (he procured both Nell Gwyn and Louise de Kerouaille for Charles II), adulterer (he made the Countess of Shrewsbury his mistress and later killed her husband in a duel), and tosspot concocter of obscene sermons, Buckingham was indeed a rake, and Mr. Wilson, a professor of English at Ohio State University, makes no attempt to deny it. He does, however, see him as something more—a courageous soldier, a talented poet and playwright, an ardent experimental chemist, a vigorous advocate of religious freedom and constitutional government, and, above all, in the words of William Penn, "a person over whom a great reason and the love of his country does predominate." This is, of course, an unconventional view, but it must be said that Mr. Wilson presents it most persuasively. An enjoyable book.

THE GREAT WAR FOR THE EMPIRE, by Lawrence Henry Gipson (Knopf). Professor Gipson, research professor of history at Lehigh University, has now published eight volumes of his study of the British Empire before the American Revolution. This is the third to deal with the French and Indian War. Subtitled "The Culmination," it examines the period between the accession of George III, in 1760, and the Treaty of Paris, in 1763. Many historians believe England was motivated in those years by a swashbuckling desire to loot the world, but Professor Gipson doesn't, and offers as partial proof the Treaty

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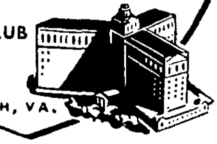

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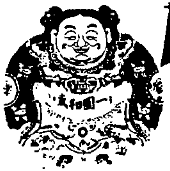

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of Paris, whose magnanimous terms, dictated by a victorious England, surprised everybody, especially the vanquished. A professional and painstaking, but by no means tortuous, work. Maps.

Shirt-Sleeve Diplomacy: Point 4 in Action, by Jonathan B. Bingham (John Day). "Fourth," President Truman said in his Inaugural Address in 1949, "we must embark on a bold new program for making the benefits of our scientific advances and industrial progress available for the improvement and growth of underdeveloped areas." This book, by a former Acting Administrator of the Technical Coöperation Administration (that is to say, Point Four), is a progress report on how, over the last five years, a team of more than two thousand Americans has been helping the peoples of underdeveloped areas help themselves—and, incidentally, has been hurting the Communists. The author covers not only the work itself—in education, agriculture, community development, health, and so on—but also some of the complicated problems that a sudden access of technology has created in backward regions. He comes to grips both with the critics (like Walter Reuther) who would step up Point Four by billions and with those (like many congressmen) who would leave the whole thing to private capital; each of these proposals, he believes, is impracticable, and his reasons are impressive. The fullest and most authoritative account of the program yet published.

Isn't One Wife Enough? by Kimball Young (Holt). Its title notwithstanding, this book, by a grandson of Brigham Young who is a professor of sociology at Northwestern University, is a serious, though not sober-sided, study of the institution of polygamy as officially practiced, from 1852 to 1890, by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. Naturally, plural marriage in Utah set the rest of Victorian America by the ears, and the Mormons had to abandon it in the face of repressive federal laws, arrests, searches, seizures, trials, and prison terms. They became secretive about their "celestial marriages," and to this day their church frowns on any discussion of polygamy, which makes things difficult for the social historian. Mr. Young, however, has managed to collect a good deal of first-hand material on the economics and the

the
tender
Time

. . . it's a time just a shade past twilight. A little too early for a little girl to sleep, and too late for her to play. This is the tender time—a quiet corner of the day when a four-year-old girl named Randy talks to her daddy and he listens as only a daddy knows how.

Randy was almost deprived of this special together-ness time with her father. For months her mother had not been feeling or acting like herself, and her daddy was very worried. What was going to happen to his wife, to Randy, and to him? One of the men in his shop, who had once been in a similar spot, suggested that he see the CSS counselor about his family troubles. Things worked out much better than Randy's father even dared hope—*and you may have played a part in it.*

When Randy's mother was admitted to the hospital a month ago, the counselor arranged for a CSS homemaker to care for Randy from the time her daddy leaves for work until he comes home at night. What peace of mind for a troubled man to know that his child is taken care of. How human it is that they can be with each other when they need each other most. There's probably sixty hours of precious tender time that Randy and her daddy have shared this month while mommy has been away ill.

And you probably *did* play a part in giving them this time together. For it is through contributions like yours that the CSS was able to help Randy's father and is able to help other families when they are in a crisis. It's a warm, and meaningful family gift you're giving when you give to the CSS.

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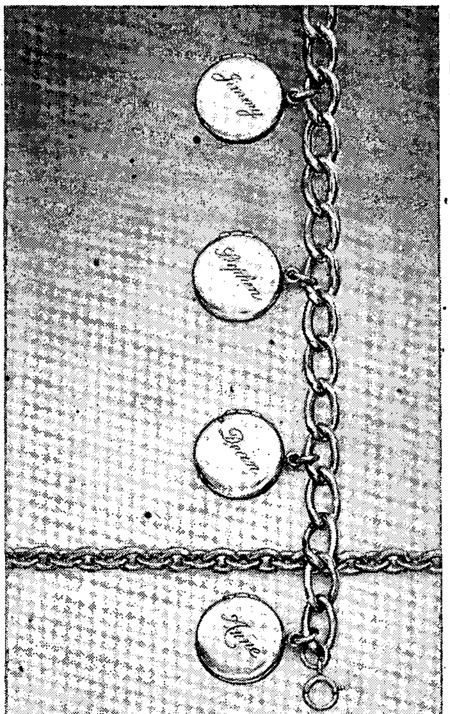

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sexual mores of Mormon polygamy, as well as on such matters as how courtship was carried on and how the first wife, whom the husband usually called "Sister," got along with the successive wives, whom he usually called "Aunt," and how the children fared. A highly satisfactory job. Illustrated.

A LAYMAN'S LOVE OF LETTERS, by G. M. Trevelyan (Longmans, Green). Dr. Trevelyan, the historian, has an unquestioned love of literature, but it is almost entirely the literature of the nineteenth century—Shelley and Browning, Scott and Kipling, Macaulay and Bagehot. Dr. Trevelyan's lifelong association with Cambridge, including the mastership of Trinity, has earned him the friendship of three generations of English writers, and we hear of "Monty" James and "Morgan" Forster, what George Meredith said, and why Trevelyan's friend Geoffrey Young climbed mountains. Some of Dr. Trevelyan's perspectives, like an excursus on the use of geography in poetry, are unusual and interesting, and in dealing with one body of literature, the Border Ballads, he inexplicably rises to true criticism; his account of the grandeur and terror of these anonymous poems, "like the doom impending over the Lion Gate at Mycenæ," far transcends all the book's dated enthusiasms and common-room chitchat.

MEN AND SHARKS, by Hans Hass, translated by Barrows Mussey (Doubleday). The jaunty Austrian zoologist, photographer, and skin diver who last entertained us with "Manta" here takes us on another underwater ramble. This time, the scene of Dr. Hass's submersions is the Aegean, and his prey, as the title makes clear, is the shark, a creature that inspires him with rather more curiosity than fear. Lively in spots, but on the whole a perfunctory performance. There are, however, a number of first-rate photographs.

HERMAN MELVILLE: CYCLE AND EPICYCLE, by Eleanor Melville Metcalf (Harvard). Mrs. Metcalf, who did an excellent job of editing Melville's "Journal of a Visit to London and the Continent" several years ago, has now tried her hand at a documentary biography of her grandfather, the prominent customs inspector and cetologist. Unfortunately, most of the letters she prints are by now thoroughly familiar, and even in her documentary form she has been pre-

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ceded by Jay Leyda's fuller "Melville Log." A few of the letters are new and interesting, though, and her general inside-the-family slant is very much worth having. Where else could we learn, for example, that the beard of America's greatest writer was not soft and silky but as tough and wiry as horsehair, or that he insisted on his servant's reporting to him personally when the water for his oatmeal was boiling?

LETTERS TO MILENA, by Franz Kafka, translated by Tania and James Stern (Schocken). Kafka first met Milena Jesenská, a Viennese bluestocking and heartbreaker, early in 1920, when she was translating several of his stories from German into Czech. In spite of—or perhaps because of—certain considerable obstacles (she was little more than half his age, married, and a Gentile), their friendship rapidly developed into the most passionate, if largely epistolary, attachment of Kafka's short and passionate life. In addition to being an emotional rather than a physical affair, it was, as might be expected, an intensely unhappy one, and in this engrossing compilation of recently discovered letters there appears once more, with a clarity nearly equal to that of the "Diaries," the awful preoccupation with the self-inflicted wounds that contributed so greatly to Kafka's misery as a man and his triumph as an artist. Introduction and notes by Willy Haas.

THE FAULKNER READER (Random House). An estimable anthological introduction to Yoknapatawpha County. The selections, assembled by an unidentified but canny hand, include the rugged whole of "The Sound and the Fury," three novellas ("Go Down, Moses," "The Wild Palms," and "The Hamlet"), nine stories, and self-sufficient episodes from "Light in August" and "Requiem for a Nun." There is also the text of Mr. Faulkner's memorable Nobel Prize address, and a characteristically gnarled foreword by him.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE NAKED LAND, by Hammond Innes (Knopf). "After that we climbed again, up a steep escarpment to a lonely watch-tower and the pass of Tizi N Tinififft, more than five thousand feet up . . . until, as the sun set, we came out on a hill-top and far below us saw the Draa Valley, a green ribbon of palm trees. And there, on a little hill, was the military post

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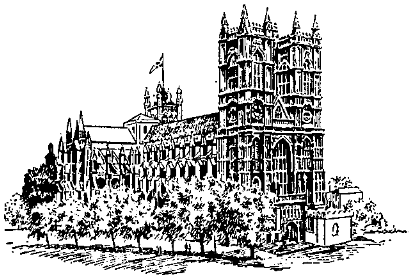

Westminster Abbey is falling down

If this news leaves you unmoved, read no further

TODAY, Westminster Abbey is in almost as desperate danger of becoming a total loss as it was during the Blitz. But now the enemy is *time.*

Nine centuries of weather and slow decay have weakened the Abbey's very foundations. Much of its stonework has perished. Its pinnacles lean dangerously.

To make good this damage, and establish endowments for future maintenance, will cost £1,000,000. An appeal was launched in London in January, 1953.

Fund is nine-tenths complete

Since then, contributions from Britain and every part of the Commonwealth have been coming in. Now, the total goal is all but one-tenth subscribed.

The Abbey is more than a British shrine. It will always be, in the words of Sir Winston Churchill, "...a living spring of hope, inspiration and unfailing interest wherever the English language is spoken..."

Tens of thousands of Americans know and love Westminster Abbey. They have prayed and given thanks in it. They have stood there in the hush of history.

Spontaneous American gesture

Because of this, a committee of Americans—belonging to the Catholic, Protestant and Jewish faiths—have started The American Fund for Westminster Abbey. The Hon. Winthrop W. Aldrich is honorary chairman, with Morris L. Ernst, William V. Griffin and Langdon P. Marvin as co-chairmen. The goal is $280,000.

This appeal is addressed to those many friends of Britain in this country who feel that the Abbey is part of their own heritage—and would like to have a hand in making it secure.

Contributions in pounds or dollars are tax-deductible. They should be sent to The English-Speaking Union (Abbey Fund), 19 East 54th St., New York 22.

(*Advertisement*)

of Agdz." This passage appears on page 151, and while the North African landscape in Mr. Innes's book is not always so insistent or so unpronounceable, the plot, which has something to do with an English missionary, a refugee Czech scientist, a couple of beautiful women, and quite a few villains of assorted nationalities, has a tendency to get obscured by it. However, the author's style is agreeable, if a little luxuriant; his story moves along at a commendable pace; and altogether the chances are that you'll enjoy yourself in a leisurely way.

BEAT BACK THE TIDE, by Dolores Hitchens (Doubleday). The heroine of this one, whose name is Francesca, is not beautiful, but she has a kind of moody charm, and the hero is so fetched by it that he undertakes to solve the mystery of her husband's death. This is not easy, because he was a drunkard, a wife beater, and quite a man with the ladies all around; in fact, any number of people might have taken a shot at him from the cliff that night. The likely suspects include a tough cop, a girl with a figure that keeps getting her in trouble, an anthropologist, a saloonkeeper, and Francesca herself, who might have done it in a dream. Mrs. Hitchens works everything out tidily enough, but she is a little handicapped by the fact that none of her characters are very ingratiating.

•

Dr. James W. Mauery has announced the opening of his office at 222 W. Beaver Ave., State College....

He is a Lewistown naive and also maintains an office there.—*State College (Pa.) Centre Times.*

No vivid writing, please.

•

Lorraine McAllister and Betty Phillips will present selections from "Brigadoon" at Rotary luncheon in Hotel Vancouver's Banquet Room Tuesday at noon.

The cardinal is one of the few bird species whose female can sing.—*Vancouver Sun.*

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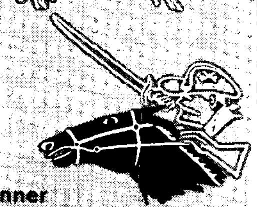

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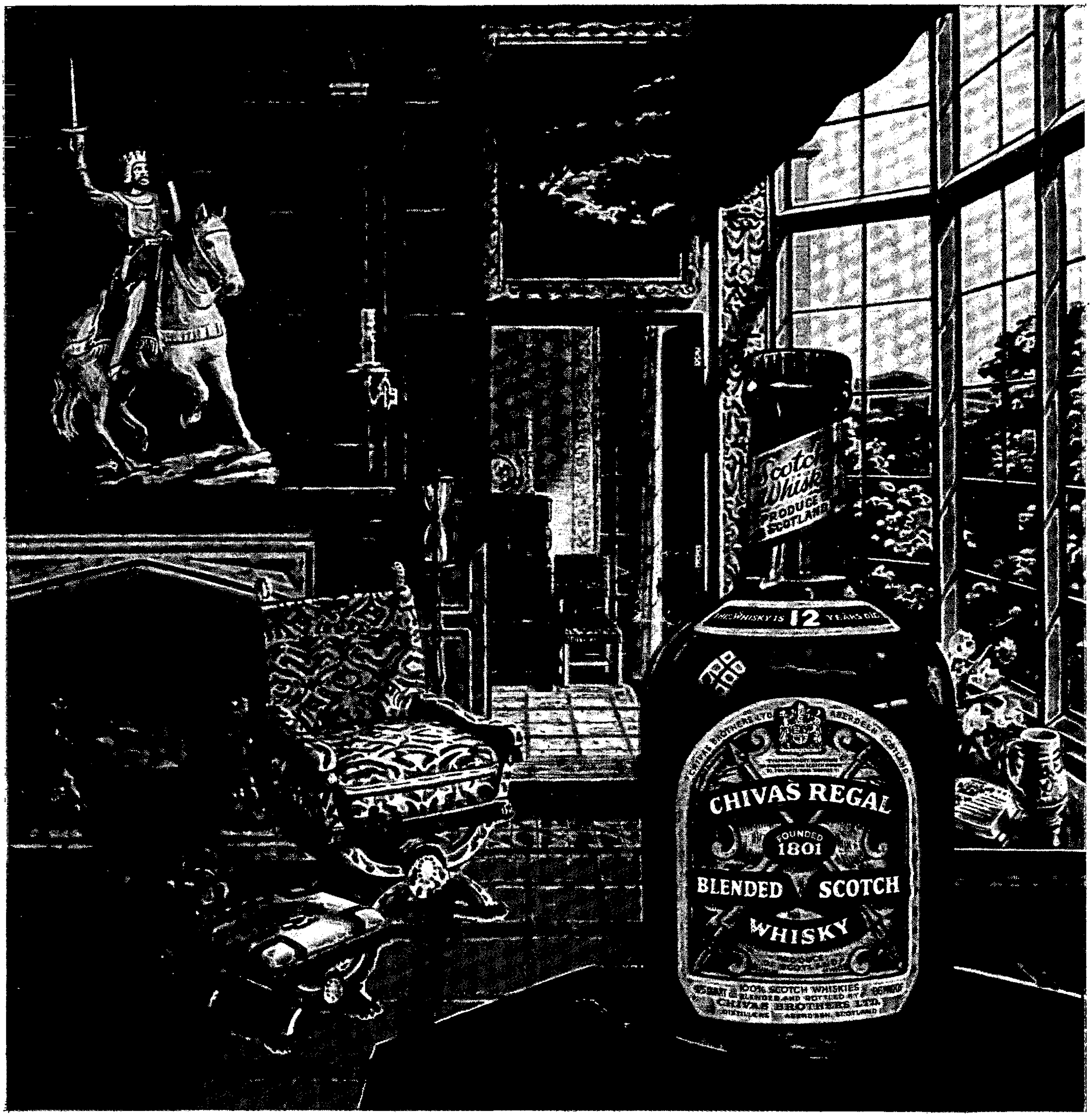
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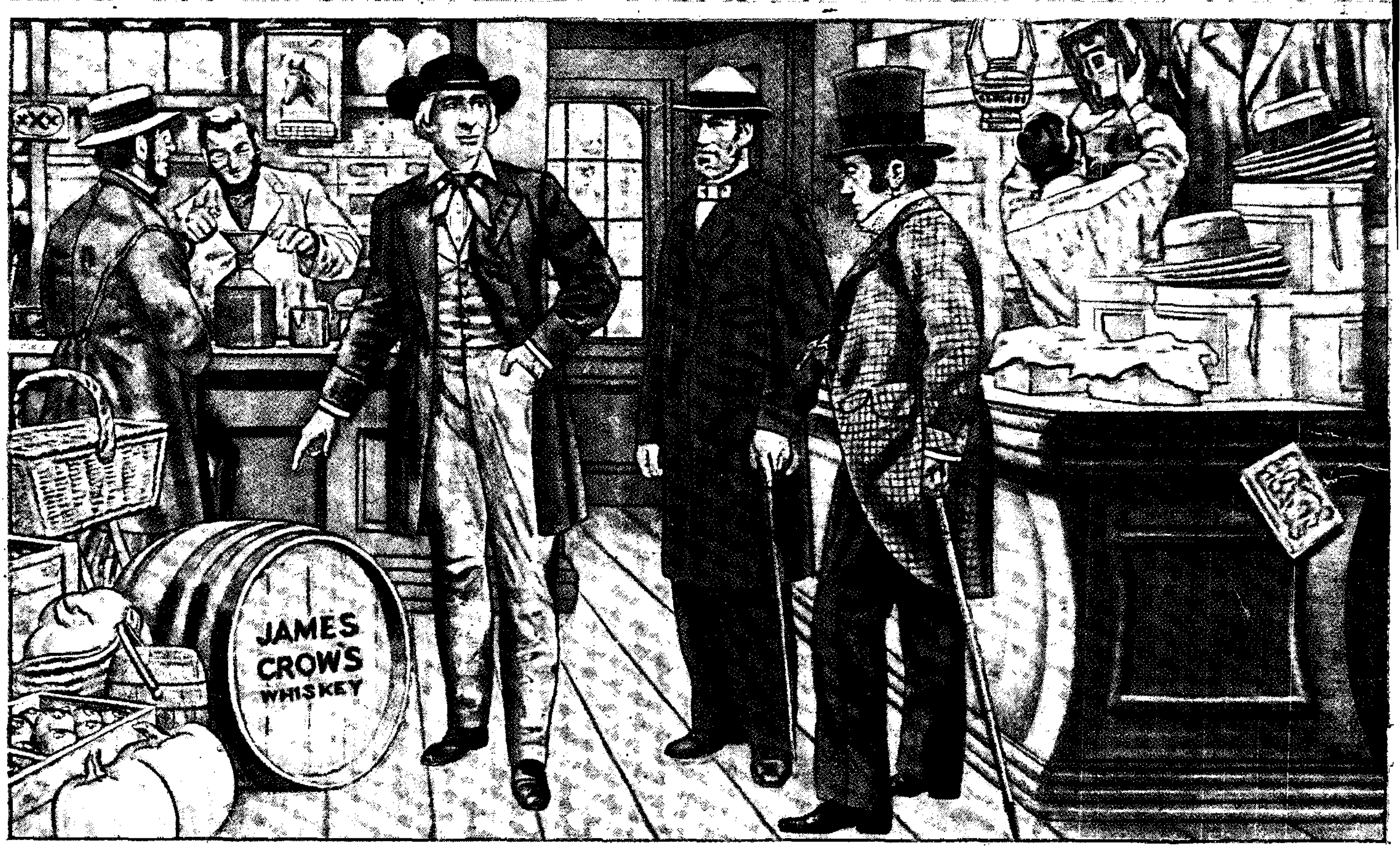

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